

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. XII.

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VOL. II.

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LONDON :
BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

THE LION'S HEAD.

Valiant as a lion, and wondrous affable.——SHAKSPEARE.

Who is that F. J. who ventures to write "*Dear Edey*," to THE LION'S Editor? It is lucky for him his communication is acceptable:—this being the case, we excuse his want of ceremony. He may, perhaps, find it next month, amongst many other good things—such as—

Oxford in Term Time.

Living Authors. No. IV.

Traditional Literature. No. II.

Some *Criticisms on New Books*—including Mr. Maturin's last Novel.

The Article on *the Examiner versus Shakspeare*, announced for this Number, is omitted in consequence of an influx of Contributions, the writers of which would not wait. Our readers, we are sure, would have been sorry had we omitted *Traditional Literature*, No. I.—to leave room for any thing of the Editor's.

With these, and others, we shall begin our SECOND YEAR, and THIRD VOLUME. In the Preface to our *First* we ventured to promise an improvement in our *Second*,—and we now dare to say, that we have kept our word. Improvement, however, in Magazines, cannot go on *ad infinitum*: we, therefore, give no promises for our *Third* beyond an engagement not to relax or abate. In the course of the last six months we have been lucky enough to make some most valuable acquisitions of Contributors, as the public cannot fail to have remarked,—and we have every reason to count on the fidelity of those who have joined us. The wish of the Conductors of THE LONDON MAGAZINE (for which the LION pledges his word of honour) is to give a free, independent, and honest tone to Literary discussion;—to introduce into it a spirit of candour, and to expel from it the common-place severities, as well as the maudlin praises that degrade criticism. Something towards this they do think they have done; and, considering the talent they have *now* been able to unite in their Work, they may fairly calculate on effecting much more.

The Article on "*The Literature of the Nursery*," in our last, requires an explanation, which will be offered in our next Number.

ELIA requests the Editor to inform W. K. that in his article on Oxford, under the initials G. D. it was his ambition to make more familiar to the public, a character, which, for integrity and single-heartedness, he has long been accustomed to rank among the best patterns of his species. That, if

he has failed in the end which he proposed, it was an error of judgment merely. That, if in pursuance of his purpose, he has drawn forth some personal peculiarities of his friend into notice, it was only from conviction that the public, in living subjects especially, do not endure pure panegyric. That the anecdotes, which he produced, were no more than he conceived necessary to awaken attention to character, and were meant solely to illustrate it. That it is an entire mistake to suppose, that he undertook the character to set off his own wit or ingenuity. That, he conceives, a candid interpreter might find something intended, beyond a heartless jest. That G. D., however, having thought it necessary to disclaim the anecdote respecting Dr. —, it becomes him, who never for a moment can doubt the veracity of his friend, to account for it from an imperfect remembrance of some story he heard long ago, and which, happening to tally with his argument, he set down too hastily to the account of G. D. That, from G. D.'s strong affirmations and proofs to the contrary, he is bound to believe it belongs to no part of G. D.'s biography. That the transaction, supposing it true, must have taken place more than forty years ago. That, in consequence, it is not likely to "meet the eye of many, who might be justly offended."

Finally, that what he has said of the Booksellers, referred to a period of many years, in which he has had the happiness of G. D.'s acquaintance; and can have nothing to do with any present or prospective engagements of G. D. with those gentlemen, to the nature of which he professes himself an entire stranger.

THE
London Magazine.

Nº XII.

DECEMBER, 1820.

VOL. II.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

TABLE-TALK:

No. V.

ON THE PLEASURE OF PAINTING.

"THERE is a pleasure in painting which none but painters know." In writing, you have to contend with the world: in painting, you have only to carry on a friendly strife with nature. You sit down to your task, and are happy. From the moment that you take up the pencil, and look nature in the face, you are at peace with your own heart. No angry passions rise to disturb the silent progress of the work,—to shake the hand, or dim the brow: no irritable humours are set afloat: you have no absurd opinions to combat—no point to strain—no adversary to crush—no fool to annoy; you are actuated by fear or favour of no man. There is "no juggling here," no sophistry, no intrigue, no tampering with the evidence, no attempt to make black white, or white black: but you resign yourself into the hands of a greater power,—that of Nature,—with the simplicity of a child, and the devotion of an enthusiast—"study with joy her manner, and with rapture taste her style." The mind is calm, and full at the same

time. The hand and eye are equally employed. In tracing the commonest object—a plant or the stump of a tree—you learn something every moment. You perceive unexpected differences, and discover likenesses where you looked for no such thing. You try to set down what you see, find out your error, and correct it. You need not play tricks, or purposely mistake: with all your pains, you are still far short of the mark. Patience grows out of the endless pursuit, and turns it into a luxury. A streak in a flower, a wrinkle in a leaf, a tinge in a cloud, a stain in an old wall or ruin grey, are seized with avidity, as the *spolia opima* of this sort of mental warfare, and furnish out labour for another half-day. The hours pass away untold, without chagrin, and without *ennui*; nor would you ever wish to pass them otherwise. Innocence is joined with industry, pleasure with business; and the mind is satisfied, though it is not engaged in thinking, or doing, any mischief.*

I have not much pleasure in writ-

* There is a passage in Werter which contains a very pleasing illustration of this doctrine, and is as follows:—

"About a league from the town is a place called Walheim. It is very agreeably situated on the side of a hill: from one of the paths which leads out of the village, you

ing these Essays, or in reading them afterwards; though I own I now and then meet with a phrase that I like, or a thought that strikes me as a true one. But after I begin them, I am only anxious to get to the end of them, which I am not sure I shall do, for I seldom see my way a page, or even a sentence, beforehand; and when I have, as by a miracle, escaped, I trouble myself little more about them. I sometimes have to write them twice over: then it is necessary to read the *proof*, to prevent mistakes by the printer; so that by the time they appear in a tangible shape, and one can con them over with a conscious, side-long glance to the public approbation, they have lost their gloss and relish, and become "more tedious than a twice-told tale." For a person to read his own works over with any great delight, he ought first to forget that he ever wrote them. Familiarity naturally breeds contempt. It is, in fact, like poring fondly over a piece of blank paper:—from repetition, the words convey no distinct meaning to the mind, are mere idle sounds, except that our vanity claims an interest and property in them. I have more satisfaction in my own thoughts than in dictating them to others: words are necessary to explain the impression of certain things upon me to the reader, but they rather weaken, and draw a veil over, than strengthen it to myself. Although I might say with the poet, "My mind to me a kingdom is," yet I have little ambition "to set a throne or chair of state in the understandings of other men." The

ideas we cherish most, exist best in a kind of shadowy abstraction—

Pure in the last recesses of the mind;

and derive neither force nor interest from being exposed to public view. They are old familiar acquaintance, and any change in them, arising from the adventitious ornaments of style or dress, is little to their advantage. After I have once written on a subject, it goes out of my mind: my feelings about it have been melted down into words, and *them* I forget. I have, as it were, discharged my memory of its old habitual reckoning, and rubbed out the score of real sentiment. For the future, it exists only for the sake of others.—But I cannot say, from my own experience, that the same process takes place in transferring our ideas to canvas. They gain more than they lose in the mechanical transformation. One is never tired of painting, because you have to set down, not what you knew already, but what you have just discovered. In the former case, you translate feelings into words; in the latter, names into things. There is a continual creation out of nothing going on. With every stroke of the brush, a new field of inquiry is laid open. New difficulties arise, and new triumphs are prepared over them. By comparing the imitation with the original, you see what you have done, and how much you have still to do. The test of the senses is severer than that of fancy, and an over-match even for the delusions of our self-love. One part of a picture shames another, and

have a view of the whole country; and there is a good old woman who sells wine, coffee, and tea there:—but better than all this, are two lime trees before the church, which spread their branches over a little green, surrounded by barns and cottages. I have seen few places more retired and peaceful. I send for a chair and table from the old woman's, and there I drink my coffee and read Homer. It was by accident that I discovered this place one fine afternoon: all was perfect stillness; every body was in the fields, except a little boy about four years old, who was sitting on the ground, and holding, between his knees, a child of about six months; he pressed it to his bosom with his little arms, which made a sort of great chair for it; and, notwithstanding the vivacity which sparkled in his eyes, he sat perfectly still. Quite delighted with the scene, I sat down on a plough opposite, and had great pleasure in drawing this little picture of brotherly tenderness. I added a bit of the hedge, the barn-door, and some broken cart-wheels, without any order, just as they happened to lie;—and, in about an hour, I found I had made a drawing of great expression, and very correct design, without having put in any thing of my own. This confirmed me in the resolution I had made before, only to copy nature for the future. Nature is inexhaustible, and alone forms the greatest masters. * * * * Say what you will of rules, they alter the true features, and the natural expression."

you determine to paint up to yourself, if you cannot come up to nature. Every object becomes lustrous from the light thrown back upon it by the mirror of art: and by the aid of the pencil we may be said to touch and handle the objects of sight. The air-drawn visions, that hover on the verge of existence, have a bodily presence given them on the canvas: the form of beauty is changed into a substance: the dream and the glory of the universe is made "palpable to feeling as to sight."—And see! a rainbow starts from the canvas, with all its humid train of glory, as if it were drawn from its cloudy arch in heaven. The spangled landscape glitters with drops of dew after the shower. The "fleecy fools" show their coats in the gleams of the setting sun. The shepherds pipe their farewell notes in the fresh evening air. And is this bright vision made from a dead dull blank, like a bubble reflecting the mighty fabric of the universe? Who would think this miracle of Rubens's pencil possible to be performed? Who, having seen it, would not spend his life to do the like? See how the rich fallows, the bare stubble-field, the scanty harvest-home, drag in Rembrandt's landscapes! How often have I looked at them and nature, and tried to do the same, till the very "light thickened," and there was an earthiness in the feeling of the air! There is no end of the refinements of art and nature in this respect. One may look at the misty glimmering horizon till the eye dazzles and the imagination is lost, in hopes to transfer the whole interminable expanse at one blow upon the canvas. Wilson said, he used to try to paint the effect of the motes dancing in the setting sun. At another time, a friend, coming into his painting-room, when he was sitting on the ground in a melancholy posture, observed that his picture looked like a landscape after a shower of rain. He started up with great delight, and said, "That is the effect I intended to produce, but thought I had failed." Wilson was neglected; and, by degrees, neglected his art to apply himself to brandy. His hand became unsteady, so that it was only by repeated attempts that he could produce the effect he aimed at; and when he had done a little to a pic-

ture, he would say to any acquaintance, who chanced to drop in, "I have painted enough for one day: come, let us go somewhere." It was not so that Claude left his pictures, or his studies on the banks of the Tiber, to go in search of other enjoyments,—or ceased to gaze upon the glittering sunny vales and distant hills! While his eye drank-in the clear sparkling hues and lovely forms of nature, his hand stamped them on the lucid canvas to last there for ever.—One of the most delightful parts of my life was one fine summer, when I used to walk out of an evening to catch the last light of the sun, gemming the green slopes or russet lawns, and gilding tower or tree, while the blue sky gradually turning to purple and gold, or skirted with dusky grey, hung its broad marble pavement over all—as we see it in the great master of Italian landscape. But to come to a more particular explanation of the subject.

The first head I ever tried to paint was an old woman, with the upper part of the face shaded by her bonnet,—and I certainly laboured it with great perseverance. It took me numberless sittings to do it. I have it by me still, and sometimes look at it with surprise, to think how much pains were thrown away to little purpose—yet not altogether in vain, if it taught me to see good in every thing, and to know that there is nothing vulgar in nature seen with the eye of science or of true art. Refinement creates beauty everywhere; it is the grossness of the spectator that discovers nothing but grossness in the object. Be this as it may, I spared no pains to do my best. If art was long, I thought that life was so too at that moment. I got in the general effect the first day; and pleased and surprised enough I was at my success. The rest was a work of time—of weeks, and months (if need were) of patient toil and careful finishing. I had seen an old head by Rembrandt at Burleigh-house, and if I could produce a head at all like Rembrandt in a year—in my life-time—it would be glory and felicity, and wealth and fame enough for me! The head I had seen at Burleigh was an exact and wonderful fac-simile of nature, and I resolved to make mine (as nearly as I could), an exact fac-

simile of nature. I did not then, nor do I now believe, with Sir Joshua, that the perfection of art consists in giving general appearances without individual details, but in giving general appearances with individual details. Otherwise, I had done my work the first day. But I saw something more in nature than general effect, and I thought it worth my while to give it in the picture. There was a gorgeous effect of light and shade: but there was a delicacy as well as depth in the *chiaro scuro*, which I was bound to follow into all its dim, and scarce perceptible variety of tone and shadow. Then I had to make the transition from a strong light to as dark a shade, preserving the masses, but gradually softening off the intermediate parts. It was so in nature: the difficulty was to make it so in the copy. I tried, and failed again and again; I strove harder, and succeeded as I thought. The wrinkles in Rembrandt were not hard lines; but broken and irregular. I saw the same appearance in nature, and strained every nerve to give it. If I could hit off this edgy appearance, and insert the reflected light in the furrows of old age in half a morning, I did not think I had lost a day. Beneath the shrivelled yellow parchment look of the skin, there was, here and there, a streak of the blood-colour tinging the face: this I made a point of conveying, and did not cease to compare what I saw with what I did, with jealous lynx-eyed watchfulness, till I succeeded to the best of my ability and judgment. How many revisions were there! How many attempts to catch an expression which I had seen the day before! How often did we try to get the old position, and wait for the return of the same light! There was a puckering up of the lips, a cautious introversion of the eye under the shadow of the bonnet, indicative of the feebleness and suspicion of old age, which at last we managed, after many trials, and some quarrels, to a tolerable nicety! The picture was never finished, and I might have gone on with it to the present hour.* I used to set it on the ground when my day's work was done, and saw re-

vealed to me, with swimming eyes, the birth of new hopes, and of a new world of objects. The painter thus learns to look at nature with different eyes. He before saw her "as in a glass darkly, but now face to face." He understands the texture and meaning of the visible universe, and "sees into the life of things," not by the help of mechanical instruments, but of the improved exercise of his faculties, and an intimate sympathy with nature. The meanest thing is not lost upon him, for he looks at it with an eye to itself, not merely to his own vanity or interest, or the opinion of the world. Even where there is neither beauty nor use—if that ever were—still there is truth, and a sufficient source of gratification in the indulgence of curiosity and activity of mind. The humblest painter is a true scholar; and the best of scholars—the scholar of nature. For myself, speaking for the real comfort and satisfaction of the thing, I had rather have been Jan Steen or Gerard Dow, than the greatest casuist or philologist that ever lived. The painter does not view things in cloud or "mist, the common gloss of theologians," but applies the same standard of truth and disinterested spirit of inquiry, that influence his daily practice, to other subjects. He perceives form, he distinguishes character. He reads men and books with an intuitive eye. He is a critic as well as a connoisseur. The conclusions he draws are clear and convincing, because they are taken from the things themselves. He is not a fanatic, a dupe, or a slave; for the habit of seeing for himself, also disposes him to judge for himself. The most sensible men I know (taken as a class), are painters; that is, they are the most lively observers of what passes in the world about them; and the closest observers of what passes in their own minds. From their profession they in general mix more with the world than authors, and if they have not the same fund of acquired knowledge, are obliged to rely more on individual sagacity. I might mention the names of Opie, Fuseli, Northcote, as persons distinguished for striking description and

* It is at present covered with a thick slough of oil and varnish, (the perishable vehicle of the English school,) like an envelope of gold-beaters' skin, so as to be hardly visible.

acquaintance with the subtle traits of character.* Painters in ordinary society, or in obscure situations where their value is not known, and they are treated with neglect and indifference, have sometimes a forward self-sufficiency of manner: but this is not so much their fault as that of others. Perhaps their want of regular education may also be in fault, in such cases. Richardson, who is very tenacious of the respect in which the profession ought to be held, tells a story of Michael Angelo, that, after a quarrel between him and Pope Julius II. "upon account of a slight which he conceived the pontiff had put upon him, Michael Angelo was introduced by a bishop, who, thinking to serve the artist by it, made it an argument that the Pope should be reconciled to him, because men of his profession were commonly ignorant, and of no consequence otherwise: his holiness, enraged at the bishop, struck him with his staff, and told him it was he that was the blockhead, and affronted the man himself would not offend; the prelate was driven out of the chamber, and Michael Angelo had the Pope's benediction accompanied with presents. This bishop had fallen into the vulgar error, and was rebuked accordingly."

Besides the exercise of the mind, painting exercises the body. It is a mechanical as well as a liberal art. To do any thing,—to dig a hole in the ground, to plant a cabbage, to hit a mark, to move a shuttle, to work a pattern,—in a word, to attempt to produce any effect, and to *succeed*, has something in it that gratifies the love of power, and carries off the restless activity of the mind of man. Indolence is a delightful but distressing state: we must be doing something to be happy. Action is no less necessary than thought to the instinctive tendencies of the human frame;

and painting combines them both incessantly.† The hand furnishes a practical test of the correctness of the eye; and the eye, thus admonished, imposes fresh tasks of skill and industry upon the hand. Every stroke tells, as the verifying of a new truth, and every new observation, the instant it is made, passes into an act and emanation of the will. Every step is nearer what we wish, and yet there is always more to do. In spite of the facility, the fluttering grace, the evanescent hues, that play round the pencil of Rubens and Vandyke, however I may admire, I do not *envy* them this power so much as the slow, patient, laborious execution of Correggio, Leonardo da Vinci, and Andrea del Sarto,—where every touch seems conscious of its charge, emulous of truth, and where the painful artist has so distinctly wrought,

That you might almost say his picture
thought!

In the one case, the colours seem breathed on the canvas as by magic, the work and the wonder of a moment: in the other, they seem inlaid into the body of the work, and as if it took the artist years of unremitting labour, and of delightful never-ending progress to perfection.‡ Who would wish ever to come to the close of such works,—not to dwell on them, to return to them, to be wedded to them to the last? Rubens, with his florid, rapid style, complained that when he had just learned his art, he should be forced to die: Leonardo, in the slow advances of his, had lived long enough!

Painting is not, like writing, what is properly understood by a sedentary employment. It requires, not indeed a strong, but a continued and steady exertion of muscular power. The precision and delicacy of the manual operation, makes up for the want of vehe-

* Men in business, who are answerable with their fortunes for their opinions, and are therefore accustomed to ascertain pretty accurately the grounds on which they act, before they commit themselves on the event, are often men of remarkably quick and sound judgments. Artists, in like manner, must know tolerably well what they are about, before they can bring the result of their observations to the test of ocular demonstration.

† The famous Schiller used to say, that he found the great happiness of life, after all, to consist in the discharge of some mechanical duty.

‡ The rich *impasting* of Titian and Giorgione combines something of the advantages of both these styles, the felicity of the one with the carefulness of the other, and is perhaps to be preferred to either.

mence—as to balance himself for any time, in the same position, the rope-dancer must strain every nerve. Painting for a whole morning gives one as excellent an appetite for one's dinner, as old Abraham Tucker acquired for his by riding over Banstead Downs. It is related of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that "he took no other exercise than what he used in his painting-room"—the writer means, in walking backwards and forwards to look at his picture; but the act of painting itself, of laying on the colours in the proper place, and proper quantity, was a much harder exercise than this alternate receding from and returning to the picture. This last would be rather a relaxation and relief than an effort. It is not to be wondered at that an artist like Sir Joshua, who delighted so much in the sensual and practical part of his art, should have found himself at a considerable loss when the decay of his sight precluded him, for the last year or two of his life, from the following up of his profession—"the source," according to his own remark, "of thirty years' uninterrupted enjoyment and prosperity to him." It is only those who never think at all, or else who have accustomed themselves to brood incessantly on abstract ideas, that never feel *ennui*!

To give one instance more, and go on with this rambling discourse.—One of my first attempts was a picture of my father, who was then in a green old age, with strong-marked features, and scarred with the small-pox. I drew it with a broad light crossing the face, looking down, with spectacles on, reading. The book was Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*, in a fine old binding, with Gribelin's etchings. My father would as lieve it had been any other book; but for him to read was to be content, was "riches fineless." The sketch promised well; and I set to work to finish it, determined to spare no time nor pains. My father was willing to sit as long as I pleased; for there is a natural desire in the mind of man to sit for one's picture, to be the object of continued attention, to have one's likeness multiplied; and besides his satisfaction in the picture, he had some pride in the artist, though he would rather I should have written a

sermon than painted like Rembrandt or like Raphael. Those winter-days, with the gleams of sunshine coming through the chapel-windows, and cheered by the notes of the robin-red-breast in our garden,—(that "ever in the haunch of winter sings")—as my afternoon's work drew to a close,—were among the happiest of my life. When I gave the effect I intended to any part of the picture for which I had prepared my colours—when I imitated the roughness of the skin by a lucky stroke of the pencil—when I hit the clear pearly tone of a vein—when I gave the ruddy complexion of health, the blood circulating under the broad shadows of one side of the face, I thought my fortune made; or rather it was already more than made, in my fancying that I might one day be able to say with Correggio, "*I also am a painter!*" It was an idle thought, a boy's conceit; but it did not make me less happy at the time. I used regularly to set my work in the chair to look at it through the long evenings; and many a time did I return to take leave of it before I could go to bed at night. I remember sending it with a throbbing heart to the Exhibition, and seeing it hung up there by the side of one of the Honourable Mr. Skeffington (now Sir George). There was nothing in common between them, but that they were the portraits of two very good-natured men. I think, but am not sure, that I finished this portrait (or another afterwards), on the same day that the news of the battle of Austerlitz came; I walked out in the afternoon, and, as I returned, saw the evening star set over a poor man's cottage with other thoughts and feelings than I shall ever have again! Oh! for the revolution of the great Platonic year, that those times might come over again! I could sleep out the three hundred and sixty-five thousand intervening years very contentedly!—The picture is left: the table, the chair, the window where I learned to read Livy, the chapel where my father preached, remain where they were; but he himself is gone to rest, full of years, of faith, of hope, and charity!—.....

The painter not only takes a delight in nature,—he has a new and exquisite source of pleasure opened to

him in the study and contemplation of works of art—

Whate'er Lorraine light touch'd with soft'n-
ing hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin
drew.

He turns aside to view a country-gentleman's seat with eager looks, thinking it may contain some of the rich products of art. There is an air round Lord Radnor's Park, for there hang the two Claudes, the Morning and Evening of the Roman empire—round Wilton-house, for there is Vandyke's picture of the Pembroke family—round Blenheim, for there is his picture of the Duke of Buckingham's children, and the most magnificent collection of Rubenses in the world—at Knowsley, for there is Rembrandt's Hand-writing on the Wall—and at Burleigh, for there are some of Guido's angelic heads. The young artist makes a pilgrimage to each of these places, eyes them wistfully at a distance, "embowered deep in tufted trees," and feels an interest in them, of which the owner is scarce conscious: he enters the well-swept walks and echoing archways, passes the threshold, is led through wainscotted rooms, is shown the furniture, the rich hangings, the tapestry, the massy services of plate,—and, at last, is ushered into the room, where his treasure is, the idol of his vows—some speaking face or bright landscape! It is stamped on his brain, and lives there thence forward, a tally for nature, and a test of art. He furnishes out the chambers of the mind from the spoils of time, picks and chooses which shall have the best places, nearest his heart. He goes away richer than he came, richer than the possessor; and thinks that he may one day return, when he, perhaps, shall have done something like them, or even from failure shall have learned to admire truth and genius more.

My first initiation in the mysteries of the art was at the Orleans Gallery: it was there I formed my taste, such as it is; so that I am irreclaimably of the old school in painting. I was staggered when I saw the works there collected, and looked at them with wondering and with longing eyes. A mist passed away from my sight: the scales fell off. A new sense came upon me, a new heaven

and a new earth stood before me. I saw the soul speaking in the face—"hands that the rod of empire had swayed" in mighty ages past—"a forked mountain or blue promontory,"

—————with trees upon't
That nod unto the world, and mock our
eyes with air.

Old Time had unlocked his treasures, and Fame stood portress at the door. We had all heard of the names of Titian, Raphaël, Guido, Domenichino, the Caracci—but to see them face to face, to be in the same room with their deathless productions, was like breaking some mighty spell,—was almost an effect of necromancy! From that time I lived in a world of pictures. Battles, sieges, speeches in parliament, seemed mere idle noise and fury, "signifying nothing," compared with those mighty works and dreaded names, that spoke to me in the eternal silence of thought. This was the more remarkable, as it was but a short time before that I was not only totally ignorant of, but insensible to the beauties of art. As an instance, I remember that one afternoon I was reading the Provoked Husband, with the highest relish, with a green woody landscape of Ruysdael, or Hobbima, just before me, at which I looked off the book, now and then, and wondered what there could be in that sort of work to satisfy or delight the mind—at the same time, asking myself, as a possible question, whether I should ever feel an interest in it like what I took in reading Vanbrugh and Cibber?—

I had made some progress in painting when I went to the Louvre to study, and I never did any thing afterwards. I never shall forget conning over the catalogue, which a friend lent me just before I set out. The pictures, the names of the painters, seemed to relish in the mouth. There was one of Titian's Mistress at her toilette. Even the colours with which the painter had adorned her hair were not more golden, more amiable to sight, than those which played round and tantalised my fancy ere I saw the picture.—There were two portraits by the same hand—"A young Nobleman with a glove,"—another, "A companion to it:"—I read the description over and

over with fond expectancy, and filled up the imaginary outline with all I could conceive of grace, and dignity, and an antique *gusto*—all but equal to the original. There was the Transfiguration too. With what awe I saw it in my mind's eye, and was overshadowed with the spirit of the artist! When I say that I was not disappointed with these works afterwards, I pay the highest compliment I can pay to their transcendent merits. Indeed, it was from seeing other works of the same great masters that I had formed a vague, but no disparaging idea of these.—The first day I got there, I was kept for some time in the French exhibition-room, and thought I should not be able to get a sight of the old masters. I just caught a peep at them through the door, (vile hinderance!) like looking out of purgatory into Paradise,—from Poussin's noble mellow-looking landscapes to where Rubens hung out his gaudy banner, and down the glimmering vista to the rich jewels of Titian and the Italian school. At last, by much importunity, I was admitted, and lost not an instant in making use of my new privilege.—It was *un beau jour* to me. I marched delighted through a quarter of a mile of the proudest efforts of the mind of man, a whole creation of genius, a universe of art! I ran the gauntlet of all the schools from the bottom to the top; and in the end got admitted into the inner room, where they had been repairing some of their greatest works. Here the Transfiguration, the St. Peter Martyr, and the St. Jerome of Domenichino stood on the floor, as if they had bent their knees, like camels stooping, to unlade their riches to the spectator. On one side, on an easel, stood Hippolito de Medici (a portrait by Titian,) with a boar-spear in his hand, looking through those he saw, till you turned away from the keen glance: and thrown together in heaps were landscapes of the same hand, green pastoral hills and vales, and shepherds piping to their mild mistresses underneath the flowering shade. Reader, "if thou hast not seen the Louvre, thou art damned!" for thou hast not seen the choicest remains of the works of art; or thou hast not seen all these together, with their mutually reflected glories. I say nothing of the statues; for I know

but little of sculpture, and never liked any till I saw the Elgin marbles.—Here, for four months together, I strolled and studied, and daily heard the warning sound—" *Quatres heures passées, il faut fermer, citoyens*" (ah! why did they ever change their style?) muttered in coarse provincial French; and brought away with me some loose draughts and fragments, which I have been forced to part with, like drops of life-blood, for "hard money." How often, thou tenantless mansion of godlike magnificence—how often has my heart since gone a pilgrimage to thee!

It has been made a question, whether the artist, or the mere man of taste and natural sensibility, receives most pleasure from the contemplation of works of art? And I think this question might be answered by another, as a sort of *experimentum crucis*, namely, whether any one out of that "number numberless" of mere gentlemen and amateurs, who visited Paris at the period here spoken of, felt as much interest, as much pride or pleasure, in this display of the most striking monuments of art, as the humblest student would? The first entrance into the Louvre of the former would be only one of the events of his journey—not an event in his life, remembered ever after with thankfulness and regret. He would explore it with the same unmeaning curiosity and idle wonder, as he would the regalia in the Tower, or the Botanic Garden in the Thuilleries, but not with the fond enthusiasm of an artist. How should he? His is "casual fruition, joyless, unendeared:" but the painter is wedded to his art, the mistress, queen, and idol of his soul. He has embarked his all in it, fame, time, fortune, peace of mind, his hopes in youth, his consolation in age: and shall he not feel a more intense interest in whatever relates to it than the mere indolent trifler? Natural sensibility alone, without the entire application of the mind to that one object, will not enable the possessor to sympathise with all the degrees of beauty and power in the conceptions of a Titian, or a Correggio; but it is he only who does this, who follows them into all their force and matchless grace, that does or can feel their full value. Knowledge is pleasure as well as power. No one but

the artist who has studied nature, and contended with the difficulties of art, can be aware of the beauties, or become intoxicated with a passion for painting. No one who has not limited his prospects and wishes to the pursuit of art, can feel the same exultation in its brightest ornaments and loftiest triumphs, which an artist does. Where the treasure is, there the heart is also. It is now seventeen years since I was studying in the Louvre, (and I have long since given up all thoughts of the art as a profession,) but long after I returned, and even still, I sometimes dream, of being there again,—of asking for the old pictures,—and not finding them, or finding them changed or faded from what they were, I cry myself awake! What gentleman-amateur ever does this at such a distance of time,—that is, ever received pleasure, or took interest enough in them, to produce so lasting an impression?

But it is said, that if a person had the same natural taste, and the same acquired knowledge as an artist, without the petty interests and technical notions, he would derive a purer pleasure from seeing a fine portrait, a fine landscape, and so on. This, however, is not so much begging the question, as asking an impossibility: he cannot have the same insight into the end, without having studied the means; nor the same love of art, without the same habitual and exclusive devotion to it. Painters are, no doubt, often actuated by jealousy, partiality, and a sordid attention to that only which they find useful to themselves in painting. W— has been seen poring over the texture of a Dutch cabinet-picture, so that he could not see the picture itself.—But this is the perversion and pedantry of the profession, and not its true or genuine spirit. If W— had never looked at any thing but megalips and handling, he never would have put the soul of life and manners into his pictures, as he has done. Another objection is, that the instrumental parts of the art, the means, the first rudiments, paints, oils, and brushes, are painful and disgusting; and that the consciousness of the difficulty and anxiety with which perfection has been attained, must take away from the pleasure of the finest performance. This, however, is only an

additional proof of the greater pleasure derived by the artist from his profession; for these things which are said to interfere with and destroy the common interest in works of art, do not disturb him; he never once thinks of them, he is absorbed in the pursuit of a higher object, he is intent not on the means but the end, he is taken up, not with the difficulties, but with the triumph over them. As in the case of the anatomist, who overlooks many things in the eagerness of his search after abstract truth, or the alchemist, who, while he is raking into his soot and furnaces, lives in a golden dream, a lesser gives way to a greater object.—But it is pretended that the painter may be supposed to submit to the unpleasant part of the process only for the sake of the fame or profit in view. So far is this from being a true state of the question, that I will venture to say, in the instance of a friend of mine who has lately succeeded in an important undertaking in his art, that not all the fame he has acquired, not all the money he has received from thousands of admiring spectators, not all the newspaper puffs,—not even the praise of the Edinburgh Review, nor Mrs. Siddons's having pronounced his Head of Christ sublime,—not all these things, put together, ever gave him at any time the same genuine, undoubted satisfaction, as any one half-hour employed in the ardent and propitious pursuit of his art—in finishing to his heart's content a foot, a hand, or even a piece of drapery. What is the state of mind of an artist while he is at work? He is then in the act of realising the highest idea he can form of beauty or grandeur: he conceives, he embodies that which he understands and loves best: that is, he is in full and perfect possession of that which is to him the source of the highest happiness and intellectual excitement which he can enjoy.

In short, as a conclusion to this argument, I will mention a circumstance which fell under my knowledge the other day. A friend had bought a print of Titian's Mistress, the same to which I have alluded above. He was anxious to show it me on this account. I told him it was a spirited engraving, but it had not the look of the original. I believe he thought

this fastidious, till I offered to show him a rough sketch of it, which I had by me. Having seen this, he said, he perceived exactly what I meant, and could not bear to look at the print afterwards. He had good sense enough to see the difference in the individual instance; but a person better acquainted with Titian's manner, and with art in general, that is, of a more cultivated and refined taste, would know that it was a bad print, without having any immediate model to compare it with. He would perceive with a glance of the eye, with a sort of instinctive feeling, that it was hard, and without that bland, expansive, and nameless expression which always distinguished Titian's most famous works. Any one who is familiar with a head in a picture, can never reconcile himself to a print from it: but to the ignorant they are both the same. To a vulgar eye, there is no difference between a Guido and a daub, between a penny-print, or the vilest scrawl, and the most finished performance. In other words, all that excellence which lies between these two extremes,—all at least that marks the excess above mediocrity,—all that constitutes true beauty, harmony, refinement, grandeur, is lost upon the common observer. But it is from this point, that the delight, the glowing raptures of the true adept commence. An uninformed spectator may like an ordinary drawing better than the ablest connoisseur; but for that very reason he cannot like the highest specimens of art so well. The refinements, not only of execution, but of truth and nature, are inaccessible to unpractised eyes. The exquisite gradations in a sky of Claude's are not perceived by such persons, and consequently the harmony cannot be felt. Where there is no conscious apprehension, there can be no conscious pleasure. Wonder at the first sight of works of art, may be the effect of ignorance and novelty: but real admiration, and permanent delight in them, are the growth of taste and knowledge. "I would not wish to have your eyes," said a good-natured man to a critic, who was finding fault with a picture, in

which the other saw no blemish. Why so? The idea which prevented the one from admiring this inferior production, was a higher idea of truth and beauty, which was ever present with him, and a continual source of pleasing and lofty contemplations. It may be different in a taste for outward luxuries, and the privations of mere sense; but the idea of perfection, which acts as an intellectual foil, is always an addition, a support, and a proud consolation!

Richardson, in his *Essays*, which ought to be better known, has left some striking examples of the felicity and infelicity of artists, both as it relates to their external fortune, and to the practice of their art. In speaking of *the knowledge of hands*, he exclaims—

When one is considering a picture, or a drawing, one, at the same time, thinks this was done by him * who had many extraordinary endowments of body and mind, but was withal very capricious; who was honoured in life and death, expiring in the arms of one of the greatest princes of that age, Francis I. King of France, who loved him as a friend. Another is of him † who lived a long and happy life, beloved of Charles V. emperor; and many others of the first princes of Europe. When one has another in hand, we think this was done by one ‡ who so excelled in three arts, as that any of them in that degree had rendered him worthy of immortality; and one moreover, that durst contend with his sovereign (one of the haughtiest popes that ever was) upon a slight offered to him, and extricated himself with honour. Another is the work of him § who, without any one exterior advantage but mere strength of genius, had the most sublime imaginations, and executed them accordingly, yet lived and died obscurely. Another we shall consider as the work of him || who restored painting when it had almost sunk; of him, whom art made honourable, but who neglecting and despising greatness with a sort of cynical pride, was treated suitably to the figure he gave himself, not his intrinsic worth; which, not having philosophy enough to bear it, broke his heart. Another is done by one ** who, (on the contrary) was a fine gentleman, and lived in great magnificence, and was much honoured by his own and foreign princes; who was a courtier, a statesman, and a painter; and so much all these, that when he acted in either character, *that* seemed to be his

* Leonardo da Vinci.
§ Correggio.

† Titian.
|| Annibal Caracci.

‡ Michael Angelo.
** Rubens.

business, and the others his diversion. I say, when one thus reflects, besides the pleasure arising from the beauties and excellences of the work, the fine ideas it gives us of natural things, the noble way of thinking it may suggest to us, an additional pleasure results from the above considerations. But oh! the pleasure, when a connoisseur and lover of art, has before him a picture or drawing, of which he can say, this is the hand, these are the thoughts of him* who was one of the politest, best-natured gentlemen that ever was; and beloved, and assisted by the greatest wits, and the greatest men then in Rome: of him who lived in great fame, honour, and magnificence, and died extremely lamented; and missed a Cardinal's hat, only by dying a few months too soon; but was particularly esteemed and favoured by two popes, the only ones who filled the chair of St. Peter in his time, and as great men as ever sat there since that apostle, if at least he ever did: one, in short, who could have been a Leonardo, a Michael Angelo, a Titian, a Correggio, a Parmegiano, an Annibal, a Rubens, or any other when he pleased, but none of them could ever have been a Raffaele.

The same writer speaks feelingly of the change in the style of different artists from their change of fortune; and as the circumstances are little known, I will quote the passage relating to two of them.

Guido Reni, from a prince-like affluence of fortune (the just reward of his angelic works) fell to a condition, like that of a hired servant to one who supplied him with money for what he did at a fixed rate; and that by his being bewitched with a passion for gaming, whereby he lost vast sums of money; and even, what he got in this, his state of servitude by day, he commonly lost at night: nor could he ever be cured of this cursed madness. Those of his works, therefore, which he did in this unhappy part of his life, may easily be conceived to be in a different style to what he did before, which in some things, that is, in the airs of his heads (in the gracious kind) had a delicacy in them peculiar to himself, and almost more than human. But I must not multiply instances. Parmegiano is one that alone takes in all the several kinds of variation, and all the degrees of goodness, from the lowest of the indifferent, up to the sublime. I can produce evident proofs of this in so easy a gradation, that one cannot deny but that he that did this, might do that, and very probably did so; and thus one may ascend and descend, like the angels on Jacob's ladder, whose foot was upon the earth, but its top reached to heaven.

And this great man had his unlucky circumstance: he became mad after the philosopher's stone, and did but very little in painting or drawing afterwards. Judge what that was, and whether there was not an alteration of style from what he had done, before this devil possessed him. His creditors endeavoured to exorcise him, and did him some good; for he set himself to work again in his own way: but if a drawing I have of a *Lucretia* be that he made for his last picture, as it probably is (Vasari says, that was the subject of it) it is an evident proof of his decay: it is good indeed, but it wants much of the delicacy which is commonly seen in his works; and so I always thought before I knew or imagined it to be done in this his ebb of genius.

We have had two artists of our own country, whose fate has been as singular as it was hard. Gandy was a portrait-painter in the beginning of the last century, whose heads were said to have come near to Rembrandt's, and he was the undoubted prototype of Sir Joshua Reynolds's style. Yet his name has scarcely been heard of; and his reputation, like his works, never extended beyond his own county. What did he think of himself, and of a fame so bounded! Did he ever dream he was indeed an artist? Or how did this feeling in him differ from the vulgar conceit of the lowest pretender? The best known of his works is a portrait of an alderman of Exeter, in some public building in that city.

Poor Dan. Stringer! Forty years ago he had the finest hand, and the clearest eye of any artist of his time, and produced heads and drawings that would not have disgraced a brighter period in the art. But he fell a martyr (like Burns) to the society of country-gentlemen, and then of those whom they would consider as more his equals. I saw him many years ago, when he treated the masterly sketches he had by him (one in particular of the group of citizens in Shakspeare "swallowing the tailor's news)," as "bastards of his genius, not his children;" and seemed to have given up all thoughts of his art. Whether he is since dead, I cannot say: the world do not so much as know that he ever lived!

T.

* Raffaele.

EXMOUTH WRESTLING.

Rosalind. ————— Shall we see this wrestling, coz ?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

As You Like It.

A LONDONER'S life,—with all its wealth of theatres, picture-exhibitions, parties (both tea and political) sports, beauty, and places under government,—would really be scarcely worth the possessing, if it were not for that month of recreative wandering which is permitted, at one season of the year, to master and clerk,—to knight, gentleman, and apprentice,—to all descriptions of city labourers in short, except the Editors of newspapers and the hackney coachmen. The former must persevere,—while others are permitted their breathing times,—to feed voracious columns with fresh malice, night by night ; while the latter are doomed to bask in the middle of an autumnal street, owing to the absence of those persons who, if in town, might take them to Mile End, or to the gate of the Regent's Park, or to the bottom of Highgate-hill ;—and thus transport them at least to the brink of the country. For my own part, I would rather dwell in Brentford for the remainder of my days, than consent to abandon my claim to that month of country idleness and enjoyment, which I look back upon with melancholy delight during the months of October, November, December, January and February ;—and towards which I turn a longing and expectant eye through the whole of March and its five sequent sisters of the Calendar. Part of my pleasure, as the time more nearly approaches, arises from the declaration I make to my friends, that “*I shall be off in about a fortnight,*” —though, in my own mind, I am pretty well assured that I shall not break from the trammels of business, for four or five weeks. A traveller in the *pleasure line* is always thus full of his subject. He requests his taylor to be careful that his clothes are at home by the Wednesday,—because, “*he is going out of town.*” If he receives an invitation to dine with a friend, he excuses himself, with an air of carelessness and vivacity, by “*fearing that he shall be out of town at the time.*” Law clerks, and other

dependants, who derive their holiday from the graceless permission of their masters—who wring a fortnight or three weeks out of the long vacation, “*by wearisome petition and slow leave*”—indulge in the same pleasantries towards their acquaintance. They cannot take a part in a private play, *because they are going to pass some time at Stamford Hill*,—or are likely to be at *Calais*—which they call being on the *Continent*—at that precise time. Half of their relish of the holiday, is procured from the expectation of it, and from the importance which accrues from its mysterious announcement. To go, is something ; but how much more is it, to enlarge,—to dwell,—to feed upon the promise ! The core of the enjoyment is, in short, to “*stand upon the order of your going.*”

It is impossible to describe the careless importance with which I pay the hackney coachman, who carries my person and my portmanteau to Piccadilly, or Charing Cross, on the evening of my departure ! He asks me a sixpence too much, because he sees by my face that I am in good humour, and guesses moreover that I am going out of town, and shall forget the extortion long before my return :—I pay him the excess, and threaten, with a look half grave and half gay—like the face of that compound of skeleton and gentleman in Bowles's shop-window—to *have him up*,—well knowing that I shall have no opportunity. I underwent this very pleasure the beginning of last September,—and I recollect thinking the better of the coachman for discerning an extra sixpence in my eye. He saw me flushed with anxiety and happy expectation, and very properly made me pay for it. I know not whether others feel as I felt,—but I remembered the porter,—who pretended an anxiety for the safety of my luggage, and who, to evince his zeal, thrust the cape of my box coat from the lamp,—with a cheerful groat ;—and I paid the balance of my fare to the book-keeper, at the office, with a pro-

digal hand,—as one who was paying the purchase money for a perpetual advowson in Paradise, or buying a cut out of that classical cake, the golden age! The ride through the streets, which you are quitting for their betters;—the sullen transitions (as Dr. Johnson would call them) of the hackney coaches;—the light and flimsily dressed passengers on the pavement, whose appearance you contrast, to their disadvantage, with the travel-girt bearings of your own body;—the names of the shop-keepers and their several callings, from whose eternal gilding you are glad to escape;—the bustle and impatience at the last coach-office in Piccadilly, where you deride, with a scoffer's eye, the retail travellers on the *Chelsea* and the *Chiswick*;—the stupid quiet of the water in the Green Park, which you contemptuously denominate *town-water*—and the scanty dusty appearance of the adjoining grass, which you also sneeringly call *town-grass*;—the determined imperfections of the pavement near Hamilton-place, which jolt your body about in all directions, as if purposing to have the last and the most of you,—and the quiet fall, after one conclusive shake, into the easy, loose, and pleasant gravel at Hyde-park corner:—these, all of these,—are delightful in their way, and serve as the prologue to the happy yet brief comedy you are about to enjoy.

I shall not continue thus minutely to trace a journey of 176 miles, which mine, according to a credible book of roads, is stated to be; though I believe a description of its casualties and ordinary events might not prove unamusing:—but I shall say to my reader, as a Melo-drame murderer says to his glittering employer, "*conclude it done!*" The descent from the coach at the end of the journey is "another thing." You are conscious that enjoyment is in sight, but then your eyes have been twinkling in a mid-night wind, and know not what they do. The day is all before you,—but then you have been up all night. You jump down from the fore wheel on ten benumbed toes, and stagger forward as awkwardly as if you had jumped on ten of your neighbour's. Your hands are swelled and foolish, and you pretend to laugh at them while they are impotently fumbling

after a shilling for the coachman, who "*leaves you,*" as he calls it,—and who therefore stands, with a look of sly and inanimate patience, as if he would wait till your fingers came to themselves. Your coat is as wrinkled as though it had travelled till it was old, and it has become worked up in folds on your back, so that the buttons are nearly on your shoulders. You dare not look at your hat; the condition of which, however, you surmise by the *serpentine* of the rim,—which, if you are in the law, reminds you of "*This indenture of three parts.*" You declare to some of the passengers, that "you would have bought a travelling cap, if you had *known.*"—For about a minute you stand helpless and stupid in the street, looking at the country people, with one eye to them, and one to your own consequence:—you are a traveller to all intents and purposes! The guard, with a body like a maggot, is standing on the wheel, pulling out the luggage and parcels from the foreboot, and you therefore request he will get you a blue bag, tied round with red tape, and with your direction on parchment, which is in the boot behind—while an old lady, at the same time, is urging him to search in one of the seats, inside the coach, for a small basket "as big as that little box he has now in his hand." He answers you, and others, like the waiter at an inn, with promising to attend to you directly,—and continues reading,—"*So-and-so—Fore-street,—to be kept dry. Here, take this into the office. Um-um-aye—South-street. Let Jack run down with this:—carriage is paid. Bill, jist take this basket to Muster Newton's in the yard, and get 3s. 9d. for it.*"—And thus does he go on, in spite of the impatience of his poor wearied passengers, who are too tired to be angry, and who wait about in dust and dejection, till he condescends to approach one of them with—"Well, Sir! what's yours?"—A black leathern portmanteau—a blue bag,—a parcel in brown paper—and an umbrella!—"Oh!" and then, in tedious and due course of time, you "get your own."

To quit the coach, and to come to the country—and my readers will have travelled at least a *stage* of prose to get to it—I must suppose

the meetings of friends over, with the usual allowance of exclamations, such as—"you are really grown, or you appear to be so!"—and, "you are certainly thinner!"—and "dear! what a very odd hat you have!"—and "how natural your voice sounds!"—and,—the like. I must suppose, that all minor arrangements are over, and that, by the kindness of a few accompanying friends, I am at the sea-side:—But why should I *suppose* what I have really enjoyed:—why should I not at once "unlock the cells of memory"—as sentimental correspondents express themselves,—and trust to faithful recollections. I am about to describe a scene, at which it was my good fortune to be present, and to describe which, in fact, was the cause of my writing the present paper. As I intend "to be faithful," I shall throw aside those little arts and prettinesses, in which essayists and prose writers indulge, and put together a few plain sentences, recording a few plain facts.

I was induced, during my stay in the West of England, in September last, to pass a fortnight at Exmouth, —a very pretty sea-side village, on which a very pleasant farce has been written.—That I did not make a difficulty of being *induced*, may be conjectured, when I confess to having pretty broadly hinted at such an excursion to my friends, and acknowledge that they threw aside all anxiety and thought, and made up a party for the purpose. The village is seated, as its name intimates, at the mouth of the river Ex;—some of its best houses are built on a high cliff, which commands the sea and the river, and from which some of the most splendid *sunsets* are to be seen that eye of man can desire. I would however, being one of humble desires, more particularly speak in commendation of a neat little brick built tenement, which stood near to the water, (I leave the reader to settle whether I mean the sea or the river,) and which had, I believe, the benefit of every wind that blew during the month of September.—Oh! we were a merry crew in our smart brick vessel, and laughed away many an hour, at which the clouds wept, and the wind howled! While the strings and tassels of our window-blinds shook and rattled,—and the

blinds themselves flapped, like the rigging and sails of the barks which we saw before us;—and while the carpet actually rose and heaved, even as waves, around us;—we fled away the hours, as though the world were laughing without, and went merrily on our voyage, as vessels will go, "with youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm." The wind did not howl in our hearts;—the rain did not fall upon, or damp our spirits!

I can never forget the perfect idleness and delight with which we discussed the morning's walk at breakfast,—or with which we accomplished what we had so discussed. I remember to have expended twelve pennyworth of coin in the purchase of a basket to hold shells, which we were to cull "I know not how oft:"—being thus prepared,—we never picked shell more! Our employments seemed to laugh at our promises. Our engagements played at cross purposes with our intentions. We only gathered shells when we had no convenience for carrying them home;—but, in truth, there is a pleasure in this waywardness of pleasure which only holiday hearts know. I can say that I have been delighted to stand within reach of the waves, and *feel* them weave "an untumultuous fringe of silver foam" around my feet;—to see the gulls busy in the distance;—to hear the tumult of the sea when it became angry;—to enjoy the vexed elements.—I am perhaps only telling what hundreds of readers have experienced and will acknowledge;—but, if I may judge of others by myself, there is some pleasure in being reminded at times of things which we know.

One morning,—(I seem to have indulged in generalities long enough,)—one morning, on sauntering to the window after breakfast, I perceived in a piece of flat meadow ground, an unusual assemblage of spars, posts, rails, remnants of tattered rigging, and cordage. The servant, with a voice of peculiar satisfaction, informed me, in answer to an inquiry which escaped me without a *direction*,—that there was going to be "*a wrestling*," as she, in her county dialect, expressed herself. What! A match? said I, —evidently as much delighted as if I had been "native there,—and to the manner born."—"Yes, Sir!" she re-

plied—"And the Canns will be there—and young Brockenden,—and Thorne from Dawlish, and the Men from the Moors!"—Oh, if it be a fault to admire the sports and pastime of the poor—to delight in their manly games, and feats of courage and enterprize,—I must at once confess myself guilty of it to the fullest extent:—it is not for me to plead to the minor offence. I see all I can see, at all times, of skilful struggle between man and man;—and I glory in seeing it!—The communication of this enthusiastic serving-woman sounded to me pleasantly indeed;—I could not help thinking it somewhat poetical,—for there is a beauty even in common names, when clustered together thus, and connected with the idea of personal enterprize and superiority, which, I own, makes a strong impression on my feelings, and I believe is not without its effect upon those of others. "Young Brockenden," appeared a gallant name;—and, to my ears, there seemed something decisive in the name of "Thorne from Dawlish."—But the "men from the Moors" came upon my imagination like a clan from the Highlands, or the sudden incursion of a band of freebooters upon a quiet hamlet. The muster hour was twelve o'clock;—and I panted for that hour!

In the mean time, I went continually to the window, and could plainly distinguish the labourers preparing the ring, and fitting up booths for the accommodations of those persons who might wish to guard against a wet day outwardly, and who would not object to it inwardly. I could almost fancy that I heard the hammers of the workmen "accomplishing the field;"—but I do not wish to *romance* on this interesting subject. The morning was certainly very unpropitious, for the clouds not only threatened, before breakfast, to try the security of the awnings,—but they made good their threats, after that meal, with one or two pretty effectual showers,—which however afflicted the heart more on account of the mischief which would ensue to the turf, than on the score of any other inconvenience. Persons began to assemble during the morning,—but the sports did not commence till one o'clock;—and, as some time elapsed between the hour at which the ring was ready, and that

at which the wrestlers entered themselves for contest,—I shall fill up the pause for my readers, by giving them a few particulars of the sport, as practised in our earlier English days;—and I trust my learning will last me till the first *hat* may be supposed by my readers to "rise in air," and no longer.

The men of Devon and Cornwall have been celebrated, from time immemorial, for their skill and prowess in the art of wrestling. The boys may at the present day be seen struggling and practising at a very early age: and Carew says, in his quaint old style—"you shall hardly find an assembly of boys in Devon and Cornwall, where the most untowardly amongst them, will not so readily give you a muster of this exercise, as you are prone to require it."

It is told by Strutt, that, in the reign of Henry III., the citizens of London, who delighted in the science, held their anniversary meeting near the Hospital of St. Matilda, at St. Giles's in the Fields, where the inhabitants of Westminster met, and wrestled with them for a ram. The Londoners were successful, which produced a challenge for Lammas-day. The challenge was accepted—and the parties encountered each other;—but the bailiff happening to quarrel, a strife ensued, in which some mischief was done.

According to the accounts of that accurate historian Stowe, Clerkenwell was a celebrated spot for wrestling. The Mayor, Sheriffs, and officers of the city, took an active part in this sport. It must have been a curious excuse that the Mayor could not attend the Mansion-house, as he was trying a fall with one of the magistrates of Westminster!

In a plate from an old picture, supposed to be considerably anterior to the time of Chaucer, and which is given in Strutt, two men are represented wrestling for a cock:—it is curious that even at the present day the combatants wear a loose linen jacket, on the back of which is affixed the figure of a *cock* in cloth of a green or red colour. The prizes were, in early days, a ram, a small sum of money, or even something of greater value. Strutt quotes an extract from one of Robin Hood's songs, which touches on the rewards of the conquerors.

——— Unto Bernisdale,
 As he went by a bridge was a *wresteling*;
 And there taryed was he,
 And there was all the best yemen,
 Of all the west countrey.
 A full fayre game there was set up;
 A white bull up ypight;
 A great courser with saddle and brydle,
 With golde burnished full bryght:
 A payre of gloves, a red golde ringe,
 A pipe of wyne, good faye;
 What man beareth him best, ywis,
 The prize shall bear awaye.

Carew, the old writer before referred to, thus quaintly describes the art of wrestling in the western parts of England;—it will be seen that some change has taken place in the science itself, in the present age, but the practice has certainly not declined.

The beholders then cast, or form themselves into a ring, in the empty space whereof the two champions step forth, stripped into their dublets and hosen, and untrussed, that they may so the better command the use of their lymmes; and first shaking hands, in token of friendship, they fall presently to the effect of anger; for each striveth how to take hold of the other with his best advantage, and to bear his adverse party downe; wherein, whosoever overthroweth his mate, in such sorte, as that either his backe, or the one shoulder, and contrary heele do touche the ground, is accounted to give the fall. If he be only endangered, and make a narrow escape, it is called a foyle. This pastime also hath its laws; for instance of taking hold above the girdle,—wearing a girdle to take hold by,—playing three pulls for tryal of the mastery, the fall giver to be exempted from playing again with the taker, but bound to answer his successor. Silver prizes, for this and other activities, were wont to be carried about, by certain *circumferanci*, or set up at bride ales; but time, or their abuse, hath worn them out of use.

Strutt, whose name I have so repeatedly mentioned, and to whom I am so much indebted for information on the subject, gives a representation of two persons riding on the shoulders of two others, and so wrestling for the fall. He states this to have been a sport of the fourteenth century:—I think I have been concerned in such a pastime at school within even a very few years,—and the great object was to secure, what was termed, “a good horse.” This amusement seems trifling enough, and is certainly no trial of bodily strength, dility or skill.

— But I fancy that I see the *hat* thrown up, and therefore I proceed to give as correct an account as my memory will furnish, of the match at Exmouth, which was *played out*, to use the county phrase, with the utmost zeal and courage, in spite of falling rains and slippery grass. The ring was formed in a field called *The Marshes*,—a term sufficiently explanatory of the nature of the spot, without any further description of mine. The showers, however, lent a cruel aid to the natural wetness of the land, as if purposing to “try a fall” with these holiday folk. When I approached the ring, the rain was descending rapidly, but the people stood undauntedly around; and the sports were coming on steadily and profoundly. There was a large circle of wooden railing erected, forming the back to a single bench, and within this ring you were admitted on paying the sum of three pence. The crowd was compelled to stand as near to the rails as possible, and thus an open space was kept for the competitors. After the rules had been read, which I could not very well hear,—a hat was hurled into the air, and immediately followed by one from an acceptor of the challenge;—the wrestlers began to prepare immediately for the struggle. The first that stood in the middle of the ring, having been stripped to the shirt, and enclothed in the linen jacket with a green cock on the back,—which I have noticed to be the customary garment—was a young man of extremely prepossessing appearance. His figure, which, in its county garb, had not particularly impressed me with its size or strength, now struck me as highly powerful, compact, and beautiful. His limbs were well grown, and strongly set—yet rather slight than otherwise—and his body was easy, slim, yet peculiarly expressive of power. The fronts of his legs, from the knee to the ancle, were armed with thick carpeting, to protect him from the kicks of his antagonist; and even this strange armour did not give to his person the appearance of clumsiness. His neck was bare, and certainly very fine;—but the shape of his head struck me as being the most impressive and *poetical* (I use the term under correction), I had for a long time beheld—being set off, I conceive, by the way in which his

hair was arranged;—and this was dark,—hanging in thick *snakish* curls on each side his forehead, and down the back part of his head. Add to all this, a handsome melancholy thin countenance, and you will have at once some idea of the young man who now stood before me.

I turned to a countryman near me, and inquired who this youth might be, whose undaunted mien and comely port had so taken my favour captive. “Who is *that*!” said the man with a tone of surprise, accompanied with a look of profound pity at my ignorance,—“why, one of the *Canns* to be sure!”—In an instant I remembered the name, and his presence so well seconded the feeling which the enthusiasm of the servant had awakened, that I really had the sensation of a blush on my mind, at not recognizing in such a figure one of the names which were in the mouths of women and domestics as synonyms for prowess and valour, and which at the onset had sounded to me like fame!

Young Cann stood awhile in a calm and indifferent attitude,—and his opponent ploughed his heavy way towards him. This was a little bull-necked, thick-set man,—of prodigiously broad and weighty carriage. His carpeted limbs resembled the bolsters of a sofa,—and his throat was scarcely inferior in size. Cann pledged him in a cup of beer or cyder, (I will not call it a *wine cup*, as Mr. Campbell would, to exalt it from the vulgar truth into poetical respectability), and then giving the mug to one of the umpires, he clutched the little coast Hercules firmly with one hand, by the collar of his jacket, and received in return the tiger clutch of his eager antagonist. The struggle immediately commenced;—the umpires keeping a wary eye on the sport. Cann stood up nobly, watchfully—gallantly—meeting every movement of his opponent with a harder gripe of the jacket, and receiving the kicks of the little human *Cob* with an indifference quite astounding to all possessors of knees and shin-bones. The short man stood low, and far from Cann, and seemed rather to watch and labour for his safety than to dare for his enemy's downfall. He leaned forward, as if he were on *all fours*, and slipped and sprawled about, and abroad,—like a

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cat in walnut shells,—and with the same extraordinary pertinacity for keeping on his feet. This ungainly attitude was beautifully contrasted by Cann's upright muscular form, towering over it, and following, lion-like, the crouching and shifting manœuvres of the tiger-like creature opposed to him. This struggle, in which a fine display of skill and strength was exhibited, lasted five minutes, when the parties were instantly separated by the umpires;—such being the time limited for the *single play* as it is termed. When a man has stood out two men, and thrown one, he is set down as a *double player*, and is entitled to strive among the select, on the second day, for the prizes. Of course all the *Canns*, and the best men from the Moors, and young Brockenden, and Thorne from Dawlish, made themselves *double players*. I shall not longer dwell on the various wrestling of the first day.

The second morning was any thing but “rosy fingered”—but still we were not to be terrified by threatening clouds from following the manly sport which the day was to decide. There were some slow and tedious contests for *double players* till very late in the afternoon,—when, as the evening closed, and the moon arose, the grand contest was commenced. One of the umpires approached the booth in which I stood, and requested of Mr. Roe (as I understood the name), not to postpone the sports till the morrow, “as the *Canns* were anxious to get back to their farms, and Thorne must return to Dawlish the same night, and the men wanted to go to the Moors!”—This appeal was commanding, and the kind Mr. Roe yielded to the wishes of the combatants. “To night be it then,” said this amiable patron of the pleasures of the poor,—“and let not a moment be lost in matching the men, and calling them forth!”

The first shout of the master of the revels was—“the younger Cann, and Widdicomb of the Moors!”—and this was received with a low murmur, and a deep interest which almost smothered sound. The younger Cann was the stoutest of the brotherhood, finely formed, and fair-haired. He stripped and accoutred himself immediately; his brothers assisting in buck-

3 A

ling his *leg-armour*, and fastening his jacket. There was evidently a great anxiety in this group, but still the utmost confidence in ultimate success;—and I could not help taking part in the interest of the brothers, and at the same time entertaining a full share of their faith in their champion's triumph. "And who," said I to a neighbour, "are these Canns?"—"They are farmers, and there are five brothers, all excellent wrestlers;—but you only see three here to night."—But the fine young wrestler stepped into the ring, and our conversation ceased.

The moon was now very clear, full and bright; and its light fell upon the noble person of Cann, and showed every curl of his hair. The Moor-man soon joined him—prepared for the conflict. He was a giant in size, and from what I gathered around me, a man of most savage nature. The popular feeling was painfully on Cann's side. After the cup had been pledged, the opponents seized each other with an iron grasp. Cann stood boldly, but cautiously up, as conscious that he had much to do;—and the Moor-man opposed him resolutely and grandly. The struggle was immediate, and Cann, with one terrific wrench, threw his antagonist to the earth;—but he fell so doubtfully on his shoulder, that it seemed uncertain whether he would fall on his back (which is necessary to victory), or recover himself by rolling on his face. Cann looked proudly down upon him, and saw him by a miraculous strain, which resembled that of a Titan in pain, save the fall, by wrenching himself down on his face. His shoulder and side were soiled;—but he was not deemed vanquished.

By the order of the umpires the struggle was renewed, when, owing, as I conceived, to the slippery state of the grass, Cann fell on his knees, and the Moorsman instantly hurled him on his back. All was uproar and confusion—but Cann was declared to have received a fall—and gloom spread itself over all! He could not be convinced of the justice of his judges (a common case when the verdict is adverse,) and it was in real pain of spirit that he pulled off the jacket.

Young Brockenden followed next

with another man from the Moors;—and he received a doubtful fall, which was much cavilled at, but which the judges nevertheless gave against him.

It now grew late, and the clouds thickened around, so that the wrestling could scarcely be perceived. I left the sports somewhat unwillingly; but I could not distinguish the parties, and, in truth, I was dispirited at my favourite's being foiled. I heard that the brother Canns retrieved the fame of the family,—but the darkness of the night, and the state of the grass, gave no chance either to the spectators or to the wrestlers. In the morning, the ring,—the awning,—the scaffolding—had vanished; and the young fellows had separated—the Canns to their farms,—the Men to the Moors!

I have described this meeting as well and as faithfully as I could, in the hope that the account may interest many persons who are content to be excited by description only. At the same time, if this manly sport, among others, should be cried down and oppressed by the feeble and the fastidious, it may not be amiss to have some record of it preserved to feed the curious of after ages. I cannot conclude this paper better, than by noticing a very learned, quaint, and ingenious little work on the *Art of Wrestling*, which I met with by chance in a pamphlet-shop, and which I have read with much admiration. I believe it is the genuine reprint of an old book—though certainly now published in a very graceless and forbidding shape.

The title page sets forth that the work is written by *Sir Thomas Parkyns*, of Bunny-Park, Nottinghamshire,—and certainly a more intense production, on the use of the sinews and muscles, cannot easily be pointed out. Sir Thomas lived in the early part of the last century, and was remarkable for his skill in, and fondness for, the art of wrestling. He was strong in the loins, and a justice of peace for Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire. All his servants were trained to the sport, and he gave public exhibitions of it, taking an active part himself in tripping up his coachman, and giving his footman a heavy fall. He was fond of indulging in scraps of *Latin*, in which, how-

ever, he was not so powerful as in wrestling. Over a seat which stood by the road-side, he inscribed,—

Hic sedens viator, si tu defessus es ambulando.

And a judge happening to ascend his pad, during his circuit, by means of Sir Thomas's block, the event is thus classically recorded:

Hinc justiciarius Dormer equum ascendere solebat!

Sir Thomas studied physic for the good of his neighbours,—married two wives, one being the daughter of a London alderman,—indulged in a selection of stone-coffins during his life, for his choice to lie in after death,—left a guinea to be wrestled for on Midsummer-day, and a *something* to the ringers of Bunny church, among whom he had often formed one,—wrote a book,—and died in the year 1741, aged 78.

His little work, however, must not thus be dismissed.—Sir Thomas wrestles manfully with grammar, and is good at the *in-play* with metaphors and figures. The dedication—which, by the bye, gives the book to no one, and is, therefore, strikingly original—is “a fair specimen of the author's style,” as the Reviews express themselves.—Take the following:—

For the most part, the first question I

ask a scholar, (if I like his size and complexion, for I am an indifferent physiognomist, a judicious physician, and can prognosticate more from a *physz*, than most physicians from waters) is, if his parents are alive? if not, what age they died at? For I admit no *Hereditary Gouts*, or *Scrofulous Tumours*; yet I'll readily accept of *Scorbutick Rheumatisms*, because the persons labouring under those maladies are generally strong and able to undergo the exercise of *wrestling*. I am so curious in my admission, I'll not hear of one hipp'd and out of joint, a *Valtudinarian* is my aversion, for I affirm, *Martial* [*Lib. vi. Ep. 54.*] is in the right on't: *Non est vivere sed valere vita.* I receive no limberhams, no darling sucking-bottles, who must not rise, at *Midsummer*, till eleven of the clock, and that the fire has aired his room and cloaths of his colliquative sweats, raised by high sauces, and spicy forced meats, where the cook does the office of the stomach, with the emetick tea table, set out with bread and butter for his breakfast: I'll scarce admit a sheep-biter, none but beef-eaters will go down with me, who have robust, healthy, and sound bodies. This may serve as a sketch of that person fit to make a *wrestler*, by him who only desires a place in your friendship.

On the page immediately following the dedication there stand some notable lines, with an embellishment, which are thus described by the writer, in a style worthy of the mighty Baronet whose memory they celebrate. The following is a *fac-simile*:



“A POEM in defence of the Marble Effigies of *Sir Thomas Parkyns*, of Bunny Park, in the County of Nottingham, Bart. erected by him in his life time, in a Moralizing Posture, in his Chancel of the Church of Bunny: being the first Posture of Wrestling; an Emblem of the Divine and Human Struggle for the Glorious Mastery.

BY FRANCIS HOFFMAN.”

The poem itself is energetic, moral, and amiable,—fit elegy for a man of thews, and a Baronet:—But I must not thus dally so long with the opening beauties of the book. Sir Thomas Parkyns commences his instructive

treatise with stating, that, after reading in *Martial*,—under Dr. Busby, at Westminster,—that the ancients always performed their exercise (like school-boys) before their full meal,—he advised all his scholars to take

"light liquids easy of digestion," to meet this classical example. He then proceeds,—

Whilst at *Westminster*, I could not learn any thing from their irregular and rude *certamina* or *struggles*: and when I went to *Cambridge*, I then, as a spectator, only observed the vast difference betwixt the *Norfolk out-players*, and the *Cornish-huggers*, and that the latter could throw the other when they pleased. I do confess, the small knowledge I shew to have in my several pieces of architecture, &c. with my useful hydraulicks, and the use and application of the mathematicks here in *wrestling*, I owe to *Dr. Bathurst*, my tutor, and *Sir Isaac Newton*, mathematick professor, both of *Trinity College, Cambridge*: the latter, seeing my inclination that way, invited me to his public lectures, for which I thank him, though I was Fellow Commoner, and seldom, if ever, any such were called to them; but when I went to *Gray's Inn of Court*, and applied myself to the several masters of the *Academy*, to learn fencing and vaulting, I met with *Mr. Cornish*, (by name) my *inn-play* wrestling master; and when I found so much variety in the several holds, that it was impossible to remember half of them, without committing them to paper; and telling him my design, he said, he had taught five hundred scholars, but never any one could set them down; and that it would be in vain to attempt any such thing: however, once in two months, I shewed him what I had done, and then digested it in this method, which I here present you with.

Sir Thomas continues, and is very urgent against "weakening by drink." Personifying the various strong liquors which wrestle with man, he thus pleasantly concludes his caution.

Ceres keeps school at all cheequers, with her assistants, *Nottingham*, *Derby*, *Burton*, *Easingwold*, &c. At most public houses, *Stout* has the fullest school amongst the porters, carmen, chairmen, &c. *Paracelsus* admits for the most part, at the *Golden Stills*, his method he extracted from, and is an abridgment of, the two former, his journeymen assistants are, brandy, a *Frenchman*; usquebaugh, an *Irishman*; rum, a *Mollosonian*, &c.

In the middle of these, his prefatory remarks, Sir Thomas thus eloquently breaks out on the origin of the science, which he seems suddenly to think has rather been a sufferer in his opening observations. Certes he goes back sufficiently, and "can quote scripture to his purpose."

Though at the beginning of the preface

I take notice, that wrestling was in vogue, great credit, estimation, and reputation, in *Martial* the poet's days, wrestling without all doubt is of greater antiquity, as appears, *Gen. chap. xxxii. ver. 24*, *Jacob* wrestled with an angel, whether it was real and corporal, or mystical, and spiritual in its signification, I leave *Pool* and the rest of the divines to determine.

But I advise all my scholars, to avoid wrestling with angels, for though they may maintain the struggle until break of day, and seem to lay their adversaries supine, and on their backs, they will have the foil, and be out of joint with *Jacob's* thigh.

The concluding advice cannot be too strictly attended to.

The second division of the book, is a regular set of rules and directions for "Every Man his own Wrestler," and commences with several pages on strained ancles, (which allows for Sir Thomas's passion for physic to have its way,) and the best methods of avoiding or curing the Evil. High-heeled shoes meet with the kind Baronet's most serious and vehement displeasure, as being the causes of all sprains. He reasons so much to his own satisfaction in favour of low-heeled shoes, and brings such apposite illustrations of his arguments, that he suddenly breaks off into the following exclamation:—

For shame, let us leave off aiming at the out-doing our Maker in our true symmetry and proportion: let us likewise, for our own ease, to secure treading, and upright walking, (as he designed we should) shorten our heels. Since the women have lowered their top sails and head dresses, and find it a vain attempt of theirs in offering to add one cubit to their stature.

Next follows much masterly advice on the mysteries of wrestling, with full instructions on those various holds and falls, which are most destructive and conclusive. The ignorant are clearly taught how to accomplish "the *Flying Horse*," which simply means pitching your friend over your head. "The *Flying Mare*," is a throw of nearly the same airy description. I really cannot follow Sir Thomas through all his dissertations on "the *hanging Trippet*," the "*in Clamp*," the "*back Clamp*," "*the Pinnion*," "*the Gripe*," "*the In-lock*," and "*the loose leg*:"—all points of profound, and serious, and erudite discussion:—The direction for the back clamp is, however, curious, though I

think it scarcely solves the mystery for young students.

Back-Clamp.

When your adversary back-clamps you, which is when he clasps his heel in your ham, with a design to throw you backwards, fall in close to him with your arms about him, as for the gripes; bear upon him with your breast and chin, and kick your own breech with your own heel, with his feeble heel in your fort ham; and his head and shoulder will come to the ground first, that throwing him out of the line of direction.

The passage explanatory of "the gripes," (a phrase likely to be misunderstood, and mentioned in the foregoing passage,) is also so erudite, that I cannot resist giving it:—

The Gripes.

1. Are nothing but laying your right arm amongst his small ribs, and putting your left hand to your right arm to augment your strength in griping; and when you gripe, get your head on the outside of his arm, then may you lift the better.

2. Never delay the gripe, but get that as soon as you can, and hold him strait, and your head close to his breast, that he doth not give his elbow, and stand low with your knees bent and toes out, and it will prevent buttock, back-lock, in-lock, and trip.

Sir Thomas thus proceeds, ardently, through many pages, on *outplay* and *inplay*, but I shall have already exhausted all my reader's patience, and my Editor's room: though, if I consulted my own taste only, I should minutely discuss every page, and now and then endeavour to give Sir Thomas the *Flying Horse*, in some of his arguments and conclusions. I flatter myself I could certainly *back-clamp* him on many of his *out-play*, or *loose-leg* instructions. His last page contains some directions for a *Boxer*, but here (to our knowledge) he is off his feet, for he decidedly betrays too much of the wrestler throughout them. The two first articles of this chapter, though amiably intended, sufficiently expose his ignorance of the art, unless, as we must believe, the art has undergone material changes since he wrote.

Boxing.

1. By all means have the first blow with your head or fist at his breast rather than at his face; which is half the battle, by reason it strikes the wind out of his body.

2. If you have long hair soap it. The best holds are the pinnion with your arms at his shoulders, and your head in his face, or get your right arm under his chin, and your left behind his neck, and let your arms close his neck straight, by holding each elbow with the contrary hand, and crush his neck, your fingers in his eyes, and your fingers of your right hand under his chin, and your left hand under the hinder part of his head; or twist his head round by putting your hand to the side of his face, and the other behind his head.

Really, as to the second direction, if a man could patiently endure this *fingering* of the eyes and gullet, he must possess a courage of no common order. So much for *Sir Thomas Parkyns*, the writing, wrestling, boxing Nottingham Baronet.

In conclusion, I do pray and trust, that these manly sports, which keep alive the courage and character of the lower orders, will not be neglected or oppressed by those who have the power to excite and promote them. The existence of such pastimes is influential on the moral rectitude of the country. Men who possess such names as the *Canns*,* and *Thorne*, and *Brockenden*, dare not by private baseness or indecorum sully them. They live in the eye of a County, and have a fame to maintain, which can only exist on the purest food. Other men have these names like beacons before them; and hope leads them on!—The days, on which a wrestling match is held, are acknowledged holidays for miles round the spot,—and the youths come forth in fascinating new hats and overpowering *velveteens*,—and the damsels in their best and most destructive attire. I saw girls from all quarters of the county in the gayest of their dresses,—and certainly there was a fashion about their bonnets (if I do not err) in spite of what the *Spectator* has said, (vol. iii. No. 175.) or suffered

* Mr. Wilson, the Plague-Poet, and Moral Professor, is very fond of running about the Highlands, wrestling and leaping with the distillers of his favourite beverage whiskey. We wish he would try a fall with the younger Cann, for we cannot help thinking it would "take the conceit out of him," and the better fit him for those serenely pursuits, to which Blackwood's Magazine and the lecture-chair of Edinburgh particularly invite him.

to be said, to the disparagement of the Exeter ladies, that "they are always behind-hand in the fashion, and, worse than that, have things palmed upon them which are not fashionable."

Having mentioned the Spectator, I cannot do better than give his commendatory words for encouraging wakes and country assemblies of this kind. He knew that the lasses got suitors, and the lads admirers at these pleasant and sportive meetings, and he thus concludes his paper, as I shall mine, with pointing out a reason all sufficient for their being nourished among us:—

Love and marriage are the natural effects of these anniversary assemblies. I must, therefore, very much approve the method by which my correspondent tells me each sex endeavours to recommend itself to the other, since nothing seems more likely to promise a healthy offspring, or a happy cohabitation. And I believe I may assure my country friend, that there has been many a court lady, who would be contented to change her crazy young husband for Tom Short; and several men of quality, who

would have parted with a tender yoke-fellow for Black Kate.

I am the more pleased with having love made the principal end and design of these meetings, as it seems to be most agreeable to the intent for which they were at first instituted, as we are informed by the learned Dr. Kennet, with whose words I shall conclude my present paper. "These wakes," says he, "were in imitation of the ancient *Ἀγῆνα*, or love-feasts, and were first established in England by Pope Gregory the Great, who, in an epistle to Melitus the Abbot, gave order that they should be kept in sheds or arbories made up with branches and boughs of trees round the church."

He adds, that this laudable custom of wakes prevailed for many ages, till the wise Puritans began to exclaim against it as a remnant of popery; and by degrees the precise humour grew so popular, that at an Exeter assizes the Lord Chief Baron Walter made an order for the suppression of all wakes: but on Bishop Laud's complaining of this innovating humour, the King commanded the order to be reversed.

OSMYN,

A PERSIAN TALE.

List to me, boy.—I tell you there are hid
In the wild deserts,—on the mountain tops,
In the lone islands of the Savage Sea,
That never foot of living man has touched;
Things that might take the earth with wonder; shapes,
Not of the earth,—with stars for eyes, and lips
Fed upon roses, and the drops that lie
In the bottom of the king-cup. Some that build
Their thin house of the forest's glossy leaves;
Others that make their palace of the air,
And gather violets from the evening clouds;
Others that haunt the sea-caves, and when night
Is holiest, will ascend, and with wild shells
And voices silvery-sweet salute the stars.

ANON.

It was a vale embosom'd between hills,
Huge, forest sided, vein'd with silver rills
That fed their founts from the blue bending sky,
And topp'd with snows that everlastingly
Glisten'd above the cloudy wreaths of gold,
And pearl, and sanguine-sweeping flame, that roll'd
Their mighty draperies round the mountain's breast,
Like regal robes, from when the dawning East,
Pale, primrose-footed, drew her dropping hair
Heavy with night-dews from her forehead fair,
And on the Earth in her cold sweetness smil'd;
"Till Eve stole blushing onward, and distill'd
Poppy and rose-leaves on her pathway wide,
Guiding the steps of thick veil'd night, the bride
That moves not from her chamber, till the Sun
Has in his daring beauty downwards gone.

But in the centre of those marble towers,
The battlements of Nature, lay sweet bowers,
Where all of fruit, and fragrant blossoming,
That ever roll'd round tree the tendril ring,
Or scatter'd on the wind its musky sighs,
Or broider'd-on its crimson fantasies
Through the green grass, or droop'd above the bank
Of rivulets, struggling through the verdure dank,—
Flourish'd in nature's lone magnificence :
And in the midst, within a lovely fence
Of amaranth and roses, interlacing
In knots enamour'd, and rich cyphers tracing
Around the red bark of the cinnamon trees,
Lay a small lake, that sun-beam never sees,
Like a huge flower-cup, fill'd with crystal dew ;
Reflecting in its mirror ev'ry hue
Of ev'ry gorgeous flower that blossom'd by
The border of its deep, blue, downward sky.

'Twas burning noon, and now a wandering youth
Came down the valley, toiling through the growth
Of its deep verdure, that, before his step,
Bent, and roll'd round, in blossom'd heap on heap,
Light billowing, like the light and heaving foam
Checquering the solemn green, when winds are come
To wake the Ocean's sleep. The form was proud :
A warrior's step, a chieftain's eye—dark brow'd ;
But the wan hue his downcast beauty bore,
Show'd that some day of power and hope was o'er.
His heron-plume was broken, and the stain
Of desert sands, and battle's bloody rain,
Tinged robes that once were princely, and the star
Of gems was shatter'd on his scymetar.

But how he cross'd that valley's mountain ring,
Too high embattled for the eagle's wing,
What hand had led him through the forest wreath,
The leafy, labyrinthine wilds beneath,
Was mystery all. And now the noon-day fires
Have driven him where the plantane's solemn spires,
And pillar'd cedars their long arches close,
Temples of silence ; down the wanderer throws
His wearied side upon the rustling bed—
That many a breeze, and many a bird, had shed
In thick and perfumed luxury on the ground ;—
So lies he slumbering to the gentle sound
Of cooing turtles, and the deep, lone sighs
That from the dinness of huge forests rise.

The evening came, and still the wanderer slept ;
But sudden echoes through the valley swept,
Of deeper melody than ever drew
Its life from mortal lips. The slumbers flew
From his drench'd lids, and on his arm half-rais'd—
He drank its cup of witchery, and gaz'd.
But on the hill-side danced no shepherd throng,
To load the winds with that sweet charge ; no song
Rose from group'd girls beside a flower-hung tomb ;
As often he had heard in dewy gloom,
Where some old poet slumber'd in the grove—
And Persian maids at twilight sang of love.

'Twas now the moment when the sun had gone
Down to the purple waters, and the moon

Just o'er the horizon rais'd her humid eye,
 And in the central azure tremblingly
 Flush'd Eve's lone star. It shot a sudden beam—
 Widening and bright'ning—'till its mighty stream
 Seem'd bearing on its bosom living things,
 That stoop'd to earth in swift and wavering rings,
 Like the snow fleeces when the rough wind sleeps—
 And close to earth's cold heart the vesture creeps
 Soft, silent, dazzling, 'till the amber skies
 Bid from its folds the infant Spring arise.
 What are they, and whence come?—They wear no wings,
 But round each bosom in white glory clings
 A web that seems with living star-light twin'd—
 Oh! how the breathing of the fragrant wind
 Grew richer as they came, and the sweet sound
 Echoed more magical—and lo! the ground
 Is touch'd by their white feet, and all its blooms
 Bow down their heads adoring, and the glooms
 Of the proud forest waving, let in rays
 Of fading sun-light like an altar's blaze.

Hand link'd in hand they stood beside the bath
 Depth of dissolving sapphire—the blue path
 Of the lone star that on its centre lay
 Bosom'd in splendour—shooting ray for ray,
 With Hesper.—There they paus'd—four shapes of Heaven;
 A glance of timid watchfulness was given
 Around the shadowy marge, to see that none
 Might gaze upon their beauty from the zone
 Of those thick circling trees—then from the white
 Of her orb'd bosom, and her waist as slight
 And waving as young sycamores—each wound
 Her veil; in measure to the mystic sound,
 That now stole down the air like honey dew,
 Lulling the trees, the flowers, the waters blue.
 They plunged beneath the surface. Mortal eye
 As hopeless that swift loveliness to spy,
 As if it chased the light'ning, or the gleam
 That startles the closed eye in night and dream.

The stranger lay unseen beneath the shade
 Of the stoop'd foliage—through whose heavy braid
 Scarce gleam'd the splendour—from his bed he rose
 Stiffen'd and travel-worn—and through the boughs
 Of matted peaches, and the Indian vine,
 Push'd his slow way—and often did their twine
 Baffle his hand, and bear against his brow,
 Till their green chains around him seem'd to grow:
 Yet still he toil'd, but now was heard the dash
 Of the near lake,—he saw the arrowy flash
 That its delicious eddies flung above.
 At last the blue sky open'd, and the grove
 And the lake lay before him, but a blaze
 Of quivering, rainbow'd fustres threw a haze
 Over its bosom that defied the eye—
 Man might not see that lovely mystery.
 But as he wander'd vainly round the edge,
 Before him shone, upon the sloping ledge
 Of lavender and hyacinths, a veil.
 He touch'd it—from the waters came a wail.
 He press'd it to his bosom—and strange love
 Seem'd in its web—he bore it to the grove,

And plung'd in the deep umbrage—like the deer
Rous'd by the whistling of the hunter's spear.

A shape came swiftly passing through the shade,
Smooth as a gliding meteor—never stay'd
By woodland stream or thicket :—on it came,
Scattering the darkness with a lovely flame,
That touch'd the buds and boughs with silver fire ;
Its lustre stoop'd upon the wild rose briar,
Where bow'd the stately plunderer, half in fear ;
But when he deem'd the words of wrath to hear,
And heard but soft solicitings and sighs,
He gaz'd, and saw a daughter of the skies.
She stood unveil'd before him, and a blush
That painted her young cheek, and pour'd its flush
On her white neck, reveal'd her sudden shame ;
But the long burnish'd locks that showering came
Unknotted from her forehead to her feet—
And the tall lilies with wind-woven net,
Enveil'd her beauty, and but left above
Her blushing face, all sorrow, yet all love.

Once in the year upon that mystic eve,
She and her sisters must their palace leave,
And stoop to that deep valley ; they were gone,
And she must rove the dreary earth alone,
Unless she bore to Heaven the veil again,
Proof that her heart had borne no earthly stain.
What prize that wins the heart must win that prize ?
“ Was it in gold ? ” she pointed to the skies ;
And through the air was heard a sudden sound,
Dulling and deep, as winter rains, that round
The cones of the tall pines beat down the snows ;
The tree tops waved, upon the dark ground glows
A shower of glittering drops—the drops are gold.
Why did he closer to his bosom fold
The mystic veil—'twas that he treasur'd there
The charm that held his lov'd one from her sphere.
And then she spoke no more, but knelt and wept,
With faint up-clasping hands, and lips that kept
The trembling of the heart upon their red,
And rich dishevell'd locks that round him shed
Even on his buskin'd feet their flowings rare.
He stoop'd—and saw her face of sweet despair ;
How could his heart resist that woe—he took
The veil—and with a parting lover's look,
For all his heart was with her beauty wild,
He kiss'd its web, and like a chidden child
Blushing repentant, laid it on her arm.
She felt love's triumph, and a richer charm
Cover'd her cheek ; no, never on her cloud
Look'd she so bright, as in that moment proud :
She thank'd him with a soul subduing smile,
And then his madness would have held her still,
But she had round her flung the fold again,
That now seem'd pinions to her—vane on vane
Beating in quivering radiance the dim air.
The lover dared not gaze—the heart's despair
Had fix'd him like an image on a tomb,
With folded arms, and bended brow of gloom.
The rustling of the air, and the thick buds
That caught the splendour on their dewy studs,

Were all that told him of his parted love.
 Then cast he one quick, anguish'd glance above,
 And saw her white hand's wave of gratitude.
 That sight was life to his desponding blood,
 And as she slowly floated to the skies,
 He watch'd her purple path with love-enchanted eyes.

End of the First Part.

THE QUAKERS.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

Friendly Editor—I was much pleased with thy favourable opinion of Bernard Barton's Poems in thine eighth Number for August, and also with thy no less favourable opinion of the religious society to which he belongs: for, although we court not praise, we know how to appreciate the chastised commendations of the wise and learned. In what is called thy critique upon my friend's productions, a "wish" is expressed "that he would send thee a poetical portrait of some young female of our society," in whom the characteristic features of the sect," as thou termost it, "are intimately

united with the captivations of the charming woman."—Till he doth send thee such a portraiture, perhaps thou wilt not refuse a niche in thy respectable Magazine to the attendant picture, drawn by another hand. I met with it in a very pleasing poem, entitled "The Hop Garden, by Luke Booker, LL. D." a Poem, in my estimation, of great merit. For the author's liberal sentiments concerning us, he has our thanks: and for the pleasure which his writings, in general, have afforded me, I owe him much obligation. His and thy well-wisher,
 T. R.

"In patriarchal plainness, lo! around
 The festive board, a friendly tribe convene;
 Chaste, simple, neat, and modest in attire,—
 And chastely simple in their manners too.
 To them her gay varieties, in vain,
 Fashion displays—inconstant as the moon.
 Them to allure, in vain does chymic art
 For human vestments multiply its dyes.
 One mode of dress contents them; and but few
 The colours of their choice,—the gaudy shunn'd,
 E'en by the gentle Sisterhood. In youth,
 The rose's vivid hue their cheeks, alone,
 Wear, dimpling,—shaded by a bonnet plain,
 White as the cygnet's bosom,—jetty black
 As raven's wing; or, if a tint it bear,
 'Tis what the harmless Dove herself assumes.
 —The hardier sex—an unloop'd hat, broad brimm'd,
 Shelters from summer's heat and winter's cold:
 That, from its station high ne'er deigns to stoop—
 Obsequious, nor to custom nor to King.
 Yet tho' precise, and primitive in speech—
 Restrain they not the smile,—the seemly jest,—
 Nor e'en the cordial laugh, which cynics grave
 Falsely assert "bespeaks the vacant mind."
 Serenely gay, with generous ale they fill
 The temperate cup: no want of new-coin'd toast
 To give it zest—GOOD-FELLOWSHIP AND PEACE
 Their sentiment,—their object,—and their theme."

(Page 97.)

THE TWO RACES OF MEN.

THE human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow, and the men who lend*. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, "Parthians and Medes and Elamites," flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. "He shall serve his brethren." There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean, and suspicious; contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the other.

Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages—Alcibiades—Falstaff—Sir Richard Steele—our late incomparable Brinsley—what a family likeness in all four!

What a careless even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest,—taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money,—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*! or rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke), resolving these supposed opposites into one clear intelligible pronoun adjective!—What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community*,—to the extent of one half of the principle at least!—

He is the true taxer who "callethe all the world up to be taxed;" and the distance is as vast between him and *one of us*, as subsisted betwixt the *Augustan Majesty*, and the poorest *obolary Jew* that paid it tribute-pittance at Jerusalem!—His exactions too have such a cheerful, voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochial or state-gatherers,—those ink-horn varlets, who carry

their want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas, or his Feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse,—which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves, as naturally as the cloak of the traveller, for which sun and wind contended! He is the true Propontic which never ebbeth! The sea which taketh handsomely at each man's hand. In vain the victim, whom he delighteth to honour, struggles with destiny; he is in the net. Lend therefore cheerfully, O man ordained to lend—that thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and of Dives!—but, when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were half-way. Come, a handsome sacrifice! See how light *he* makes of it! Strain not courtesies with a noble enemy.

Reflections like the foregoing were forced upon my mind by the death of my old friend Ralph Bigod, Esq., who departed this life on Wednesday evening; dying, as he had lived, without much trouble. He boasted himself a descendant from mighty ancestors of that name, who heretofore held ducal dignities in this realm. In his actions and sentiments he belied not the stock to which he pretended. Early in life he found himself invested with ample revenues; which, with that noble disinterestedness which I have noticed as inherent in men of the *great race*, he took almost immediate measures entirely to dissipate and bring to nothing: for there is something revolting in the idea of a king holding a private purse; and the thoughts of Bigod were all regal. Thus furnished, by the very act of disfurnishment; getting rid of the cumbersome luggage of riches, more apt (as one sings)

TO SLACKEN VIRTUE, AND ABATE HER
EDGE,
THAN PROMPT HER TO DO AUGHT
MAY MERIT PRAISE,

he set forth, like some Alexander, upon his great enterprise, "borrowing, and to borrow!"

In his periegesis, or triumphant progress throughout this island, it has been calculated that he laid a tythe part of the inhabitants under contribution. I reject this estimate as greatly exaggerated:—but having had the honour of accompanying my friend, divers times, in his perambulations about this vast city, I own I was greatly struck at first with the prodigious number of faces we met, who claimed a sort of respectful acquaintance with us. He was one day so obliging as to explain the phenomenon. It seems, these were his tributaries; feeders of his exchequer; gentlemen, his good friends (as he was pleased to express himself), to whom he had occasionally been beholden for a loan. Their multitudes did no way disconcert him. He rather took a pride in numbering them; and, with Comus, seemed pleased to be "stocked with so fair a herd."

With such sources, it was a wonder how he contrived to keep his treasury always empty. He did it by force of an aphorism, which he had often in his mouth, that "money kept longer than three days stinks." So he made use of it while it was fresh. A good part he drank away (for he was an excellent toss-pot), some he gave away, the rest he threw away, literally tossing and hurling it violently from him,—as boys do burrs, or as if it had been infectious,—into ponds, or ditches, or deep holes,—in-scrutable cavities of the earth;—or he would bury it, (where he would never seek it again) by a river's side under some bank, which (he would facetiously observe) paid no interest—but out away from him it must go peremptorily, as Hagar's offspring into the wilderness, while it was sweet. He never missed it. The streams were perennial which fed his fisc. When new supplies became necessary, the first person that had the felicity to fall in with him, friend or stranger, was sure to contribute to the deficiency. For Bigod had an *undeniable* way with him. He had a cheerful, open exterior, a quick jovial eye, a bald forehead, just touched with grey (*cana fides*). He anticipated no excuse, and found none. And, waiving

for a while my theory as to the *great race*, I would put it to the most un-theorising reader, who may at times have disposeable coin in his pocket, whether it is not more repugnant to the kindliness of his nature, to refuse such a one as I am describing, than to say *no* to a poor petitionary rogue (your bastard borrower), who by his mumping visnomy tells you, that he expects nothing better; and, therefore, whose preconceived notions and expectations you do in reality so much less shock in the refusal.

When I think of this man; his fiery glow of heart; his swell of feeling; how magnificent, how *ideal* he was; how great at the midnight hour; and when I compare with him the companions, with whom I have associated since; I grudge the saving of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of *lenders*, and *little men*.

To one like Elia, whose treasures are rather cased in leather covers, than closed in iron coffers, there is a class of alienators more formidable than that which I have touched upon; I mean, your *borrowers of books*—those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes. There is Comberbatch, matchless in his depredations!

That foul gap in the bottom shelf facing you, like a great eye-tooth knocked out—(you are now with me in my little back study in Bloomsbury, reader!)—with the huge Switzer-like tomes on each side (like the Guildhall giants, in their reformed posture, guarding of nothing (once held the tallest of my folios) *Opera Bonaventuræ*, choice and massy divinity), to which its two supporters (school divinity also, but of a lesser calibre,—Bellarmine, and Holy Thomas), showed but as dwarfs,—itself an Ascapart!—that Comberbatch abstracted upon the faith of a theory he holds, which is more easy, I confess, for me to suffer by than to refute, namely, that "the title to property in a book, (my Bonaventure, for instance), is in exact ratio to a person's powers of understanding and appreciating the same." Should he go on acting upon this theory, which of our shelves is safe?

That slight vacuum in the left hand

case—two shelves from the ceiling—scarcely distinguishable but by the quick eye of a loser—was whilom the commodious resting place of Browne on *Urn Burial*. C. will hardly allege that he knows more about that treatise than I do, who introduced it to him, and was indeed the first (of the moderns) to discover its beauties—but so have I known a foolish lover to praise his mistress in the presence of a rival more qualified to carry her off than himself.—Just below, Dodsley's dramas want their fourth volume, where Vittoria Corombona is! The remainder nine are as distasteful as Priam's refuse sons, when the Fates borrowed Hector. Here stood the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, in sober state.—There loitered the *Complete Angler*; quietly as in life, by some stream side.—In yonder nook, John Bunce, a widower-volume, with "eyes closed," mourns his ravished mate.

One justice I must do my friend, that if he sometimes, like the sea, sweeps away a treasure; at another time, sea-like, he throws up as rich an equivalent to match it. I have a small under-collection of this nature (my friend's gatherings in his various calls), picked up, he has forgotten at what odd places; and deposited, with as little memory at mine. I take in these orphans, the twice-deserted. These proselytes of the gate are welcome as the true Hebrews. There they stand in conjunction; natives, and naturalized. The latter seem as little disposed to inquire out their true lineage, as I am.—I charge no warehouse-room for these deodands, nor shall ever put myself to the ungentlemanly trouble of advertising a sale of them to pay expenses.

To lose a volume to C. carries some sense and meaning in it. You are sure that he will make one hearty meal on your viands, if he can give no account of the platter after it. But what moved thee, wayward, spiteful ** to be so importunate to carry off with thee, in spite of tears and adjurations to thee to forbear, the letters

of that princely woman, the thrice noble Margaret Newcastle?—knowing at the time, and knowing that I knew also, thou most assuredly would'st never turn over one leaf of the illustrious folio:—what but the mere spirit of contradiction, and childish love of getting the better of thy friend?—Then, worst cut of all! to transport it with thee to the Gallican land—

Unworthy land to harbour such a sweetness,
A virtue in which all ennobling thoughts
dwelt,

Pure thoughts, kind thoughts, high thoughts,
her sex's wonder!

—hadst thou not thy play-books, and books of jests and fancies, about thee, to keep thee merry, even as thou keepest all companies with thy quips, and mirthful tales?—Child of the Green Room, it was unkindly done of thee. Thy wife too, that part-French, better-part-Englishwoman!—that *she* could fix upon no other treatise to bear away, in kindly token of remembering us, than the works of Fulke Greville, Lord Brook—of which no Frenchman, nor woman of France, Italy, or England, was ever by nature constituted to comprehend a tittle!—*Was there not Zimmerman on Solitude?*

Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection, be shy of showing it; or if thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such a one as S. T. C.—he will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury; enriched with annotations, tripling their value. I have had experience. Many are these precious MSS. of his—(in *matter* oftentimes, and almost in *quantity*, not unfrequently, vying with the originals)—in no very clerkly hand—legible in my Daniel; in old Burton; in Sir Thomas Browne; and those abstruser cogitations of the Greville, now, alas! wandering in Pagan lands.—I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library, from S. T. C.

ELIA.

OUR ARREARS.

THIS Number closes the first year of our existence ; and the season naturally brings with it reflection and retrospection. It suggests a review of what we have done, and what we have left undone : our offences of omission and commission,—which are interspersed, we trust, in our readers' memories, with divers merits of both sorts. We could talk very gravely, as well as eloquently of the latter ; but perhaps it will be more to the purpose to endeavour to atone for some of the former.

We owe an apology and reparation to the feelings of many authors, and the interests of many booksellers—inasmuch as our table at present actually groans with presentation copies of works, that have waited their turn for notice, till the deferred hopes of the parties concerned must have made their hearts sick—of us and our Magazine, we fear. Yet the truth is, that we have an excellent will to lend all the assistance that can fairly be afforded to authors, actors, and artists—and we defy any one to adduce, from a similar work, better-natured, or more considerate criticism, than that which has appeared in the LONDON MAGAZINE since its commencement. We have not made a single dead set at an author since we started—and we have avoided this as much perhaps out of pride as liberality. It is not more easy for a hornet to sting a horse, than for a man with a pen in his hand, who has access to a Newspaper, Magazine, or Review, to wound the feelings of people who are far his superiors, or to inflict a grievous injury on humble, industrious individuals, who, without pretensions to much talent, are very creditably discharging subordinate, yet necessary offices, appertaining to the Literature, the Fine Arts, or the Public Amusements of the country. A shabby fellow placed at the open window of a first or second floor, may throw dirty water on the clothes of a well-dressed gentleman passing in the street below,—or may torment the porters, carrying their burthens, by pelting them with peas, or flashing a sun-beam in their faces from a reflecting glass. These feats, however, are neither more easy, nor more contemptible, than the flippancies of nameless mischief-mongers in the periodical publications. An author, or any other candidate for public encouragement, stands exposed before them, an uncovered mark : neither courage nor skill is needed to inflict a deep wound on the hopes that have sustained long years of labour, on the sensibility, which honourable ambition and respectable society have rendered tremblingly keen, and on the humble consciousness of patient mediocrity, occupying itself in its proper province, inoffensively and unostentatiously.

Glory and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke,
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.

Nor can the dullest rogue fail to make jokes that shall pass for pointed, with the aid of malice or cruelty. As Swift collected the good things that gave life and fluency to common-place conversation in his time, so might there be collected the ready made jibes and jeers, all of certain and facile application, which enter, as eternally as the letters of the alphabet, into the composition of the smart criticism of the present day. It could be made up by *recipe*, as promptly and unfailingly as a dose of physic :—names are made equivalent to taunts, and the writer's own ignorance or insensibility is interposed, as a cloud, to obscure the brightness that is to be decried.

We confess we feel great contempt for an inveterate determination to be smart : its results appear to us to be in general very tiresome ; and we have more than a suspicion that it is often nothing but a poor resource used in the want of vigorous talent, and the absence of strong feeling. Seldom or never is there any real meaning to be found in this kind of writing : and it is in declaring and sustaining one's meaning, enforcing it earnestly, illustrating it pleasantly, and connecting a series of thoughts in its support, that the great difficulty, as well as all the value of writing, consists. We have, therefore, felt inclined, in the course of our criticism, rather to express what the book fairly suggested, than to set about thinking what it might give an opportunity to say. If it has not been our constant habit to adhere very closely to

its contents, we have never left them to hunt out impertinent levities, and vexatious insults. It is high time that criticism should be taken up in serious feeling, with a due sense of the critic's responsibility to the public, and to those on whom he animadverts.

Neglect, is another species of injustice of which authors may accuse the conductors of periodical publications—and of this, we fear, many who stand in this capacity, have been accusing us. If they are not themselves unjust, however, they will consider the various impediments liable to intervene between intention and fulfilment in the course of the management of such a work as this. Yet we confess it would be well to render our literary notices more sweeping than they have hitherto been—and this we hope to effect for the future. Works of importance shall continue to be discussed at some length, in separate articles—but there will also appear in most of our numbers a sort of general reckoning with minor claimants—a rapid review of subaltern merits. In doing this, we shall be led to look to many of the popular events of the day, and the more prominent candidates for notoriety. At present, however, we merely intend to bring up a few of our Arrears, by alluding to some of the many smaller works that help to compose the mountain before us—which we mean for the future to keep from swelling so enormously. Our readers will probably have here the pleasure of being introduced to some new acquaintance.

PATRONAGE, A POEM; AN IMITATION OF THE SEVENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.
BY MANDANIS.

There is but one touch of innocent satire in this pamphlet, and it happens, at the same time, to be about its best for pleasantry:—by this the reader may guess the quality of the poem.

To cry with Christie's ease, or Philips' phlegm—

“Ladies, a most inimitable gem!

“My lord, a true Canove—a matchless lot!

“A Queen Anne's farthing, and the works of Scott;

“A marble Niobe—what charming grief!

“Madam, be quick—a Jove without a leaf.”

This certainly is far from capital,—but it is better than the low, mercenary, dull abuse of persons which makes up this miserable composition. The object is to rail at the great for not putting their hands in their pockets to make presents to poets—just as if the Muse of poetry had not laid the public under contribution, even more effectually than the Genius of taxation. Why, we ourselves, speaking in the name of the Magazines generally, would be sufficient to furnish a respectable subsistence to all the living poets who have any right to take the name!—but, in most instances, they can do so much better, that our liberal offers are even treated with contempt:—they give us sometimes a morsel or two in charity, but always spurn our pay! Our prose contributors have other notions altogether,—corresponding to the difference between prose and poetry; *they* reckon

with us pretty closely, and occasionally *strike*, as it is called, finding the rate per sheet too low. But the poets only admit us, as dogs, to pick up the crumbs that fall from the *rich man's* table: they do not sell us their broken meat. They throw us an Ode, or a Sonnet, or a Song, as one throws a half-picked bone to a spaniel; and then turn from us to walk into Mr. Murray's shop, as one turns from the hungry spaniel to a well-filled plate. They have but to cry *here!* and we jump for the bit that is a-coming. Mr. Moore, it is generally understood, got 3000*l.* for his *Lalla Rooke*; and Lord Byron, it is whispered, is paid at the rate of a guinea a word—some say not so much—only five shillings a syllable; and Barry Cornwall is certainly *realizing*; and Sir Walter Scott has certainly *realized*; and if Mr. Campbell would but offer a new poem to our publishers, we undertake for their proposing a respectable sum for the copyright. Mr. Southey does well with his epics and his articles,—his histories of Brazil, and his “*Old Woman of Berkley*,”—his Religious Biography, and Comic Ballads,—and Wordsworth owes to patronage a reward which should have been rendered unnecessary by popularity. Crabbe took down two thousand pounds the other day with him into the country; Mr. Millman has no reason to weep over the “*Fall of Jerusalem*,”

—though the fall of stocks might now seriously affect him. Leigh Hunt, we believe, has made but little money by his poems—but he has done well with his *Indicator*—and we offer him twenty guineas a sheet for any poem he may choose to write for us in the manner of *Rimini*. Keats has been bitterly assailed, but he has also been gallantly supported. We observe his publishers place the attack made upon him by the *Quarterly*, the very foremost amongst the critical testimonies to his merit,—and in so doing, they act spiritedly and rightly. But whatever his pecuniary profits may have been, we apprehend Mr. Keats would not feel either proud or pleased, if a Lord were to send him a five-pound-note, accompanying it with a recommendation to consider Mr. Pope's system of versification as a standard: and if a Lord sends his alms, he has a right to accompany them with his advice.—We really do not see what noblemen have to do with the support of poets more than other people, while the poor-rates are in existence:—in the present state of society, poetry, we think, as well as agricultural produce, should be left to find its own level, without any peculiar privileges or protection. The objection to Lord Yarmouth, as urged by the scribbler of this low pamphlet, is, that his Lordship would subscribe more readily to a boxing match, than to one of Mandanis's proposed poems:—we should have a very poor opinion, both of his taste and good sense, if he would not. The patronage of poetry, we repeat, may be very safely left to Mr. Murray, who is worthy to stand as a centre pillar in the temple of the Muses,—or one of its principal Cariatides, decorously dressed in pantaloons and boots, so as to escape being brought before the House of Lords for indecency. Bruising matches, bedlams, parish schools, and hospitals, on the contrary, need the assistance of charitable subscriptions,—and the aristocracy are not generally backward when applications in behalf of such objects are made to them. But if every idle fellow, who chooses to assume the title and character of poet, were authorised to come, with one knock, and twenty names, to the door of every individual reputed to be rich, there would be an alarming addition to the number of threatening beggars, a

most pernicious increase of the class of vagrants, and much injury done to the fair claims of decayed tradesmen, discharged seamen, wet-nurses run dry, the curates of rich rectors, footmen out of place, and out-witted speculators. But still greater would be the injury done to poetry itself:—who ever augurs well of a book that is brought out by subscription, and prefaced with a long alphabetical catalogue? The Honourable Mr. Augustus—two copies; Mr. Buckmaster—one copy; the two Miss Crops—a copy between them;—the Earl and Countess of Dunder, two copies: &c. &c.! A subscription book, we know, is even more likely to be dull than a thanksgiving sermon, preached by the city chaplain, and published at the request of the court of aldermen! Until the Peers propose an act of parliament to compel poor and able-bodied men to write poetry, we know of no claim that persons of this description, who have engaged in such labour, can possibly be said to possess on the nobility and gentry for a remuneration of their losses, should their enterprize prove unproductive. So tyrannical a law, thank God, has not yet been even hinted at: we are yet left free to talk and write prose, and to work for our bread:—an affectionate father may still regard his tender offspring, boys as well as girls, with his heart unembittered by the idea, that they are liable, on growing up, to be *pressed* for poets, or *ballotted* to serve in supplying their parish's contingent of rhyme. All, therefore, he has to do is, to teach them industrious habits, and some useful trade; to cultivate their good sense, repress their vanity, expose to them the folly of overweening pretension, wherever it is apparent,—and then he may lie down and die, with a mind undisturbed by the backwardness of rich men to pension poor poets. Having so acted by his children, he may reasonably trust, that, under the blessing of Providence, if any of them take to the perilous avocation of versifying, it will be honourably to win the “fair guerdon,” which it is their ambition to enjoy,—or magnanimously to resign the attempt—for surely there is no claim on charity in failure, where neither the plea of necessity, nor utility, can be urged as an apology for perseverance.

AMERICA, AN EPISTLE IN VERSE; WITH OTHER POEMS.

We forget how long this small tome has remained in our limbo: yet that there are things in it entitling it to a civil reception, will, we think, be admitted by all who shall read the following lines, that occur early in the epistle, descriptive of our author's voyage.

'Tis a dull life, when, day succeeding day,
Before us lies a dark and watery way:
The spirit sinks in languor, when the eye
Has gaz'd for weeks upon the sea and sky;
And the frail bark that bears us, seems a
lone

And trembling object in a world unknown;
And though, at times, with conquer'd danger's pride,

Our bosoms swell as o'er the waves we ride,
Watching the gleaming billow, or the sail
That spreads in silvery whiteness to the
gale;

Still there's a drowsy sameness, and we feel
Its deep oppression o'er existence steal;
And the heart leaps,—when bursts the cry
of—"LAND!"

Tho' barren rock it prove, or burning sand.

The first appearance, too, of the descried land is happily and picturesquely described:—

It from the glittering ocean seems to rise,
Like thin dark clouds, that hang in evening skies.

Some of the peculiarities of American scenery, are powerfully conveyed to the imagination in the following lines,—which bring with them a sense of dreary vastness.

Here scarce an object meets the wearied eye,
But the tall pine's dark uniformity:
Or, o'er the stagnant river's turbid tide,
The swamp's dull yellow, spreading, flat,
and wide;

*While, ever and anon, abruptly spring
The carrion vultures upon heavy wing.*

These same American vultures are very different creatures from the "*spirits of the spot*," the eagles of Parnassus, celebrated by Lord Byron in a stanza of glorious inspiration. The following note lets us into the history and habits of the former, and by no means increases our respect for them, though they form a *privileged class* in the United States. The government of Lisbon has shown a similar solicitude for the safety of curs—also on the principle of *cleanliness*,—which, as in these countries practised, can scarcely be called a virtue next to *godliness*.

VOL. II.

The turkey-buzzards, a species of vulture, are the native and unpaid scavengers of these climates. Their principal food is carrion; of which, and similar offensive matter, they clear the streets and neighbourhood of the cities; and to kill them is made punishable by a heavy fine. "Their custom," says Catesby, "is to roost many of them together, on tall dead pine or cypress trees, and in the morning they continue several hours with their wings spread open, that the air, as I believe, may have the greater influence to purify their filthy carcasses."

The "*classic Ashley*" struck us as an unexpected addition to the catalogue of classical rivers:—it is a phrase "in great use," we are told, "with the orators and poets of Carolina,"—who are, surely, excellent authorities in such matters; and a classic river in Carolina is something worth having. The origin of the epithet, however, displays an ingenuity and felicity of association, which could not, we think, be paralleled out of America. It seems that near to the river *Ashley* runs the river *Cooper*—and Ashley Cooper, our readers know, was the name of the noble author of the "*Characteristics*"! Hence, classic Ashley, and, with equal right, classic Cooper,—which distinctions are calculated to make us proud, not only of Lord Shaftsbury, but of our own famous surgeon, Mr. A. Cooper, who ought to amputate American legs gratis, as a small return for this illustration of his christian and sur-names.

The author of the Epistle speaks of Washington as a city—

In promise splendid and in prospect great,
Whose Presidential palaces are placed,
Midst tangled brushwood and unlevelled
waste.—

The noisy Congress, we learn, was not sitting when he visited this still unfinished seat of legislation,—and he congratulates himself on his consequent escape from the terrors of a Mr. Williams, who has a culpable habit of meddling with Jupiter's thunderbolts, in his speeches. They call him, it seems, the *scarlet artilleryman*, from a famous wish of his—"for the red artillery of heaven to drive the fast anchored isle from her moorings!" "*Nothing but thunder*" with this "pelting, petty officer," who did not emit, however, a single

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rumble within our author's hearing,
while he was at Washington :—

But all was silent, and Potomac's stream
Shone sweetly in the evening's fading
gleam,

And as the mind on Nature's grandeur
dwelt,

Man's faults were pardoned, and his crimes
unfelt.

We like very much the passage in
which the founder of the Pennsylvania
State is alluded to.

And wand'ring where the Elm still
spreads its shade,

Beneath whose boughs thy covenants were
made,

I praise thee where the natives throng'd
around,

While peace and virtue sanctified the
ground;

Where, aw'd by kindness, warriors cast
aside

Their quiver'd strength, their fierceness,
and their pride;

And the pale settler, as he gaz'd on thee,
Beheld the Patriarch that had made him
free.

The writer of this little volume is
extremely happy in occasional lines,
though it would be too much to say,
that he keeps up, throughout the
whole of his composition, a decidedly
vigorous and masterly strain of poe-
try. He is evidently unable to do
this ;—but it is quite as evident, that
he is a person of fine qualities of
mind, of quick perceptions, and a
ready sensibility,—and these lead
him often to express himself with a
felicity that could not easily be sur-
passed. For instance, when he pe-
netrates to the wilder and more soli-
tary parts of the country, to which
his Epistle refers, we have the fol-
lowing touch :—

—— o'er the gloomy wood and rocky
dell,

A tranquil desolation seems to dwell.—

Here, he continues,—

—— the eye for countless leagues may
rest

On wilds, where yet no human foot hath
prest;

Nor the red savage trodden in the chace ;
Nor aught but Nature's changes left a
trace.

The last line is particularly good,
as conveying both that utter absence
of human agency, and picturesque,
and ever-moving variety, which cha-
racterize the seats of Nature's sub-
limest power, and cause them to

exercise so irresistible a charm on the
mind of the observer. Our author
does not seem to have been impress-
ed with very favourable opinions of
America ; yet he cannot fairly be
charged with writing illiberally of
her society and institutions. He says
of himself—"no one is more sensible
of all the inhabitants of that great
country have achieved, and all they
are capable of accomplishing ; and,
in noticing their errors or vices, I
have had neither personal nor national
prejudices to gratify." This, we have
no doubt, he believes to be the fact ;
—but did not "distance lend en-
chantment to the view" of his na-
tive land, when he looked back upon
her from across the Atlantic ? And
has strict justice been rendered to
America in the passages where the
two are contrasted ? We put these
questions for consideration,—rather
than as prepared to answer them
unfavourably for the author's judg-
ment. His concluding address to
England is animated—and we think
there is no inordinate degree of pre-
sumption manifested in the following
prophecy :—

Thy name shall live amidst the waste of
time,

Shall o'er the wreck of nations rise sub-
lime ;

And—like the sun, its evening radiance
past—

On other realms thy glorious light be cast.

Our sun, therefore, it seems, must
set—

For Time, the tyrant is omnipotent :

And all that long hath aw'd, or charm'd,
may seem

Faint as the memory of a distant dream.

The following piece, written with
reference to a very melancholy acci-
dent, concludes a small collection of
"Miscellaneous Verses," which fol-
lows the "America."

*On the Death of G. C. a Greek, who was
drowned Oct. 1809.*

O God ! how dreadful to the sight—

Beneath the ocean-wave,
To see him into endless night
Plung'd from the vessel's giddy height,
And have no pow'r to save !

O God ! how piercing to the soul

Were the cries that he utter'd then,
(While over his head the billows roll,
And the angry winds of Winter howl)
For the help of his fellow men !

Swift from the stern the boat was lower'd,
And launch'd in that boiling wave ;
And swift the seamen leapt on board—
But, alas ! with the struggles of fear o'er-
power'd,
He had sunk to his fathomless grave !

He came from the land of the mighty dead,
His grave is the dark-blue deep ;
Primæval rocks are his rugged bed,—
But in Greece shall his funeral tears be
shed,
And for *him* shall her daughters weep !

REDWALD ; A TALE OF MONA, AND OTHER POEMS,
BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

A small volume, of seventy pages, written by a young lady, now under age, we are told ;—“ *the daughter of an officer in the army, whose talents are devoted to the laudable purpose of supporting her family.*” This book was sent us on the 17th of last July, and it has remained unnoticed up to our present writing ! Really this is too bad. Sterne would have been able to say something touching, and to the purpose, on the various circumstances involved in this account. He who so beautifully told of his own harsh behaviour to the mendicant monk,—would have converted the confession of such neglect, as we are chargeable with towards Miss Costello, into a pathetic atonement for the particular offence, and an exquisite general lesson on human nature and the world's casualties.—He who has given us the story of Lefebre and his son, would have made a picture, not less vivid and durable, out of the situation of this officer's daughter, under age, *writing poems for her family's support* ! The friend—or perhaps the printer, transmitting a copy to our Magazine,—the expectations thus excited,—and then disappointment,—the first, second, third, and fourth,—arriving with each successive Number—until the Numbers were no longer looked for, and the friendly agent kept silence about his recommendation, and the young authoress asked no more questions on the first of the month—of such features and circumstances, naturally belonging to the case, he would have taken advantage to make people cordially hate the Editor of the LONDON MAGAZINE, and feel a cordial interest in Miss Costello. Our Correspondent ELIA could do all this as well, if not better than Sterne—witness his story (in our last) of the “ Young Stork,” who fed his “ Parent Birds ” on purloined fat ;—

and affecting as that story was—as we have had scores of letters, paid and unpaid, signifying—we really believe he would make still more of the *Young Poetess*, sanguinely concluding a bargain with a *Printer at Brentford*,* in the hope of producing something for her family out of her rhymes ; and looking to one of the Magazines of the day, in the confidence of being introduced by its Editor to fame and profit ! We have mentioned Sterne, and we have mentioned Elia, as able to do justice to such incidents : to these let us add Goldsmith, to make a trio, in honour of the history of that eventful expedition to the fair, from whence the Vicar's youngest son returned with a gross of copper-rimmed spectacles in shagreen cases—to which he had been helped by a gentleman who talked learnedly on the cosmogony of the world, and might therefore—who knows—have himself been an Editor !—But, alas, WE are neither Sterne, Elia, nor Goldsmith ; and have little art to do, what we very much wish—viz. render a service to Miss Costello—in mitigation of her condition,—which we have described as it has been described to us,—and sympathizing with her feelings, which we guess, from her compositions, to be wounded and melancholy. She seems to be an accomplished girl,—for we find her versifying from the French and Italian ; and the knowledge of these languages, united to those powers of mind which the little volume before us proves her to possess, *ought* to place her beyond the need of applying either to booksellers or editors—who furnish but sandy foundations on which to build the edifices of young ladies' hopes. Surely, in many private families such attainments would be found profitable acquisitions ; and in many, surely, there must be a disposition even to contrive an occasion for employing

* This little book is printed by and for P. Norbury, Brentford.

them.—The poems are, as might be expected, imperfect in themselves,—and it would not be very safe, perhaps, to declare their augury:—but really were we to apply to criticism a maxim more commonly enforced on charity—namely, to *begin at home*, we should be constrained to confess, that *WE* ourselves, who receive from our ever-honoured publishers a very decent salary for looking to the order of the articles in the Magazine, correcting the proofs, writing the prices-current, a part of the poetry, all the politics, and much of what is quarrelsome in each number,—that *WE* (we say), must, in conscience, scruple to affirm, that our discharge of these multifarious duties, either demands, or displays as much genuine talent as Miss Costello's little work gives evidence of. Be it remembered, that the authoress *is not yet of age*, and that, as she affectingly says of herself—

*Sorrow has her dismal story told,
To one who thought not e'er to meet such
greeting cold!*

Her powers, therefore, have neither reached their natural strength,—nor have they had the advantage of being reared under a forcing system of nurture. There is a good deal of energetic representation, as well as evidence of an amiable but dangerous susceptibility to melancholy impressions, in the following verses addressed "*to the Sea*." Few, we think, will read them in our pages, without becoming interested in the young writer,—whose eye, accustoming itself to dwell on the more solemn scenes of nature, is in correspondence with a heart prone to conjure up their mournful associations. The world naturally provides a sufficiency of trial for one who is thus constituted;—and the daughter of an officer, who *writes poetry for the purpose of supporting her relations*, does not occupy a peculiarly sheltered situation with reference to the "darts and arrows" of fortune.

THE MEMOIRS OF HENRY HUNT, ESQ.

Written by himself in Ilchester Castle, Somerset. Nos. 1, 2, 3.

We have seen only the three first Numbers of this patriot's auto-biography: but more are probably by this time out,—and it is possible we

To the Sea.

Oh wide expanse, so awful and sublime!
I gaze with wrapt and melancholy eye,
As 'midst the silent gloom of lonely eve,
I mark thy billows slowly rolling by.

That swelling wave, which wet my ling'ring
feet,
Has haply pass'd o'er many a woeful
scene—
Has wash'd, perhaps, the dismal wreck'd
remains
Of some tall bark that grac'd thy sur-
face green!

Has heedless pass'd where desp'rate shrieks
arose,
Where sinking beings stretch'd their
hands in vain;
Or stopp'd its course awhile, and swelling
high,
Dash'd o'er their forms, and onward
rush'd again!

Beneath its dreadful force perhaps there fell
The only hope of friends, far—far away!
There, with them sunk, beneath its direful
swell
The last sad glimpse of fleeting pleasure's
ray.

One tender form is present to my view,
Which vainly struggles 'midst the rush-
ing tide,
Then fades from sight, where waves on
waves pursue,
And bids the deep the dismal story hide!

Could not a mother's and a sister's sighs
Join with the wind, and waft thee to the
shore?
Could not a helpless orphan brother's
cries
Melt the hard fates, and thou return once
more!

No! thou art lost—nor those sad rites al-
low'd
To weep beside thy flow'r-strewn, mourn-
ful, grave,
For where the billows sweep with moaning
loud,
Thy bones are whit'ning low in Ocean's
cave!

Tho' stormy sea, thou bidd'st these thoughts
arise,
Yet will I linger by thy rocky side:
Whilst to his wat'ry bier my fancy flies,
And views his tomb, altho' on earth de-
ny'd!

may continue our notices of the se-
ries. A man in prison does not pos-
sess the enviable certainty of being
listened to with attention, in the same

degree as the man who has just left it to be hanged; nevertheless, the imagination and sensibility do much in favour of the person who addresses the world out-of-doors from the cool shelter of a penitentiary cell, or the safe leisure of a felon's day-yard. Interest seems concentrated in the narrative, in proportion as the situation of the narrator is known to be confined; and we are ready, with a flexible and prompt fancy, to give him all the advantages that his composition can derive, either from coincidence or contrast with his present circumstances. In those passages that have any pretensions to pathos—as, for instance, where Mr. Hunt recalls the agonies of his school-whippings—our sympathy associates the source of sorrow, dwelt upon by the writer, with the “locks, bolts, and bars,” within which the writer dwells;—and, on the contrary, when a gaiety or a grace animates or adorns a paragraph—as where Mr. Hunt describes his battle with his father's under carter—victory in which promoted him from driving to holding the plough—we heighten the light of the past, by a thoughtful reference to the shade which envelopes the present. We turn mentally from the hilarity of the page to the monotony and gloom of the prison,—not as the old woman appealed from Philip drunk, to Philip sober,—but to give each the benefit of the other;—thus a forcible effect of *chiaroscuro* is produced on the mind, setting-off, and rendering impressive, the attitude of the principal figure. Between Mr. Hunt thrashing the plough-boy, and Mr. Hunt under the protection of an Ilchester turnkey, the distance is immense, and the dissimilarity absolutely startling,—yet he must be unworthy of perusing the Memoirs on which we are proud to comment, who does not feel that the glory of the young hero brings out, touchingly and sublimely, the sombre majesty of the martyr's sufferings,—while the sombre majesty of the martyr's sufferings gives an intense lustre to the glory of the young hero. Indeed, after contemplating them thus associated—reciprocally giving and taking—illustrating and illustrated—it is difficult to persuade one's self that there would be much in either, were it not for the other. Mr. Hunt, being a tall, stout

fellow, and from his youth upward (as appears from his Memoirs) inclined to bullying and insolence, set upon his father's plough-boy—whose offence was that of refusing to resign the work, which his master had confided to him, into the ignorant and unpractised hands of his master's son: against this refusal the latter deemed it idle to argue,—more particularly as nothing in reason could be alledged to show its impropriety,—so he began with his fists, beat the lad, and gained his point.—Whether we consider the Manchester magistrates and yeomanry in the light of the plough-boy, refusing to let Mr. Hunt guide the plough which he could not manage, and had no business to claim; or regard them as having given Mr. Hunt a taste of his own philosophy—behaving to him as he behaved to the lad,—setting the rights of strength against the rights of men, and giving the blow its natural pre-eminence over the word—in either way of looking at this fact, it will equally seem, that the knocking-down of the carter would have made but a sorry matter in print without the locking-up of the philanthropist,—and that the locking-up of the philanthropist is an event which could not have been properly understood and estimated by the public, had it not been preceded by the carter's overthrow. It is thus that, in a well-ordered life, the parts separately give grace and fitness to the whole: that actions prove the consistency and integrity of principles; and professions have their surest guarantee in conduct.

So, too, in a *cause*, how much of its dignity and utility depends upon the cordial adherence, disinterested attachment, and frank unanimity of its partizans amongst themselves! And, in this respect, candour compels us to declare, the *radicals* are lamentably defective. If they cannot well agree together, how can they expect mankind to agree with them? If jealousies and hatreds cause them to snarl and tear at each other, like tigers shut up in one den, who can be expected to join their association? It would almost be as agreeable to make one with a snake, a cat, and an ape, tied up together in a sack, as to join the radical brotherhood of Hobhouse, Cobbett, Hunt, and Watson! What kicking of each other's shins under

the table, what elbow-diggings into each other's sides, what rappings of each other's knuckles, what laughing in each other's faces, amongst this fraternity! Cobbett, it must be confessed,—is the great anarchist, the oracle of abuse and dissension; but the others cannot be pronounced peace-makers. He usually begins by smiting them hard on one cheek, upon which they instantly double their fists at his, instead of turning to him, as they ought to do, the other also. He calls John Cam Hobhouse, a "*Shoy-Hoy*," and Sir Robert Wilson too, is a "*Shoy-Hoy*," and Waithman is "a poor creature:"—Sir Francis Burdett he has long vilified,—and no wonder, for Sir Francis is a gentleman,—a man of honour, and of talent, with whom we are happy often to differ in opinion, and seldom to agree. God forbid that England should ever be without a Sir Francis Burdett amongst its independent gentry! but we could spare America Mr. Cobbett. At present he seems to stand alone, like a Martello tower, with his one carronade—a forty pounder—movable in any direction, firing away on all sides.

Like a tall bully, lifts his head, and lies!

So it was in France: all the individuals of talent, who rose to eminence during the reign of terror, were as much isolated in their actions and views as any absolute tyrant, holding the reins of government in his own hands. While their hostile professions and denunciations were directed against parties and persons at a distance from them, their real hatred, their secret machinations of destruction, had application to the men at their side. The expression of the look which Robespierre, aspiring to the dictatorship, used to turn on his colleagues and associates, was observed to be of a far deeper deadliness than that of his furious aspect when in conflict with his avowed opponents:—the smile was surrounded with a livid paleness,—the friendly salutation was contradicted by a ferocious scowl. It seemed to be the first care of each anarchist who signalized himself, to clear the ground nearest to his own feet—he did not so much mind thinning the hostile crowd in front of him. They, with whose exertions his ear-

lier efforts had been joined—whom he had recommended in the most fulsome terms of disproportionate praise—on whose personal virtues he had rested the goodness of the cause—whom he had employed with effect against his adversaries—they it was of whom he became most anxious to disembarass himself, as circumstances rendered competition odious to his pride, or hurtful to his views. Cobbett's political history is precisely similar, and it is natural that it should be so, for similar causes produce similar effects. It is in the very nature of his plans that the associations he forms to advance them should be but temporary, ceasing, and turning to hostility, at certain stages of their progress:—the reason is, that the end of these plans is purely selfish, and their means invariably false—of course, therefore, they are inconsistent with companionship founded on any principle of common interest, not to insult Mr. Cobbett by any allusion to common honesty. Having dropped gradually down through the whole scale of public characters, from Mr. Windham to Henry Hunt, Esq.—regularly defaming in rancorous language each person he had represented as the people's friend, the nation's pride, integrity's champion—we now find him addressing the "*lower classes*," exclusively, with not one ally, or auxiliary, or sponsor, that can be named, *except the disinterred skeleton of Tom Paine!* This he brought over with him from America as a sort of manifesto,—or rather as the banner under which he called upon the workmen of the inland counties to enlist. Tom Paine's skeleton, borne by William Cobbett at the head of the labourers and journeymen! A promising crusade in favour of national reform! Rattling these loathsome remains, he invited the industrious poor to subscribe their pennies a piece, to form an exchequer to be submitted to his uncontrolled and unquestioned disposal! But the *skeleton* has failed: the subscription has failed: Sir Francis is forever alienated:—in default of all these the *Queen* has been of considerable service for the moment. Mr. Cobbett's virtuous enthusiasm in her cause has been its own reward. He has translated her Majesty's counsel, and complimented her Majesty's beauty! He

has hinted at the treachery of her legal advisers, and talked enamouredly of the *prettiness of her hand*! It having been found that the *skeleton of Paine* did not take,—the Queen's "*pretty little hand*" is tried! At first his jealousy was shown more of Mr. Brougham, the Queen's Attorney-General, than of Mr. Denman, her Solicitor-General: afterwards, as the cause proceeded before the House of Lords, he was evidently sounding if he could not be permitted to belong, as it were, to the defence; if daily admission to Brandenburg House was not to be compassed; if he might not receive a commission in her Majesty's service—and if he had succeeded in this, Alderman Wood must have given place, and consented to have become Cobbett's creature, or have made up his mind to be abused in the Register, more even than ever this weakest of men has been bepraised by its author. With these views, a door was at one time half-way opened for the Queen's counsel to enter, if they chose, into the good graces of Mr. Cobbett: we heard something of their talent, and confidence was expressed in their professional honour. Still, however, Mr. Brougham, as a man of experienced power and political name, who could not very rationally be expected to act as junior under an importer of *skeletons*, was treated with more reserve and suspicion than Mr. Denman,—and the speech of the latter, on opening the defence, was complimented for an honest boldness, and eloquence, in a way to lead the reader to infer its superiority over that of the former. All this, however, being done in cunning, has been undone in disappointment. Mr. Denman, having disowned all connection, on the part of his royal client, with "*apostles of mischief, lurking in a corner, meditating a blow at the constitution*," has given Mr. Cobbett more mortal offence than even Mr. Brougham;—so the Queen's Solicitor-General is now declared to be a match for lawyer Phillips, the Demosthenes of Ireland, in bombast and bad argument; and the Queen's Attorney-General is sharply rebuked for not summing up the case himself, in spite of the etiquette which claimed the honour of so doing for Mr. Denman.—Mr. Cobbett, however, whether he writes for or against, is a good ferret; and

many of his observations on the Queen's case might have been read with advantage by her Majesty's counsel. It, of course, suits his purpose to attribute entirely to their neglect all the unsatisfactory omissions in the defence: whatever they have not probed to the bottom, whatever they have shyly avoided, every thing that still remains subject to doubt, to suspicion, to blame, he makes no scruple, boldly, and clearly to state:—he shakes it about as the counsel for the bill would do—that is to say, if they had his power; he shows its force against her Majesty; exposes the insufficiency of the tricks or the equivocations by which the counsel against the bill attempted to get rid of the obvious inferences to be drawn from certain facts.—The people of England cannot be so taken in, he tells them; they must come to positive conclusions against her Majesty, unless you satisfactorily explain such an occurrence, and plainly refute such an assertion:—and then he exclaims against their negligence, their idleness, their clumsy management, as proved in *not having effected all this*—in having, in short, left any one part of her Majesty's conduct unjustified,—liable to suspicion even. This is most dexterously done by Mr. Cobbett; cleverly contrived in the Queen's favour, and cunningly to his own advantage. He speaks as if he were convinced in his heart that it was perfectly *easy* to accomplish all that has been left imperfect; he states very distinctly *how he would have done it himself*, and he would fain lead his readers to think that nothing but such a head and heart as his own were wanted to ensure her Majesty a most decisive triumph. But the work of vindication is far easier in the Political Register than it has been found in the House of Lords: the case in the former is made to roll on very smoothly, when, in the latter, it has been subjected to interruptions and impediments of the most formidable description. In his own work Mr. Cobbett has it all his own way; but the Queen's counsel had not the same happy privilege in the House of Lords. Their witnesses were liable to cross-examinations; and they themselves were liable to interruptions and restraints. Mr. Cobbett knows all this; and he knows wel

the absolute fallacy of much of what he states so positively, so distinctly, with so much appearance of frankness and conviction ;—but her Majesty is with him a substitute for the *skeleton*, and he handles her accordingly.

We have been drawn into this notice of the Editor of the Political Register, by finding him at last totally estranged from Henry Hunt, Esq. and finding Henry Hunt, Esq. totally estranged from him. Eneas and *fidus* Achates are at variance. Not that we recollect to have observed any open bickering as yet between them ; but Cobbett's general silence, broken only by an occasional insinuation relative to his *friend's* compliments to the judges, proves his ill-temper towards the captive ; and the captive retorts the neglect, just *toothing* it with an intelligible reference to the fact of his having been the *only original steady* supporter of the principle of *universal suffrage* ; candidly stating, however, that Mr. Cobbett *acknowledged his error*, in having ever departed from the integrity of that principle.

The exact cause of the sulkiness between these two eminent patriots, we do not know ; but we apprehend that Mr. Cobbett may be offended at the strange liberty Mr. Hunt has taken, in prison, of writing his own life. This step was itself a declaration that he considered himself *equal* to Mr. Cobbett, which is a declaration that Mr. Cobbett never pardons. Mr. Cobbett had written, on several occasions, his own life : just before he attempted the *skeleton* trick, and while nothing better suggested itself, he had taken to writing affectionately of his wife and children, and minutely of his domestic and farming concerns, and of his conversations with his American neighbours, and of the private habits of poultry, and pigs, and oxen, —and of his son James's sporting, and of dumplings and milk. We were greatly amused and interested by these publications of his : we thought them done with infinite skill, and are ready to maintain that they were distinguished by a *grace*, even—homely it is true, but genuine. No man ever better understood the art and mystery of egotism than the Editor of the Political Register,—as no man seems to understand it less than the Editor of the Examiner. The former always

secures his reader's attention and sympathy when he speaks of himself, —the latter never fails to disgust his reader when he does so : we wish the author of OUR TABLE TALK would take up this difference as a subject for one of his Essays—for we cannot exactly hit upon the cause of this effect, which is so obvious to us,—and are perfectly sure he could make it plain in a very few sentences. At this sort of anatomizing he is wonderfully powerful,—and we often think of him when we are puzzled to analyze what we feel with vivacity. Mr. Cobbett's story of the drove of oxen that frustrated his proud anticipations of success in a doubtful experiment on a turnip field, or something of the sort ; his chronicle of the progress of reform and philosophy amongst his American cocks and hens, who gradually acquired a conviction that roosting under cover was preferable to roosting in the open air ;—his picture of the sceptical pullet, regarding the steps of the ladder with dubious looks, and pausing, for a while, as Cesar may be supposed to have paused on the brink of the Rubicon, at the first degree of the ascent ; his vindication of the intellect of pigs, too, and his lively speaking sketches of American judges, farmers, and landladies, —and of his British visitors, and British emigrants,—but, above all, his account of his housekeeper, and of his dumplings—these things gave to his compositions, at that time, in our eyes, a merit almost equal to that of the Scotch Novels ! There were fancy, imagination, and feeling, in the history, as well as observation, shrewdness, and contrivance. It was all about common things, addressed to common people, yet done as no common hand could. A strong dramatic interest pervaded the whole series,—almost equal to that which attaches us to Robinson Crusoe. The account of the breakfast given to Mr. Fearon was admirable as a piece of writing—though, we dare say, grossly unjust to the person celebrated in that account. Occasionally, too, Mr. Cobbett became picturesque, and almost romantic, in his sketches of the country and the country's productions. He made us feel as if we were breathing with him a keen and pure atmosphere ; rising early to health and industry ; eating a bason of bread and

milk with him, without fears of after indigestion. The cunning of the design in all this, the quackery and falsehood of the appeal to that strong domestic feeling which so peculiarly belongs to England, the malevolence of the personal attacks, and the craft and insincerity of the professions of personal esteem and friendship, were certainly to be seen, by a penetrating eye, lying dirtily at the bottom of this easily flowing current of pleasing and prepossessing description. Still these did not lessen our admiration of the thing as an instance of skill, as true to nature, and powerful enough to transport us in imagination to the vigorous scenes and robust habits that formed the picture given by Mr. Cobbett of his private life. Sincerity had long been out of the question in considering any thing that came from his pen ;—and we regarded the composition altogether as we would a novel, confining our sympathy to the matter written, and not permitting it to extend to the writer.

Quite as well done have been his various anecdotes of the earlier parts of his life: his sleeping in a field near Kew, his being laughed at by the present King, his return to his native village after his first absence ;—and better still are his sketches of his father and mother,—admirable portraits, touched with feeling, as well as delineated with vigour. Mr. Cobbett is one of the most extraordinary men

of his age ; one of the real geniuses of the period belonging to its history, and characteristic of its tendencies. He has certainly fallen very much lately, and we regret to see it: his expedients to arrest attention have been gradually getting coarser and coarser, so that much of the literary charm of his writings is gone, or going. He excelled greatly in bullying the populace—in strongly, but unfairly satirizing their natural failings, and ridiculing their pretensions to interfere with matters above their comprehension,—but it does not so well become his disposition and manner to act as bear-leader to them. Still, however, even in his present degraded state, he retains the signs of superior power, and no doubt the consciousness of possessing it. He may well therefore be provoked at the apéry of Mr. Hunt—a person altogether his inferior, and destitute of any distinguishing quality whatever—for impudence is now no distinction. Mr. Hunt's life is a flat imitation of Cobbett's: we see in the former an attempt to reconcile the minute detail of common circumstances with interest and vivacity,—but it is not, as in the latter, a successful one. It is very possible, however, that we may hereafter notice the numbers, as they appear, with a stricter reference to their contents than we have observed in this article.

Here we must suspend paying off our Arrears: the balance against us is still great—so much so, that, for the present, we must stop payment altogether—but we mean in future to be very punctual.

A NEWLY DISCOVERED LETTER ON THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

Professor Voigt, the Director of the Archives, at Königsberg, has found within that repository, which is so rich in documents relative to the history of Germany (particularly during the 14th and 15th centuries) a letter relative to the celebrated MAID OF ORLEANS, which he has considered sufficiently important to deserve the attention of the public. The author was not only a contemporary of that distinguished female, but evidently an actor in the events of the times ; one

who was most probably near the person of the French King, and—as appears from the letter itself—one who had actually seen the Maid. He names himself a chamberlain of the King and one of his council. The letter was written three days subsequent to the battle of *Palay*, which happened June 18, 1429, when Talbot was taken prisoner, and the fate of Charles VII. may be considered as having been decided: consequently, at the very time that Joan was ac-

companying the King to Rheims. What renders this paper so much the more valuable is, that, hitherto, we have been forced to form our judgment upon the solitary testimony of Monstrelet, an eye-witness in the suite of the Duke of Burgundy, and prejudiced against Joan; while the author of the letter in question is evidently attached to her.* The epistle is addressed to some prince, and there are good reasons for supposing that this personage was Francis Sforza, Duke of Milan. In the superscription it is said, "to the Duke of Mdi,"—which is undoubtedly a contraction of *Mediolani*. The Duke of Orleans, then a prisoner at London, is men-

tioned as being the nephew of the person addressed; and Philip Maria, Duke of Milan, father to the Consort of Francis Sforza, had a sister who was married to Louis of Orleans, and who was mother to Charles, Duke of Orleans—consequently the latter may be said to have been Sforza's nephew.

The letter now discovered, is written in old and vitiated German, and probably is only a translation from a French original. It is written on paper in the character commonly used during the first half of the 15th century. Unfortunately many of the words are illegible, owing to which the meaning of some sentences is left obscure.

To the most illustrious and puissant Prince, the Duke of Mdi (Milan).

My most honoured Lord—I am desirous of making known to your highness, what, and how great events have of late befallen our King and his state; imagining as I do, that some report must have reached your ear, respecting a Maiden, graciously sent unto us from God, of whose life I purpose to narrate briefly to you from her very birth. She was born in a small village, called Domnemi in Ballime† and Bassignato, on the borders of France, and by the river Maas, which there passes through Lothringia. She was, as is well known, born of honest and simple parents. In the night of the revelation of the Lord, at which time folk are wont to call to mind with joy the works of Christ, did she enter into this mortal life, and all the people of the place ran to and fro in an ecstasy of joy, and, not knowing of the birth of the Maiden, inquired of each other what had happened, that some of their hearts were so affected with delight. Nay, what was more, the cocks seemed to announce these tidings of gladness, crowing in a strange and unaccustomed sort, and clapping their wings for more than two hours, as if to declare prophetically the surprising history of her, who was then born. The child grew up; and, when it had reached its seventh year, was, according to the custom of the place, sent out to keep sheep; and of these, not so much as one was ever missed, or devoured by any wild animal:—whenever the damsel was within her father's house, her presence so protected whoever chanced to be in the dwelling, that neither the attacks of an enemy, nor the malice of barbarians, could in any wise harm them: afterwards, when twelve years of the Maid's age were passed, the first revelation was given to her in the following sort. The Maiden, with a company of other damsels, was tending her sheep in a meadow, and was asked by her mates whether she would jump for a handful of flowers; to the which she assented, and thereupon, such was the swiftness of her motions, that the others could not believe she trod upon the ground; and at length, one of them exclaimed, "Johanna, I can see thee fly through the air without so much as touching the earth." Then Johanna—for such is the Maiden's name—having finished her race, and arrived at the end of the meadow in a frenzied sort, and, as it were, bereft of sense,—stopped to recover herself, and rest her exhausted body. At this moment, there appeared unto her a youth, who addressed her, saying, "Johanna, hasten home unto thy mother, who needeth thy presence." She, imagining it to be her brother, or some one of the neighbours' sons, hastened

* The writer overlooks several recent French works, which detail very interestingly the history of Joan of Arc, and which must be noticed by us some day.—*Ed.*

† St. Belain?

homeward, when her mother, coming out to meet her, inquired for what cause she came, and wherefore she left her sheep—rebuking her thereupon—when the Maiden replied, asking, “Hast thou not so commanded me?” to which her mother returned “nay!” Therefore did she suppose herself to have been deceived, and prepared to return to her companions. But, on a sudden, a cloud of brilliant light came before her eyes, and a voice issued therefrom, saying, “Johanna, it behoveth thee to proceed another way, and to perform wondrous works, since thou art she whom the King of Heaven hath chosen to upraise again thy sovereign Charles, now driven out from his possessions—that thou shouldst be unto him an aid and a protection. Thou shalt put on male array, and taking arms, shalt become the head of the war. All shall be directed according to thy counsels.”

After the voice was heard, the cloud passed away, and the Maid affrighted at this wonder, giving no credit to what she had heard, was confounded, doubting what she ought to believe, and what not: and although similar warnings and revelations were made to the damsel, both by night and by day, not seldom accompanied by signs, she nevertheless said nothing, nor discovered her mind to any one, saving her Confessor; and in this state of doubt and perplexity did the Maiden continue during five years. After this, upon the Earl of Salisbury coming over from England, these visions and revelations were renewed unto her, and increased: whereupon the mind of the damsel was much tormented, and disturbed by anxiety; and one day, being in the field, a greater and more evident vision than any of those aforeseen, manifested itself unto her, saying, “How long wilt thou tarry? Wherefore dost thou not hasten? and wherefore dost thou not go now, that the Lord of Heaven hath sent thee,—for so long as thou art absent, is France afflicted—her cities are destroyed; her just die; her nobles are slain, her most valuable blood is spilled!” Thereat, more encouraged by these admonitions, she inquired of her Confessor—“What shall I do, or how shall I do it, when I would depart hence? I know not the way, I know not the people, I know not the King. None will believe me; all will mock at me, and justly; for what can sound more foolish than to say to the mighty ones of the land, that a Maiden will once again uplift France, will conduct its armies, and thus re-obtain its former victories? What will provoke more readily to mockery, than to behold a Maiden go forth in male attire?” Having said this, and much more, it was answered unto her, “It is so that the King of Heaven ordains and commands; therefore, ask not further how it can be done, for even as it is willed of God in heaven, so cometh it to pass on earth. Go hence unto the next village, the which is named Vauconleurs, and which alone of all those in Champagne is still loyal to its King; thence will he conduct thee wheresoever thou shalt demand.” Thus therefore did she; and after she had given proof of her wondrous power, he, unto whom she came, commanded that she should be conducted to the King, attended by many persons of rank; and, although they had to pass through the midst of their enemies, they did not meet with any opposition, nor suffer any repulse. And when they arrived at the castle of Chinon, near Tours, where the King at that time held himself; it was, by the King’s advice, determined, that she should neither behold the King, nor be herself shown to him until the third day. Nevertheless, the hearts of all were changed as it were on a sudden, and the Maiden was straightway admitted. After she alighted from her horse, and had been diligently examined by archbishops, bishops, abbots, and learned men, touching her faith, and her behaviour; the King led her into his assembled council, in order that she might there be still more closely and attentively examined. And, in every respect, was she found to be a faithful believer, well grounded in her opinions, and in all points agreeable to the sacraments and ordinances of the church. She was, moreover, diligently examined by divers learned persons of her own sex, by prudent virgins, widows, and married women, who wot not to discover in her ought beside a discreet female, and one of goodly fame. Yet was she thus strictly observed, eyed, and watched for the space of six weeks, that it might be seen whether any default or change might be manifest in her behaviour; but she persisted

in her conduct, continually hearing mass, receiving the holy sacrament, and daily beseeching the King, with sighing supplications, that he would suffer her either to attack the enemy, or to return to her father's house.

And as she had obtained permission, she forthwith entered Orleans for the purpose of laying up stores in that place. Soon afterwards did she assail all the surrounding holds of the enemy; which, notwithstanding the opinion entertained of their strength, she reduced within the space of three days; destroying at the same time not a few of her adversaries; many of whom were made prisoners, while the rest were put to flight, and the town relieved from siege. This being effected, she returned to the King, who came forth to meet her, with show of exceeding joyfulness. Then hastened she, and caused the King to open a campaign, and commanded preparations to be made against the other post of the enemy. No sooner was the expedition in array, than she laid siege to the village, name Gergeau; * on the following morning she gave battle to the exceeding discomfiture of the adversary: six hundred brave warriors were defeated; among these the Earl of Suffolk and his brother were taken prisoners, but the other brother was slain. Within three days from the time of this achievement, she attacked Mehurs sur Loire, and Baugenci, two strong and well defended towns, and took them without loss of time. On the Saturday, which was the 18th day of July,†—did she encounter those who were hastening to the assistance of the English army: the enemy were attacked, and the victory declared itself on our side: one thousand five hundred valorous men in arms were slain, one thousand made prisoners, and among these were some persons of note, such as Earl Talbot, Falstaff, and the son of the Earl of Bedford, besides divers others. Yet of ours not three men were found wounded, which we deemed to be owing to a divine miracle. These, and many more, hath the Maiden already defeated, and, by the aid of God, will she yet effect still greater deeds. The damsel is of a comely figure; she performeth manly actions, speaketh but little, manifesteth great discretion, and in her speech and conversation, hath a delicate voice, like as is wont to be that of a woman. She eateth but little, tasteth not much of wine, and in the accoutrements of horses and arms, she is ‡ She hath great admiration of soldiers, and those of noble rank: much discourse she loveth, nor affecteth not; in pleasing she delighteth greatly: she endureth great moil, and so patient and unwearied is she of bearing armour, that she remaineth six days long, both day and night, fully accoutred in mail. The English, she affirmeth, have no right to France; and therefore hath she declared herself to be sent of God, that she may drive out, and overcome them, yet not without giving warning aforehand. To the King she showeth all honour, naming him the Beloved of God, and the Wonderously Preserved. To your nephew the Duke of Orleans, she hath promised a wonderful deliverance, yet hath aforehand demanded of the English who retain him prisoner, to yield him up.

Illustrious prince, that I may end this account, I affirm that more wondrous things have happened than I may discourse of.

At this present is she in the neighbourhood of Rheims—whither the King hastens in order to be anointed and crowned.

God assist you, illustrious and magnanimous Prince, and my most honoured Liege! Most submissively do I recommend myself to you; beseeching the Almighty that he would preserve you, and grant a prosperous issue to all your wishes. Written at Biteromis, the 21st day of the month of June.

Thine humble Servant,

PERCEVAL, LORD OF BONLAMMLK,

One of the Council, and Chamberlain of the King of France, Seneschal to the Duke of Orleans, and the King's knight.

* Or Jergeau.

† 1429. Her birth-day was therefore on the 6th of January, 1402, for at the time of her death she was 29, and 27 when she came to the King.

‡ The word in the original MS. is defaced.

TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

No. I.

The rural faith sustain—
These are the themes of simple sure effect.

COLLINS.

MUCH of the oral wisdom, and of the poetry of the early genius of our country, have long ceased to be as fugitives and vagabonds on the earth; the industry of man has treasured a large proportion of them in a secure sanctuary,—and it is pleasant to think that such treasures remain no longer liable to the vicissitudes which threaten things entrusted to human remembrance.—Yet, though they are thus gathered together, and adorned, and illustrated by the diligence and research of learning, something of their ancient influence continues to be felt amongst us; and it is in no disregard or derision of learning that we still cling with an affectionate remembrance to the unwritten reliques of our poetry, and the remains of our domestic and historical tales. Erudition has not yet achieved a full conquest over the ancient empire of oral literature. Reliques of the simpler times of traditional tale, and chivalrous ballad, are abundantly visible among the people of the northern provinces of England; and they at present communicate no small portion of true national beauty to the fixed splendours of written literature. While the genius of the scholar consented to accept the form and hue of its early labours from the poetic and historic achievements of ancient times, and filled Christian verse and prose with the dumb gods of the heathen,—there flourished a species of rustic, or national oral literature, in the shape of song, and ballad, and tale, which has certainly laid the foundations of our present literary originality and excellence.—In our provinces these primitive efforts of mind still linger—unwilling to depart:—they have been long since obliterated in the city, and, perhaps, among the good people of the town, they never secured more than a transient abode. The character of the city is not of that genuine original kind, which would incline its society to receive and retain those simple compositions that dwell in the minds and hearts of a pastoral and a rural

people. While the latter retain much of that early singleness of disposition which belongs to an unmingled race, the former is so smoothed down and polished, in the outward and inner man, that the original English stamp is more than half effaced. The manners and refinements of a city, together with the ready facilities which recorded wit and written learning afford, abate attachment to the superstitious legends and rude ballads of shepherds and ploughmen. The oral wisdom, the historical and domestic traditions, and the rude, and sometimes ludicrous, lyric compositions, so common to all northern nations, cannot be supposed to live and flourish among the living martyrs of the day-book and ledger. A citizen is a being compounded out of our various commercial intercourses, and educated by mercantile usage;—and, although infinitely more lively, ready, and companionable than his ruder brethren of the plough-field and the sheep-fold, he is much less deeply imbued with the rough and original character of an Englishman. It was such considerations as these which probably extracted that querulous exclamation from the pious poet:—

God made the country, but man made the town.

The language too of the people of the country differs from that of the city: it is of a more varied and original cast; abounds with poetical expressions, and contains a rich stock of practical and useful wisdom. It has a certain shrewd and proverbial cast, and an occasional elevation of thought, which show that the roller of artificial refinement has failed to crush the heights down to the hollows of the national character.

In old times, and until within the remembrance of living persons, certain gifted individuals wandered about the provinces, from house to house,—shunning the self-sufficient mechanics of the town, and associating only with farmers and porteners,—not only reciting traditional ballads, and singing traditional songs, but

also relating portions of national and domestic history. By this they earned, like the ancient minstrel, "their food and raiment, of which they were worthy."—Their narratives were related to audiences unsated as yet with literary productions, and who (unlike the multitudes who crowd our theatres,) assembled with the resolution of being pleased. The song and the tale resembled that fleeting literature "which not even critics criticize;" and the humble authors had nothing to dread from the wit or the malice of men who live by giving opinions on the productions of others. While learning communicated with mankind through the tardy medium of penmanship, the written wisdom of the sage was literally a book shut and sealed to the bulk of mankind. At last the art of printing multiplied the treasures of genius, and transmitted them over the earth:—but still it was through the expensive means of solid folios, with which the poverty of the rustic part of the community prohibited all intercourse.—Traditional literature still held up its head and prevailed, till the fruits of the mind, becoming matters of merchandize, courted the notice of the peasantry in an humbler form, and the historian and bard of the district found his occupation superseded by the rapid operation of machinery. The representative of the minstrels was then compelled to make their ancient calling a kind of auxiliary to the city bookseller, whose manifold productions he assisted in scattering over the land, which had long been delighted with legend and song. In the progress of printing a new swarm of literary labourers arose, and gratified by productions natural or unnatural, the desire of mankind for amusement and instruction. During the period of manuscript literature, men of vast genius alone could emerge from the multitude, and surmount those obstructions which encompassed the seat of fame. But the art of printing let loose a legion of inferior spirits, who, forsaking the primitive objects of writing—truth and delight—began, as a surer and more immediate way to profit and notice, to minister to the passions and vanities of the people. The turbulence of party literature appeared on the earth. Malice and detraction

became the hand-maids of the press,—and the impurities of politics tainted the clear and healthy currents of literature. A few master spirits, it is true, redeemed us from the entire influence of this spotted plague, and criticism for a while, like the prophet's rod, devoured the illegitimate progeny of letters. But criticism soon profaned its strength, and forsook its high calling. Instead of continuing a judge it became a partizan, and, swelled the clamour, and inflamed the rancour of party bitterness. It sought rather to crush and confound, than to direct and reclaim; and for the sake of displaying the coxcomberies of wit, and flourishing a smart saying, it rebuked and trod down genius, and proclaimed war against all ascending talent. No one can read the party animosities of our two popular critical journals without sorrow of heart and confusion of face; nor see the mighty difference in their opinions on the labours of the human mind, without feeling pain for the weakness of those who propose to reform the literature of the age.

A kind of spurious and artificial literature has thus arisen, which seeks the means of existence among the animosities of mankind. It has no connection, or resemblance to the native genius of the country; mental speculation has forsaken the path of nature, and writers exclaim, with the member of the Royal Academy, "*D—Nature! she deserves to be kicked.*" It will be seen, however, on examining the labours of our present most gifted spirits, that the beauties of their most celebrated compositions bear a close resemblance to the oral national literature, and that their authors have drawn largely from the sure and primitive sources of tradition. They have not scrupled to embellish their conceptions with the poetic beliefs, and singular and lofty superstitions, of the shepherd and the husbandman. It is certainly amusing to hear accomplished scholars brand, as low and vulgar, the pursuits of simple times, and the beliefs of the peasant. It was once princely to hold the plough; nor was it deemed unbecoming in a princess to wash her bridal garments, nor in a hero to prepare his own dinner. From rustic belief and superstition the poet supplies himself with the noblest mate-

rials of his high calling; the machinery of a romantic tale is only a personification of village creeds. These furnish dramatic sublimity to Shakespeare, grandeur to Milton, and that supernatural light which shines and lightens in the works of the illustrious *warlock* of Caledonia.

Yet, the decay of traditional literature, I cannot help considering as a loss: thousands are willing to listen to instruction, for an hundred desirous to read it; and a multitude of people might profit by oral communication, who will be too dull or indolent to seek information, in seclusion, out of books. I cannot help thinking that the English peasantry possessed as much real literary knowledge an hundred years ago as they do at present; and had among them as much practical wisdom. The information obtained from the present popular literature of the lower orders, can add little to the joy and comfort of domestic life; and certain it is, that tradition recorded more of lofty deeds, that embellish public annals, than the regular historian. Froissart, the inimitable Froissart, alone condescends to mingle the mighty events which convulse nations, with the exploits of single heroes, that adorn and illustrate humanity. Common history stoops not to acquaintance with those actions which brighten poetry, and gladden the heart. As an instance, it may be mentioned, that she has failed to adorn her page with the name of the French hero, so distinguished during Thurot's attack on Carrickfergus.—Had traditional literature been then in its glory, a gentle and embalming light would have been shed around him. During the hottest of the battle between the French and English in Carrickfergus, a child came out to play, in the dangerous space between the combatants;—a French soldier laid down his musket, advanced, took up the child, removed it to a place of safety, returned, lifted his arms, and resumed his duty. And this hero's name is forgotten! How Froissart would have rejoiced over this gentle and heroic spirit! History lost the name of the hero, because it was suddenly called to a speculation on the profits of raw hides, and the importation of hemp.

It is the wish of the writer of this brief and imperfect account of tradi-

tional literature, to endeavour still to redeem some of its remains. There are yet curious portions of tale and history, fragments of legendary lore, and whole or dismembered ballads and songs, thickly scattered about the northern provinces of England—the land of my maternal ancestors. To collect them is a labour, the thought of which I have cherished for many years, and to the fulfilment of which I come, not without thought and preparation. I have preserved in a memory particularly tenacious of such matters, sundry singular and interesting tales, and fragments of poems, and I am not without hope of reviving the tone of those old narratives, which gladdened the hours of my early life. To a person educated in a romantic and pastoral country, where the gift of song is felt, and the voice of the muse acknowledged, and where tradition is still full of the fame of her ancient chivalry, much of what is curious and interesting will be presented, and it has been the delight of a large portion of a long life to seek this kind of oral literature, where it alone is to be found. Of those who assisted me in such acts of redemption, and who willingly poured the streams of their own rich memories into the scanty rivulet which yet trickled, but did not flow, in the region of golden tradition, I will gladly give some account.

It was my particular good fortune to acquire, when at school, the friendship and confidence of a man whose name will be long remembered in Cumberland;—Richard Faulder, mariner, of Allenbay. His collection of native legends was wonderously enriched with remarkable stories and superstitions, connected with a maritime life. He had gone down when a boy, as the language of Scripture expresses it,—*to witness the wonders of the Lord on the deep*, and had continued to travel on the unstable element till far advanced in years. He had brought legends from all quarters; from wherever the wind had filled his sails; but it was in the dark and stormy regions of Norway and Sweden that his spirit found the narratives most congenial to its disposition, and his tales and ballads certainly savoured strongly of the superstitions and beliefs of those nations of Teutons. In addition to the circumstances of

his life, so highly favourable for fostering such a taste, and adding to such knowledge as I have been describing, he had a strong but irregular poetic feeling, and could draw down beautiful visions of departed glory to earth. From every voyage he made, he returned to gladden mine ear with strange occurrences, which had escaped the duller observation of his less gifted fellow mariners. To the home of Richard Faulder I always carried an observant spirit, and an obedient ear; and neither the length of his tales—which the sailors, in their maritime language, called Dickon Faulder's *long yarns*,—nor the frequency of their repetition—nor the variations which they submitted to, ever abated my attention, or lessened my appetite for the marvels of the seafaring life. His cottage was built on one of those white and romantic cliffs, which hang over the sea of Solway, and it still remains as a sea-mark to mariners, and is distinguished by the native seamen with the name of Dickon Faulder's nest. It was to the cottage nest of this cliff, that I climbed in my hours of summer leisure, and during the long winter evenings, and I could not fail to remark, that the seaman's narratives suited the complexion and livery of the time of year. Those of summer were joyous and amusing, full of fairy shapes and elfin whims, while those of the winter were rough, and dark, and terrible, as the tempestuous season itself. In summer he seated himself at the door of his cottage, gazing constantly seaward, and cheered by the approach of a ship—the music of the billows, and the gladsome “hail” of the passing mariners. In winter, he retired to an interior chamber of his cottage, and covering himself with a large mantle of thick fur, basked himself before the fire:—then, while the waves rolled on in multitudes against the white cliffs, and the wind and sleet beat on his abode, adventures crowded thick upon his remembrance, and it was not without reason that I blessed a sudden squall, or a gentle tempest.

To the various and moving perils and adventures of my maritime friend, I was enabled to add many, equally curious, which occurred on land, by acquiring the friendship of Gilpin Macgowan, a Caledonian, whom the

misfortunes of the rebellion of 1745 had driven to court the refuge of the interior mountains of Cumberland.—This, however, is only the suspicion of the peasantry, for the prudent Scotchman never committed himself by any confession to that extent; and, though he related many curious particulars of their incursion into England, and the perils which the Highland warriors personally encountered in private forays during the march, he avoided the vanity of connecting his own name with that ill-starred adventure. I found him a tendor of flocks among a primitive race of men, who inhabit the Keswick mountains, and whose sheep and cattle roam over a vast extent of moorland pasture. He was accounted a skilful shepherd, was acquainted with the surgery of sheep, and even sometimes presumed to recommend medicines for the ailments of the human race. I once remarked to him, that, unacquainted as he seemed to be with the learned mysteries of physic, he was likely to introduce his patients to their “last linnen.”—“And what if I should,” said the Caledonian, with a smile half serious and half comic, and confidential,—“it will be lang afore I can *avenge the slaughter at Clifton!*”—I never had the fortune to chance upon such a singular mixture of human oddity. He had all the veneration of a Catholic antiquary for ruined abbeys, and the reliques of the old religion, and loved the deep pealing of the organ, as intensely and devoutly as he did the music of the Highland pipe. Then he was an admirer of, and, I am persuaded, once a communicant with, a certain wild sect of mountain worshippers, called Cameronians—and the joy of adoring heaven in the open air, and among the green pasture mountains, was often quoted against the Episcopalian propensities of the inhabitants of Cumberland. He was a fond admirer of civil and religious liberty, and delighted to quote the many triumphs of the “sword” and the “word” in Scotland. He admired still more the ancient names of the Douglas, and the Percy; and, in the cause of Prince Charles Stewart, I have been informed that he fought with great courage at Clifton—and escaped from the siege of Carlisle—a matter which few could boast of. His memory was

stored with curious tales of pastoral and rural life, and his chief amusement, towards the close of his days, was to sit and sing fragments of ballads and songs, as motly and mixed as his opinions. Of these it may not

be unacceptable to give a specimen now. The following was a ballad which he sung sometimes to the Cambrian maidens, as descriptive of the wooing of ancient times:—

MACMORAN'S MARY.

A Scottish Ballad.

As I came down Dalgonar glen,
 'Mang woodlands wild, and waters many,
 A bonnie maiden blessed my e'en,
 Her name was Miles Macmoran's Mary!

"O maid with foot so light and white,
 And clustring locks, as brown's a berry,—
 And e'en mair bright than yon bright'ning star—
 Wilt thou come wi' me Macmoran's Mary?"

"The doves moan amorous in my glen,
 On my green mountains bounds the fairy,
 And a thousand swords are bare when I bid—
 Wilt thou come with me Macmoran's Mary?"

"Now I would give my bonnie gray steed,
 My plaid, and blade, as brown's a berry,
 Were I but fifteen miles from the north—
 And alang wi' me Macmoran's Mary!"

The maid blushed red, and the maid looked down,
 As the lily looks in lone Glenarie,
 While I leaped down from my bonnie gray steed—
 "Oh come wi' me Macmoran's Mary!"

O out then spoke a silly old man—
 And O but he spoke wonderous saucy;—
 "Ye may steal away my cows and my ewes,
 But steal nae away my ae sweet lassie!"

I mounted her on a milk white steed,
 And away it flew, as fleet's a fairy—
 And I rode over hills and through grassy glens,
 Away and away wi' Macmoran's Mary.

And we passed swift floods, and spreading woods,
 Passed moorlands brown, and mountains many,
 And came at length to a lonesome glen,
 Where a stream was simmering bright and bonnie:

Our bridal-bed was the grassy bank,
 Our covering was the breckans bonnie—
 Our bridal light was the round glowing moon,
 Wi' ministring stars baith clear and monie.

"My mansion is this mountain dark,
 My sword's my kingdom, and I tarry
 Amang Glengomar's bounding deer—
 Wilt thou be my queen, Macmoran's Mary?"

"In peril or joy I'll bide with thee,
 In glens and moors and mountains many,
 For love is as true as yon lights aboon,—
 An' never dies"—quoth my bonnie Mary.

I wound my silver horn, and lo!
 Squire, page, and dame, came trooping ready—
 "O these are mine, and I am thine,
 My kind and sweet and lovely lady!"

I have made no attempt at softening the harshness of the rhyme of this ancient ballad, or measuring its rude lines into more equal quantities. In regard to all the poetical communications of my friends, I imitated the scrupulous fidelity of that prince of editors, honest Joseph Ritson, and copied them without even hazarding those occasional emendations so usual with compilers. As it would be

unfair to give a solitary ballad as a specimen of the rich and varied rhymes, which I have been instrumental in recovering, I shall transcribe another, which I am not alone in thinking is the ancient ballad of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, modernized in its descent, by means of oral communication, from the days of the luckless heroines.

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

A Scottish Ballad.

O Bessie Bell, and Mary Gray,
 They are two bonnie lasses—
 They have left their beds of driven-down
 To lie 'mang new mawn rashes;
 And they have left the ruddie wine,
 To drink the crystal fountain,
 And the song of love at gloamin' fa',
 For the plover's from the mountain!
 Sweet Mary's breath came like the wind,
 Blowing o'er a bed of roses,
 She sung like the lark to the morning star,
 When the shepherd's fold uncloses:
 But Bessie's een were founts o' love,
 Mang her lint-white ringlets wiling,
 And her looks came, like the May-morn sun,
 To set the world a smiling!
 Where the moorland burn 'mang the yellow broom,
 Comes bright and gently pouring,
 There I maun roam by the light o' the moon,
 Those lovely ones adoring:
 And there one sits, and another sings,
 In a bower theeked o'er wi' rashes—
 "O, kind love is a lightsome thing
 To two leal-hearted lasses!"
 O can I e'er forget yon bower,
 With a' its fragrant blossom,
 The smiling o' those lovesome e'en,
 And that white and heaving bosom!
 For sweet's the joy o' kind sixteen,
 When the heart leaps warm and warmer,
 At the first touch o' the lily hand
 Of a mild and beauteous charmer!

Nor to my garrulous Caledonian alone am I indebted for singular traditional tales, and curious songs illustrative of departed days. From Eleanor Selby, an ancient dame, who resided in a cottage that resembled a hermitage, pertaining to the ducal castle of Naworth, I obtained much important information. She traced her descent from the second son of Sir Walter Seleby, who was slain in an incursion by the Scotch; and she detested that warlike and predatory people as much as she admired the

Houses of Seleby, Dacre, and Howard. On every sabbath morn she made a pilgrimage to the old Abbey of Lanercost, in the romantic vale of Naworth, and, kneeling at the eastern entrance, offered up a prayer, which some supposed regarded the restoration of the priory to its ancient splendour, but which others, with more truth perhaps, believed to be an intercession for the repose of her ancestor's soul. The mountain ashes and wall-flowers, which flourished among the ruins, obtained more of her affec-

tion than the parish church, which stood, mean and squalid, in a lonely corner of the majestic pile. I won this aged dame's affection by a successful attempt to replace the mutilated font at the altar, and I have often since blessed my instinctive love for ruined houses of worship.—Through this I became acquainted with many of those Cumbrian tales, which gladdened the winter evenings

of the peasantry; and, by the kindness of Dame Selby, I shall be able to charm all lovers of true romance, with the history of the spectre steeds and warriors, who, in 1743, coursed, visible to the eyes of Daniel Stricket, and John Wren, of Wilton-hall, up Soutra-fell—a mountain five and twenty hundred feet perpendicular!

Lammerlea, Cumberland.

LETTERS OF FOOTE, GARRICK, &c.

It is with pleasure that we introduce to our readers some *Letters of Foote and Garrick*, which have never been before made public. These letters (independently of such intrinsic interest as they may possess,) are agreeable, inasmuch as they furnish us with an excuse for bringing once more before the world two eminent persons, the works of one of whom have been too much neglected.

Foote and Garrick were, each in their way, eminent men. Both were gentlemen by education; both were authors, both actors, both men of humour and gaiety, and one a writer of the most undoubted wit. They lived

In the high and palmy state of Rome—in intimacy with the great spirits of their time,—the one dreaded, and both caressed. If not the first lights of the age, they were certainly conspicuous stars in the literary hemisphere—

(*Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,*)

—forming two points of almost as bright a constellation as ever adorned the world of letters. Their period was not remarkable for that great poetical splendour, which illuminated the Elizabethan times, (yet there were Thomson and Collins,) but the prose of the last age was excellent:—And then, there were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, Foote, Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, Smollett, Hume, and many others, living about town, full of vivacity, and learning, and humour, letting their wit run over in all societies, to fertilize the community at large.—We have included Reynolds as a prose writer,—we may repeat him as an

artist, with the inimitable Hogarth: they still stand pre-eminent in the history of English art.

FOOTE was a clever, thoughtless, needy, and prodigal man. He sustained all the reverses of fortune well, rather from an insensibility to evil than from any philosophy of spirit. We do not wish to review his life, in which there is much to regret as well as to eulogize;—yet it may be said, that (notwithstanding all accusations,) he seems never to have been mean in the midst of distresses, nor arrogant in his more prosperous hours; but to have risen and sunk on the wave of fortune, not only with equanimity, but with honour. His conduct towards servants, and actors placed under his management, (and this is no slight praise,) was invariably kind, and his generosity in pecuniary matters unquestioned.

His dramatic writings possess a caustic and bitter humour; his characters are strikingly sketched, and sometimes exceedingly well developed: and though many of them were copied from individuals, he generalized them, while he retained the original likeness, in a manner to render them palatable to the many, while their peculiar pungency was relished only by the few. Dr. Jackson, and the Duchess of Kingston, are recorded in his dramas, as well as in the darker pages of history; and Dr. Dodd will live in Foote's writings, though he probably may not in his own.

Foote was not only a comic writer, but a moral satirist. His aim was at the vices as well as at the weaknesses of his cotemporaries; and in his pursuit he was undaunted and unwearied. He was not to be frightened by

high rank, nor turned aside by the known rancour of the person, if he thought that his object was good. The present writers of farce forget all this:—or is it that they are too weak to do more than wrestle with the *foibles* of their fellows? They are generally content with being extravagantly comic: they push a joke to the very verge of decency or meaning: they entrap a passing folly, or seize hold of a manual jest; but they seldom give any character by which they can be remembered. We speak of this farce as being lively, and of Liston killing us with laughter in that; but we do not remind each other (as in the case of Foote,) of particular characters with whom we have formed acquaintance—we have nothing like Major Sturgeon, or the valiant Mayor of Garret, or Mr. Air-castle, or Shift, or Smirk, or Sir Thomas Lofty, or Lady Pentweazle: in short, we miss the whole host of rogues and blockheads, whom he delighted to expose. At present we recollect the actors only, and not the characters which they represented. In Foote's case the latter are stamped on our minds indelibly, and it is for this that he deserves to live.

But we are keeping our readers from the letters. To such as are not acquainted with the history of Foote, it will be necessary, in the first place, to state, that he was a *bon vivant*, and much caressed for his wit and convivial qualities by (what are commonly called) “the great.” Whe-

ther as guest at another man's house, or performing the graces of hospitality at his own, he was equally delightful; and it is recorded to his honour, that at home he made no distinction between peer and player, but showered his vivacity and kind good-humour on all. Early in the year 1766, he was on a visit at the house of Lord Mexborough, accompanied by the (then) Duke of York, Sir Francis Delaval, and others; when some of the party, being desirous of returning a joke upon him who had flung so many on others, drew him into a conversation on horsemanship. All people have their foibles, and vanity was one of Foote's; and he accordingly said boldly, that “though he generally preferred the luxury of a post-chaise, he could ride as well as most men he ever knew.” The company, wishing for evidence of this, recommended him to hunt the next day; and to this he unwisely consented. He was mounted on a spirited horse belonging to the Duke of York, which, not being accustomed, perhaps, to the spur of a commoner, threw the unhappy satirist on the ground, with such violence, that his leg was fractured in two places. Under the pain arising from this accident, the following letters to Garrick were written.—There is nothing remarkable in the first, except the melancholy tone which this man of wit and of the world seems to have been reduced to, when cast upon a bed of sickness.

It runs as follows:—

Weak and in anguish as I am, it is impossible for me to resist telling my dear Mr. Garrick, by my own hand, how sensibly I am affected by all the kind, humane, friendly things he sent to me by Mr. Bromfield. They do honour to the goodness of your own heart, at the same time that they are a cordial and a balm to mine. God for ever bless you, dear Sir: and, as a reward for your compassionate feelings of the misery of others—may you never be afflicted with any of your own.

Your ever obliged and affectionate servant,

Cannon-park, Tuesday.

SAM. FOOTE.

I dare say, my friend Holland felt for me.—Dear Sir, thank him in my name; it will be grateful to him from your mouth, for he loves you.

To David Garrick, Esq.

In the second letter there is a pun, which would not certainly be now considered as a joke of the first order. It is pleasant, however, to see that Foote is recovering his spirits, and that Lady Stanhope “was charmed!”

at Garrick's comedy. Formerly, as we know, the fashionables (male and female) were mighty important people in the world of literature. The fate of a tragedy or comedy almost rested on the smile or frown of a few

of those well-dressed empirics. A rap of Sir Plume's snuff-box would have turned the current of admiration, and a blow from Belinda's fan would have been considered decisive. Things are ordered differently now.

Dear Sir,—Before I had the favour of your's I had discovered the blunder with regard to my letter—it is transmitted to you by this post. Davis's letter was a noble present indeed; pray can you conceive what he means by the necessity he now supposes me under of growing speedily rich. If one could suspect so grave, sententious, and respectable a character, of the vice of punning, I should imagine his insinuation to be, that now I have but one leg it won't be so easy for me to *run out*; but here, perhaps, like Warburton on Shakspeare, I have found out a meaning the author never had.

I was ever of opinion, that you would find the Bath waters a specific. Sir Francis Delaval, and Lady Stanhope, are particularly happy, that you have chosen this time; for, say they, Cannon Park is between the two roads to Bath—Andover, and Newberry—to Bagshot, Basingstoke, Overton, then four miles to Cannon Park, where you dine and lie; then six miles to Newberry, and so on. I won't tell you what my wishes are upon this occasion, nor, indeed, any body here, for ever since I have been ill they have refused me every one thing that I have liked. I thank you for your comedy. *Lady Stanhope has seen it, and is charmed*; but I am determined not to look at a line till I am quite out of pain.

You will have this letter by Captain Millbank, who is called to town by an appointment in Pye's squadron for the West Indies. I think I am something better than when I wrote you my last, though I have not been free from pain one minute since my cruel misfortune, nor slept a wink without the assistance of laudanum. The people below expect to see you on Wednesday. You must allow for, and, indeed, almost decypher my letters, but then consider, my dear Sir, thirty days upon my back, &c. &c. I assure you it is with great difficulty (and many shifts I am obliged to make), I am able to scribble at all. Little Derrick will give the etiquette of the Bath, and be exceedingly useful

but I am quite exhausted.

God bless you, Sir,

SAM. FOOTE.

Cannon-park, March 2.

The next letter was addressed to Garrick, after Foote had suffered a relapse from the bursting of an artery. The most remarkable fact in it is, the sensitiveness which he betrays at having his drama of "The Commissary" abridged;—yet we are not entirely without our sympathies, when we consider under whose hands he was about to suffer. The acting managers of Theatres (even of Theatres Royal,) seldom serve much of a literary apprenticeship, we believe; and when a favourite performer talks of "abridging" a play "for his own benefit," we can readily understand, that he means to be tender towards one character, and not very scrupulous towards the rest. There is one passage in the following letter which seems to require a little remark: it is the one where Foote speaks of some

epigrams, which Garrick's "pious pen" had produced, and of his having "clad" some moral truth, "*in the true spirit of poetry*," &c.—We are sorry to see him complimenting Garrick on his poetry, which was good for but little at any time, and this Foote knew well. The probability is, that Garrick's attentions had persuaded him to think better of his rhymes than they deserved. When in full honest health, and unassailed by temptations of this sort, Foote had rather a different opinion of his friend's poetry;—for he then said, "that poor David's verses were so wretchedly bad, that if he should himself die first, he dreaded the thoughts of his (Garrick's) composing his epitaph."—There is a fearful difference between this sentiment and the one contained in the following letter:—

You receive, my dear Sir, this letter from your poor unfortunate friend, in the same situation as when I had first the honour of acknowledging your kindness and humanity to me in bed upon my back.

I was taken up to thank you for your last favour, but had scarce got through a period, when, casting my eye on the ground, I discovered a deluge of blood; in short, an artery, by what means not even Bromfield can guess, unexpectedly burst, and, had it happened in the night, would, most probably have drained my veins of every drop; but, thank God, the damage is over—the bleeding has been stopped these four days, and my cure proceeds as before.

We were grievously disappointed at not seeing you in your way to Bath; but we shall not so readily forgive (if we happen to be here) your neglecting us at your return.—What are handboxes, servants, or friends—if you had with you twenty joblinwiskeys our house has stomach for them all.

I saw by the papers, that the ingenious Mr. Smith, the *Æsopus* of Covent Garden, had advertised my piece of the Commissary for his benefit, reduced into two acts—I could not help thinking that doing it at all, at this very particular time, was a little unkind, but that lopping my works at the same time that I was losing my limbs, was rather inhuman. I have remonstrated to Mr. Beard, and I believe with some warmth, intimating, that if my poetical limbs wanted amputation, the professors of his house were the very last people that I should choose for my surgeons—that I had formerly seen them treat some cases of a similar nature so very unskilfully, that I could not help considering them as a parcel of quacks, who impudently wanted to impose presumption for ability on the public. As Mr. Beard is, I believe, more used to matters of fact than metaphor, I gave the letters to Mr. Bromfield, to whom I have referred our modern *Tigellius* for the explanation of any puzzling passage; indeed this dirty affair flurried me greatly, which, at that critical juncture, might have been readily spared.

You do, my dear Sir, but bare justice to my warm and worthy friends in calling them benevolent—one glance of your penetrating eye (why would you pass us by) would have instructed you, that there are virtues now in the world which have been long supposed to exist only in books: but this is not a time, nor am I in a condition (if I ever shall) to treat this subject with the force and dignity it deserves.

I had read and raised an altar to my unknown friend, for the epigrams your pious pen had produced. I use that epithet, as it corresponds with one of your lines, where you have produced one of the first and strongest moral principles, clad in the true spirit of poetry,

Misfortune's sacred bed.

The author of that sentiment was the only one that I wanted or wished to know—as to all the rest, they neither gave me uneasiness nor excited my curiosity.—I supposed some of them to have been my acquaintance from Pope's principle, that each bad poet is as bad a friend. And now, Sir, let me say grace to your beverage. May the tepid streams, administered to you by the priestess of the Pump-room, restore you to your friends in the capital, as vigorous in body as you are in mind—and then, if we are to judge by your last production, your state of health was never more firmly established.—All here join in wishing you and Mrs. Garrick every human happiness.

Dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely and affectionately,

SAML. FOOTE.

We shall give one more letter from our modern Aristophanes, as he has been called. It is the best of the four, which we have transcribed; and bears a fair show of humour. His account of the apothecaries of those times is curious and amusing enough. He has a proper dread of them. We

know of an apothecary now living, who administered, in one year, to an unhappy friend of ours (then *rather* an invalid) upwards of four hundred doses of medicine, which our said friend, in his young simplicity, actually took. If this be a system generally pursued, it accounts very satis-

factorily for these gentlemen of the lancet having given over their old trade of selling candles and coffee.—Foote is “still harping,” in the following letter, on the abridgement of “The Commissary,” which seems to annoy him as much as his wound; and “Poor Derrick” (“Little Derrick” as he before calls him,) comes in again for a good word. In the former letter we were obliged to leave out a sentence, which was unpleasant, as far as regarded “Poor Derrick,” and somewhat objectionable in itself.

I think friendship is by somebody emphatically called the balsam of life. I honour the author, be he sacred or prophane, since nothing has, I am sure, so much contributed to soothe the solitude, and mitigate the anguish of my bed of sickness and of sorrow, as dear Mr. Garrick's very kind and sympathizing letters.

Perhaps I have sustained this fiery trial with a little more fortitude than was expected from so equivocal a character; but, whether from our original construction we are furnished with a secret resource of animal spirits, that but wait for the occasion to rush to our aid,—or whether “present fears are less than horrible imaginings,” I can't say that I have experienced either much dejection or impatience; and yet I have gone through operations, that the whole world should not bribe me to see performed on another. Scissars, knives, saws, lancets, and caustics are now grown familiar to me, and as to potions—what bushels of bark have I taken! Poets talk of their Dryads and Fauns, the fabulous tenants of forests and groves, now *I have literally swallowed a wood*; and I don't suppose but that my inside is as well tanned as a buckskin pair of breeches: but that process is now at an end; my pains are abated, my opiates withdrawn, and my wound visibly healing every day. The pharmacopals of the neighbouring villages—you know them—I make no doubt but Hampton boasts one at the least—a set of ingenious gentlemen, who deck themselves as the Heathen mythologists did the goddess of Hunting, with triple titles; she, indeed, was Luna in heaven, Diana on earth, and Hecate in hell; but they are physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries in the compass of half a score miles: nay, it is great odds, if they are contented with that—you rarely see a row of stumps on a red rag, and a pewter porringer of blood in a country window, but the shop within can furnish you with coffee or calomel, rappee-snuff or rhubarb:—my *Æsculapius* from Newberry has a tolerable collateral support from vending candles and soap: whilst his Galenical brother, at Overton, depends chiefly on mops, brushes, and Birmingham ware—but, however, these sons of Apollo, (as legitimate, I warrant, as Derrick) flatter me with the hopes of getting to town in a fortnight, but I think they are mistaken:—pray when do you turn your back on the Bath?

As to summer projects, they have never once entered my thoughts; the short intermissions allotted me from pain, have been all employed in acknowledging the goodness of those whose humanity, like Mr. Garrick's, has interested them in the fate of the poor unfortunate Foote—amongst the foremost and warmest of which is the gentleman to whose virtues you have inscribed an ode. I must see it—on my discretion you may safely rely. *Non sum qualis eram*. Calamities of the magnitude that I have sustained are powerful preachers, and I think I have not been deaf to their voice.

Your asking leave to bring Mr. Clutterbuck here is pleasant enough; it is just as if you was to make an apology to an epicure for taking the liberty to send him a turtle, or to beg Lady Vane's pardon for the introduction of a young tall rawboned Milesian. So long as I love cheerfulness, good humour, and humanity, I shall be glad to meet that gentleman any where; happy if it chances to be where the rights of hospitality call upon me to pay him a particular attention. Sir Francis, who is unalterably yours, though we were a little piqued at your passing us by, begs that upon this occasion I would say “all that you can suppose.” Mr. Beard's answer to mine was such as you guessed: it came accompanied by a letter from Smith, just to let me know, that as to cutting the Commissary, (for that I think is the phrase, and a pretty expressive one too,) nothing so remote from his thoughts; his design was only to sink the two best scenes of the piece.

The Duke of York, Lord and Lady Mexborough, &c. &c. have been here for three or four days, totally ignorant about my unfortunate artery, and expecting to find me upon crutches, but they are gone, and I am still in bed on my back. To-morrow I have leave to resume my great chair, and, perhaps, the next day—but *levius fit patientiâ, quicquid corrigere nefas*.

Poor Derrick! I expected every day to see him, by some of his irascible countrymen, sowed in the neighbouring stream—the only chance I think he has of resembling the swans of the Avon.

Sir Francis has conceived from your letter, that we are not to see Mrs. Garrick, but we all think and hope he is mistaken. Adieu, dear Sir; it is lucky for you that I am at the end of my paper, otherwise I should not tell you this hour how sincerely I am

Your affectionate servant,

SAM. FOOTE.

Cannon Park, Wednesday.

We have now done with our old friend and favourite, Samuel Foote. That he was a lively writer, even the letters which we have quoted would show: he has, however, luckily left ample evidence besides. If our recommendation were of any avail at the theatres, we would advise that some of the sterling productions of Foote be "got up with appropriate music, scenery, and decorations."—Although all the objects of his satire are dead, and the names even of many forgotten, there are heads still in existence, which his caps of folly would fit: his characters have not perished with their prototypes: there are knaves still in black coats, and bullies and blockheads in red:—there may be fair creatures also in petticoats (but, be it remembered, we do not vouch for this,) who are not entirely sincere.—There may be patrons of the stamp of Sir Thomas Lofty, and Nabobs of the fashion of Sir Matthew Mite. We are even inclined to think that Zachary Fungus and Sir Peter Pepperpot are not anomalies—and that the purlieus of Drury-lane will furnish likenesses of Shift and Smirk, and even of honest painstaking Mrs. Cole.

We shall now turn our attention to DAVID GARRICK Esq. actor, author, and manager. He presents a striking contrast to Foote in most respects. As an actor, he was undoubtedly far his superior: as an author, although he assisted Colman in the "Clandestine Marriage," he cannot for a moment stand a comparison.

He was of a smaller calibre than

the other, and had less of the substance and more of the frippery of authorship: he dressed up his prologues and epilogues sometimes rather smartly; but they were nothing, when placed by the strong characteristic humour, and nervous satire, of Foote.

Garrick died worth upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, and Foote worth—we know not what; but we believe, that he died poor.—Foote was a prodigal man, and Garrick, though he gave great entertainments at times, a penurious one. The one, as we have before said, made no difference between player and peer, but extended his hospitable smiles equally to both;—the other knew the value of a Lord: he considered that there were steps in society, and these he ran up and down as his occasions required.—They were both vain men; and this is almost the only point in which they appear to have resembled each other. Foote's vanity exhausted itself in extravagant sallies and convivial mirth, and Garrick's evaporated in puffs and private letters. He seems in fact to have lived in the midst of "Vanity Fair." His correspondence (with the elder Colman, lately published,) shows to what tricks he resorted to sustain his unwieldy reputation, and how ludicrously apprehensive he was of the slightest symptom of popular contempt. Garrick may have been the better actor: indeed he was so; but Foote was unquestionably the greater man.*

* We shall complete this Article next month, when we shall give one or two letters from Garrick (perhaps one or two from the elder Colman and others) and a Theatrical Document, which appears to us rather curious.

SONNET.

Oh! had I been a lowly shepherd boy,
 Feeding my flocks upon the cloudy mountains,
 Descending but to lead them where fresh fountains
 Water the valleys with cool rills,—my joy,
 And sole ambition, and serene employ,
 Had been to note their strength with frequent telling,
 And live lone lord of my high airy dwelling,
 Tasting those healthy joys which never cloy ;—
 But 'twas my bane in city to be born,
 Where wealth may show, but worth must hide, its head ;
 Where Vice may waste, and Virtue want, life's bread ;
 Where golden minds are poor, and live forlorn,—
 And walk in crowds,—and then are most alone,—
 Living neglected—dying unwept, unknown.

C. W.

SONNET,

WRITTEN WHILE TRAVELLING.

To ———

My fellow travellers, as the carriage rolled,
 Slowly or swiftly, on its weary way,
 Had many a jest to crack and thing to say,
 Some quaint, but mostly common-place and old :
 Once only did a serious mind unfold
 Its richer leaves, where all might read and learn ;
 But from its brightness did they quickly turn,
 As sun-struck owlets turn from light away.
 —I, revelling in a long and lovely dream,
 Baffled the moments which had else fatigued,
 And, aided by sweet Hope and Memory, leagued
 To do me at last a kindness, caught a gleam
 Brighter than those my fellow men could see.
 Could it be otherwise ?—I thought of thee.

B.

SONNET.

Oh! take me hence, unto that favour'd land
 Where WINTER never shows his angry face!
 I sicken here, and can no more withstand
 Its raging winds, that aye seem proud to race
 Each other through the eternity of space,—
 Their howling raptures scattering dismay,
 Like tigers of the desert at their play,
 Or fiercer men, when the meek hart they chase—
 There let me hide me in some spicy bower,
 Where from the south the air steals warm and mild
 Like the soft breathings of a sleeping child ;
 And let some gentle cheek, on which the rose
 Sits delicately veiled, near mine repose—
 And nought be felt save love's voluptuous power.

C. S.

ON POPULATION.

AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING THE POWER OF INCREASE IN THE NUMBERS OF MANKIND, BEING AN ANSWER TO MR. MALTHUS'S ESSAY ON THAT SUBJECT. BY WM. GODWIN. LONDON, 1820.

MR. GODWIN has in this book rendered an essential service to political science. The appearance of the celebrated work of Mr. Malthus formed a new era in political philosophy. Up to that period, modern legislators and politicians never seem to have dreaded the possibility of a too rapid increase of population. Speculative men, who looked back to a period when the whole earth was inhabited by a single pair, might also look forward to an extremely distant period, when the earth should be so completely filled with inhabitants as to be able to contain no more: but this was so remote an evil, that practical politicians were no more alarmed with it, than the present inhabitants of England are alarmed with the possibility of the whole of the coal of the country being, some time or other, exhausted. So far from conceiving that population could increase beyond the means of subsistence, it was always supposed that an increase of population was synonymous with an increase of prosperity, and the great object of most governments was to increase the number of their inhabitants by all possible means.

Mr. Malthus, from certain hypothetical calculations, which he conceived were confirmed by the Population Returns of North America, drew the conclusion, that "*population, where it is unchecked, goes on doubling itself every twenty-five years, or increases in a geometrical ratio;*" while the means of subsistence, under circumstances the most favourable to human industry, "*could not possibly be made to increase faster than in an arithmetical ratio,*" that is, every twenty-five years' food would be increased by a quantity equal to what is at present produced. Thus—

Population, 1 2 4 8 16 32, &c.

Subsistence, 1 2 3 4 5 6, &c.

Though the doctrine of the arithmetical ratio in the increase of food, as opposed to the geometrical ratio assumed for the increase of population, has often been made the subject of animadversion, and even of

ridicule,—yet the possibility of a population doubling itself every twenty-five years, if free from all check, has been adopted by Messrs. Ricardo, Mill, Say—in short by every economical writer of any eminence in this country and the continent. No proposition in Euclid was considered as more clearly proved than this part of Mr. Malthus's system.

The logical inconsistency of Mr. Malthus, in taking from the United States of America the proof of the doctrine that population can go on doubling itself every twenty-five years, yet limiting the possible increase of food to an arithmetical ratio, while the same country that afforded evidence of this increase of population, furnished also the proof that food had been obtained in the same ratio,—is so obvious as to force itself on the attention of every person of the least discernment. If the population of America has gone on doubling itself every twenty-five years for some time, and shall continue so to double itself for a long period to come, the food for that population has been, and must continue to be, previously procured. In a country with abundance of unoccupied land, food may continue to be raised in greater quantity than is necessary for the supply of a population increased in the geometrical ratio; and in a country, of which all the land is occupied, it is fantastical to state any precise ratio at which food can be increased.

But the other part of Mr. Malthus's doctrine presents greater difficulties.

The foundations for Mr. Malthus's hypothesis are

1. Some loose observations of Dr. Franklin, and Dr. Styles, respecting the fecundity of women in America:

2. An opinion of Sir William Petty, who, assuming that women, between fifteen and forty-four years of age, may bear children every two years,—and deducting a certain per centage for sickness, abortions, and barrenness, infers that a population may double itself every ten years:

3. A computation of Euler, found-

ed on the following arbitrary suppositions: "if in any country there are 100,000 persons living, and the annual mortality is one in thirty-six,—then, supposing the annual proportion of deaths to births to be variously, as 10 to 11, 10 to 12, and so on, up to as 10 to 30, what will be the number of persons who will yearly be added to the society; and what will be the number of years required for the original 100,000 persons to become 200,000?"—Euler's answer is, "that the period of doubling on the first supposition would be 250 years; and on the last, would be twelve years and four-fifths."

4. The American Censuses.

It certainly argues very little for the industry of the present age, that, from the appearance of Mr. Malthus's work up to the present day, Mr. Godwin is the only person who has thought fit to inquire, whether the hypothetical ratio of increase of Mr. Malthus is reconcileable with the laws of nature, and whether the American returns do, or do not, afford a confirmation of this hypothesis.

The hypothesis of Sir William Petty, supposes every female to be capable of bearing twelve children. The tables which the indefatigable Süsmilch collected, for various periods, from an infinite number of places in different parts of Europe, and which all exhibited a very different result, might well have led to a doubt of the soundness of this hypothesis. Süsmilch was enabled to affirm with certainty, that, in the number of children born of each marriage, "no one country of Europe differs perceptibly from another, and the proportion is the same in villages, and the open country, as in towns and cities." The average was only four children to each marriage.

In ascertaining the rate at which a population can increase without immigration, the first stage in the inquiry is to ascertain the laws of productiveness in women.

Mr. Godwin very properly remarks, that "tables of population for any very limited period, which do not distinguish the sexes, and the different ages, of the inhabitants of a country, are absolutely of no use in determining the question of the power, generally, or in any particular case, of progressive increase in the numbers of mankind. The two enumerations,

therefore, which were made of the people of Great Britain, in 1801 and 1811, are merely so much labour thrown away."

In Sweden, however, an account, attending to all the above distinctions, has been taken, from three years to three years, from 1751 to 1775,—and from five years to five years, from 1775 to the present time.

The period during which women, in temperate climates, are supposed capable of bearing children,—is from twenty to forty-five years of age.—In warmer climates they begin to bear sooner, and leave off bearing sooner. Marriage at an earlier age than twenty, in our part of the world, is always allowed to be unfavourable, rather than favourable, to the production of a numerous offspring. It appears from the Swedish tables, that, one year with another, the number of women who marry in Sweden, nearly corresponds with that of the number of women who arrive at the age of twenty,—consequently, that almost all the women of Sweden marry at some time of their lives. The number of females becoming marriageable for 1757, 1760, and 1763, was for instance 62,720, and the number of marriages for the same period 63,109.

This correspondence proves, at the same time, that the females marry in Sweden at an early age, because otherwise, agreeably to the laws of mortality, every year later than twenty, must, in a certain proportion, diminish the number marrying as compared with the number attaining twenty.

The Swedish enumerations were found by Süsmilch, to give the same result of children to a marriage with the enumerations of every other country. The number of births to a marriage, taken upon an average, does not (as we have already said), exceed the proportion of four to one. There is, therefore, no ground for supposing that, under any circumstances, *European* women can bear, one with another, twelve children; but on the contrary it may be affirmed, that the females of this quarter of the world cannot on an average produce more than four.

The next point to be ascertained is the law of mortality. It is well observed by Mr. Godwin, that when

once "we have ascertained the fair proportion of births to marriages, in any community, we have a just criterion by which to judge of the increase or otherwise of mankind in that community. Children in Europe are not smuggled out of the world, as Mr. Malthus's theory would require us to suppose. Give me the number of births annually, or otherwise, in any country, and I have the means of ascertaining, among civilized nations, how, in what proportions, and at what periods, they die. There is nothing mystical in this. It is in vain that the author of the Essay on Population offers me his vice and misery killing their millions of whom no account is taken, and who perish we know not how. I say an account is taken of all."*

Mr. Godwin has not attempted to construct a table exhibiting the rate of mortality in the different countries of Europe, from the existing data. In the Swedish tables, we have a digested abstract of the numbers that die, and the ages at which they die. Süsmilch gives a rate of mortality for the country, for small towns, for large towns, and for whole provinces. He makes the rate of mortality for the country as one to forty, and for whole provinces as one to thirty-six. The lists obtained from different countries, exhibit nearly the same results, on an average of years, both in the proportion which the deaths bear to the births, and the numbers that die at various ages.

It appears then that the births and deaths of a country are subject to something like fixed laws. The excess of the births over the deaths gives us the rate at which a population increases.

Süsmilch, from a variety of data, gives the proportion in which the births, in favourable years in Europe, exceed the deaths, as twelve or thirteen to ten. If we take the highest number, thirteen, the population of a country, if no calamity should visit it, may be doubled in between eighty-three and eighty-four years. Sweden, a country from which there is little

emigration, and into which there is as little immigration, actually increased its population, between 1751 and 1805, from 2,229,611 to 3,320,647, or nearly one half. In Russia, which, however, receives colonies, it is estimated that the population has been increasing at about the highest ratio assigned by Süsmilch.

Have we any reason for believing that population, unaided by immigration, has increased more rapidly in the United States?

From the only documents we yet possess respecting the population of the United States, it appears that the number of births to a marriage is the same there as in Europe. There is a paper in the third volume of the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, by a Mr. Barton, which gives the proportion of births to marriages in the parish of Hingham, in the State of Massachusetts, for fifty-four years. The result is four and a fraction. Mr. Godwin obtained, from a Mr. Bevan, reports of the marriages and births in Portsmouth, the capital of New Hampshire, for six years, from 1804 to 1809; and in Philadelphia for one year. The average of the six years was four and a fraction to a marriage. The great town of Philadelphia yielded a return of fewer than three to a marriage.†

If the marriages in America are not more productive than in Europe, we can hardly suppose that the mortality will be less. No precise data for determining the law of mortality in the United States have yet been given. From the concurrent testimony, however, of all writers, it appears that the climate is less healthy than that of any part of Europe. Consumption is there much more frequent. Mr. Warden, in his Statistical Account, states, that at Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, one fifth of the cases in the bill of mortality is consumption. In New York, consumption constituted one fourth of the diseases of 1802, and nearly one fifth of 1803, 1804, and 1805. Dysentery is also very prevalent,—and a great pro-

* In most civilized countries some sort of register is kept of births, marriages, and deaths.—*Enquiry concerning Population*, p. 34.

† It may be observed here, that Mr. Malthus's theory rests on the supposition of eight births to a marriage being the average number.

portion of the children are cut off by it. The yellow fever frequently falls little short of the plague in its ravages. America is also scourged with intermittent fevers, and the other diseases of swampy and newly settled countries.

We now come to the estimates and population returns for North America.

Mr. Pitkin, in his Statistical View of the United States, gives an estimate for 1749 of

1,046,000

The Census of 1790... 3,929,326

The Census of 1800... 5,309,758

The Census of 1810... 7,239,903

With respect to the estimate for 1749, it may be remarked in passing, that Mr. Pitkin takes in "the whole white population;" and Dr. Franklin makes the number of "*English souls*," in 1731, amount to upwards of one million.

But passing on to the returns for 1800 and 1810, it is evident, from an inspection of them, that the increase cannot be ascribed to native propagation. An admirable light is thrown on this subject by Mr. David Booth, in an ingenious dissertation on the ratios of increase of population, which Mr. Godwin has incorporated in this work.

"When enumerations," says Mr. Booth, "are taken every ten years, it is obvious, exclusive of immigration, that, in any particular census, the persons living above ten years of age must have all existed in the census immediately preceding." Now the white population of 1800 was 4,305,971. These, in ten years, would be diminished by a fourth under the most favourable laws of mortality that have yet been observed. It is very improbable that more than 3,200,000 would have been alive in 1810, for, —whatever proportion the *births* of that country may bear to the whole population,—the proportion of *deaths* is certainly greater than in Europe. But the actual census of 1810, has 3,845,389 above ten years of age—giving a surplus of 645,389, which can only be accounted for by immigration. The census of 1810, contains also 2,016,704 children under ten years of age. "Part of these too," says Mr. Booth, "as well as the deaths of immigrants since their arrival, should be added to the 645,389 above stated; and therefore, of the 1,556,122 persons which the census of 1810 exhi-

bits beyond that of 1800; it is as clear as sunshine, that nearly one half was added by direct immigration."

The extraordinary rapidity with which the population of a country is increased by immigration, is very ingeniously shown by Mr. Booth. The lists of Sweden, for instance, at a period when the population may be considered as having been nearly stationary, give, on an average of nine years, 81,032 births, to a population of 2,379,062. Mr. Booth has constructed a table on the reduced scale of a population of 10,000, from which it appears that 370 annual births are just sufficient to keep up a population of 10,000 persons. These 370 (or 1850 in five years), constitute a population of 1408, under five years of age, who are renewed by the births as they grow older or die. The 1408 are reduced by deaths to 1076, between the ages of five and ten; who are again reduced to 1015, being the number living between ten and fifteen; and to 859 between fifteen and twenty.

From the continual supply by births, and reductions by death, the different numbers of every age are regularly kept up throughout the century, the limit of the age of man.

This is the manner in which society is kept up in an old country.

But change the scene. Keeping in view this table of 10,000, let us suppose a colony of 3,837 persons, male and female, between the ages of fifteen and forty, (which we will take for the marriageable ages in a new country), and in such proportions as they are found in Europe. Let them be from Sweden, and possessed of only the Swedish powers of propagation. These persons then will form the nucleus of a race, as in the former example, except that, until their children arrive at the age of fifteen, the propagators not being supplied by their growing successors, would diminish for a certain time. To remedy this, let there be an immigration for the first fifteen years, of 172 annually, or about a twenty-second part of the original colonists, which 172 will exactly keep up the number of those between fifteen and forty, as they waste by age and death. At the end of fifteen years, the number of propagators will be continued the same by means of the grown up children, with-

out further importation. The society now exhibits an extraordinary increase. In taking a census therefore, of an infant colony, we need not wonder that it should double its numbers in a very short period. The immigrants who arrive in small numbers afterwards, are less observed than the primitive founders; and it is extremely probable that many such establishments may double their numbers apparently from propagation alone, in less than twenty years. "The principle, however," says Mr. Booth, "on which this duplication rests, escapes the eye of the common observer. The colony is not a society in the sense which we understand of a nation. It is the first expansion of a set of picked propagators, without parents, and without children, which two classes, together with the diseased and ineffective, constitute near-

ly three fourths of the population of modern Europe." An attentive examination of our fifteen-years colony will show, that it increases with this rapidity, solely because it is a society which is incomplete. In an indigent society, there is nearly a fourth part above forty-five years of age. Here there are only 878 out of 8,770, or about a tenth of the population. The higher ages are not yet formed; neither if immigration were continued, would they ever be. Of this the American censuses afford sufficient proof. In none of the United States is the number of persons above forty-five, more than from sixteen to seventeen per cent. of the population, while in many of the newly settled districts they do not exceed seven or eight, as will appear more particularly from the following table.

Proportion of White Inhabitants, above and below the age of forty-five, (to a Population of 10,000), in the different Districts and Territories of the United States of America in 1810, compared with the kingdom of Sweden, from 1755 to 1763.

	UNDER 45.	ABOVE 45.
Sweden	7892	2108
District of Maine	8867	1133
State of Massachusetts	8391	1609
New Hampshire	8610	1390
Vermont	8964	1036
Rhode Island	8387	1613
Connecticut	8308	1692
New York	8904	1096
New Jersey	8629	1371
Pennsylvania	8757	1243
Delaware	8961	1039
Maryland	8710	1290
Virginia	8771	1229
Ohio	9097	903
Kentucky	9044	956
New Carolina	8895	1105
East Tennessee	9003	997
West Tennessee	9195	805
South Carolina	8963	1037
Georgia	9060	940
Columbia	8944	1056
Territory of Orleans	8833	1167
Mississippi	9210	790
Louisiana	9113	887
Indiana	9197	803
Illinois	9201	799
Michigan	8983	1017

No exact records have been kept of the emigrations from various countries to America; but every one knows that they have always been very great. Consult the statistical accounts of

Scotland, look to the perpetual drains from Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, &c. But it is unnecessary to dilate on a matter so universally known.

We consider, therefore, Mr. God-

win to have completely destroyed this hypothesis of Mr. Malthus. In the absence of every restraint on marriage, society can only increase in numbers at a much lower rate than that which he has assigned.

We have thus exhibited the results of Mr. Godwin's labours, in that plain and unambitious manner, which is alone suitable to a subject of this nature. Not wishing to withdraw the attention of our readers from the leading points of this important inquiry, we have avoided all allusion to a number of matters introduced by Mr. Godwin into this work. One third part of it, is devoted to the discussion of a variety of questions in morals and political economy, more or less connected with the doctrine of population, in which we conceive Mr. Godwin often builds on a very insecure foundation. But to follow him into these questionable matters, would swell this article beyond the limits which we have proposed to ourselves. We have abstained too from all strictures on the manner in which Mr. Godwin has executed his work, and the extravagant observations in which he occasionally indulges. What, for instance, can be more extravagant than to say, "that we have no very certain reason to believe, that England contains a greater number of inhabitants now, than it did in 1339, when Edward III. commenced his expedition for the conquest of France." Or what more fanciful than to suppose for a moment, "that races of men have a perpetual tendency to wear out," and "that where a breed is not crossed, it has a constant tendency to decline." It would require much stronger reasons than the mere circumstance of Capt. Clarke having observed various races on the Missouri, who raise corn, once numerous, and now reduced to a feeble remnant, to induce us to believe in the existence of any race of men not possessed of the ordinary powers of propagation, though we may not know enough of their history to account for the diminution of their numbers.

Before concluding, we shall advert a little to the situation of England. We agree with Mr. Godwin, that the returns of England are almost useless for the inquirer into the doctrine of population,—that the return of 1801 is in all probability extremely inaccu-

rate,—and that the conclusions of Mr. Rickman with respect to the population of former periods, are entitled to very little attention.

Mr. Rickman from the registers of baptisms, calculates the population in 1700, at 5,475,000. The calculation from the number of houses ought to confirm this result, but it does not. The houses in 1690, according to the hearth books, amounted to 1,319,215, and in 1811, to 1,848,524. Supposing as many persons to a house in 1690, as in 1811, this would give for the former period upwards of seven millions. The register of burials is as little liable to error as that of baptisms; for, as is well observed by Mr. Godwin, "every human creature that is born is not carried to the priest of the parish to be baptized; but every human creature that dies, unless at sea, is consigned to the earth, and his obsequies are rarely unaccompanied with the ceremonies of religion." Now Mr. Rickman assures us, that "the average number of registered burials, (though considerably fluctuating from year to year), has remained stationary during twenty-one years, from 1780 to 1800; the first five years of which period, as well as the last five years, and all the twenty-one years together, averaging at about 192,000 burials per annum." The average from 1805 to 1810, he states to be 196,000, and yet according to him, between 1780 and 1810, the population has experienced an increase of 2,535,000. Are we to believe that no more persons die in a population of 10,488,000, than died in a population of 7,953,000? Yet Mr. Rickman believes this, and gravely tells us, that we must infer our mortality has diminished at this most extraordinary rate.

The population of England has no doubt increased during the last century, but certainly not to the extent which is usually supposed. We know precisely what the increase has been for half a century in Sweden, a country in which marriages are early, in which there are remarkably few unmarried persons—which, during the period in question, enjoyed a great portion of internal tranquillity, and which receives few immigrants, and sends forth few colonists. So accurately have the lists been taken, and so little has been the emigration from,

or immigration into, the country, that the population at different periods has been found to vary very slightly from what it ought to have been—that is, if we add to the preceding enumeration, the subsequent births, and subtract the subsequent deaths, the result gives us nearly the amount of the next enumeration. From England, on the other hand, there has always been a considerable emigration; and various other causes have operated to keep down the numbers of our people, to most of which Sweden is a stranger. We may therefore safely conclude, that the increase has been considerably less here, than that which took place in Sweden. If the baptismal lists of Mr. Rickman were worth any thing, which we should say they are not, except we suppose a very superior degree of healthiness in England, the English increase must be considered *greatly* less than that of Sweden, for the births are much fewer, compared with the population. Take for instance, the year 1751 in Sweden. The population was 2,229,611, and the births 89,341. In 1801, the population of England is said to have been 9,168,000, while the baptisms are given at only 263,409. Now either the register of baptisms is greatly defective, (of which we have not the slightest doubt) or we must suppose that 9,168,000 people produced no more children than 6,534,000 would do according to the Swedish rate.

We admit, that propagation continued at its highest rate, would, in

time, fill every country with a population greater than it could feed.—But it is much easier to deal with a doubling every century, than with a doubling every twenty-five years.—In the one case, emigration holds out little prospect of relief; in the other, so long as there are countries to settle, the surplus may be disposed of. The fertility of land, however, is so much increased by density of population, that it is difficult to assign limits either to the quantity of food a country can produce,—or, to the amount of population which can inhabit it, with the greatest degree of comfort. To satisfy the alarm of those who may have any apprehensions from an increasing population, it may be worth while to construct a table, showing the precise number of males and females, having attained the age of twenty, which it may be necessary to remove, in order to keep the present population of England stationary, even if propagation were continued at the highest rate at which, if unchecked, it can possibly go on. We shall leave this task to others, but we may observe that the number to be removed, would be much smaller than is generally imagined. The sum of Mr. Godwin's argument may be thus stated in his own words:—"wherever it shall be found that there are only four children to a marriage, it appears to be clearly demonstrated there can be no actual increase, and we have more reason to fear a decrease, of the number of mankind."

SKETCH OF THE PROGRESS OF VOCAL SCIENCE IN ENGLAND;

WITH NOTICES OF THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS AND COMPOSERS, DURING
A PERIOD TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

No. II.

THE more important features of modern music, distinguishing it from the old, have been given it by Haydn and Mozart. If we divide the reign of instrumental composition into three epochs, Corelli may be said to have *founded* the ancient school, which was *perfected* by Handel, and which ended in the works of Geminiani and followers. The intervening, or middle period, was occupied by a crowd of feeble and short lived composers, such as Sterkel, Starmitz, and Vanhall;

while the foundations, and almost the entire superstructure of the modern school, have been laid and erected by Haydn and Mozart. Haydn, to whom, in spite of the rage which at present prevails for the compositions of Mozart, it appears to us the world is by far the most indebted, began by laborious study. Emanuel Bach was his principal model; and, with the modesty of genius, he has spontaneously acknowledged himself an imitator of that nervous and original

composer. But it is from his later manner, which combines such continually flowing grace with so much perpetually rising variety, that we derive the grand improvements of which Haydn may certainly be styled the inventor. Melody and modulation are the two capital sources of his power. He refines and polishes, at the same time that he invents. He constantly strives to please, and he captivates by elegance rather than commands by magnificence, or by exciting surprise. We shall indulge no wider excursion into the domains of instrumental composition, than merely to point out that Haydn perfected the symphony, and gave permanent importance to wind instruments. These probably owe that rapid advancement towards perfection in performance, which our day has witnessed, to the consequence he bestowed upon them, and the care he showed in assigning to each the passages the most adapted to their character and mechanism: he also invited them to a pitch of expression and execution, which before his time it was considered impossible they should attain.

In our last essay we cast a forward glance towards the change in bass singing, which it is the particular object of these few remarks on the style of Haydn to preface. Haydn, when he composed his *Creation*, had a better bass than tenor singer to write for; and from this circumstance, it has been said, he assigned to the part of Raphael such dignity and beauty, as placed the bass for the first time upon an *equality*, at the very least, with the lighter voices. But the general elevation which prevails throughout the style of Haydn's works, inclines us to doubt the truth of this report: we rather believe that he was as anxious to support one part as another. He certainly found the prevailing style of compositions for bass voices, magnificent indeed, but ponderous, limited and mechanical—with scarcely a touch of tender passion, or an indication of elegance. If we grant to a very few passages of Purcell, to some of the songs of Handel, and Pergolesi, a small portion of these last attributes, they stand as exceptions, not as the rule. We are therefore the more induced to think, that the suavity, and grace, constituting that peculiar expression which marks the

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bass songs of Haydn, spring rather from his general disposition thus to animate the stiff materials, and to ornament the sublime forms which he found among the treasures of his predecessors, than from the adventitious circumstance to which the revolution has been attributed. Indeed we are supported in this idea by his universal practice.

About the time when the *Creation* was first introduced into this country, Mr. James Bartleman, a scholar of Dr. Cooke's, had appeared, with great reputation, in the concerts of the metropolis. His voice and manner exhibited a striking contrast to all the bass singers who had gone before him. His predecessors had been selected from amongst those powerful, but heavy, voices, whose compass is limited above, in as much as their tone is round and full below, and whose execution is proportionably sluggish and monotonous. Influenced by the style of the compositions they were accustomed to sing, this class of artists cultivated solemnity of manner, severe, unrelaxing attention to time, and accent—were solicitous principally to augment the volume of their tones, and were contented to roll them heavily along, in such divisions as those by which Handel seems to have marked his understanding of the natural province of the bass—or to move majestically through his loftier and most expressive songs of declamation. Hence the bass singers of that time were “mighty dull, and mighty round”—if they sometimes rose to magnificence, they seldom awakened any emotions of tenderness or of pathos; and still more seldom could be said to inform and animate their majesty, with any show of grace.

Bartleman had great compass—something more than two octaves—but his tone was of a totally different kind from that of the ordinary bass. He has frequently been classed as a *bary-tone*,—or as that species of voice which is lighter and loftier than the bass, without possessing the compass or comparative tenuity of the tenor. He could, however, sing all the notes that a bass could reach, with force, and, at the same time, his tone was incomparably more agreeable and effective; it partook in a greater degree of the qualities of both bass and

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tênor, than any other voice that perhaps had ever been heard. His theory was singular, and if the Italians be right, erroneous: uniformity and continuity were the primary objects of his practice. The sound was to come forth, with equal roundness and finish, upon all syllables alike. Hence there was a necessity for a liquifying principle, a dissolving *menstruum*,—and this was got by the introduction of sounds very like those of the letters *o* and *u* and *aw*, between the consonants and vowels. Thus *die* becomes *DOY*; *din duin*; *smile* *SMAWELE*. But the object is effected—complete uniformity of tone is by this process obtained; and it is submitted to the hearer to decide, whether what he loses in correct pronunciation, is compensated for by richness and equality of voicing. These matters are very important to such an inquiry as ours—for the manner of a whole generation of singers, private and public,—and through them the taste of a whole age,—is vitiated or exalted by the example of the great idol of the day. Never has any man been more idolised than Mr. Bartleman—never has any bass singer been so much.

Such was this gentleman's theory and practice with respect to the formation of tone,—which, like colour in a picture, affects the sense upon which it is designed to act the most directly. Its other qualities were, a lightness, and a brilliancy, far beyond the ordinary reach of such voices, and a perfection in its production very rarely attained—though this fine finish was sometimes voluntarily departed from where energy ought to supersede polish. There is no finding a similitude for the human voice; and from this want of images it happens, that all verbal descriptions of vocal performance fail to convey adequate notions. There is however certainly a resemblance caught by the voice in listening or practising to particular instruments; and we have observed that Mr. Bartleman's tone bears some likeness to the finest sounds of a violincello.—It savours of the string, rather than the reed; and there are times when the ear feels as it were the vibration, as one hears it from the instrument. But the circumstance which bestows the most brilliant lustre upon Mr. Bartleman's tone, is the astonishing precision of his intonation; which ne-

ver failed him even in the most chromatic and difficult intervals. The original accuracy of his ear was confirmed by such practice as converted a faculty into a habit. So certain indeed was he of his tone, that it signified little whether he did or did not hear (and with singers of great volume it very frequently happens that they do not hear) the accompanying instrument. He was under all circumstances sure of his pitch.

To these high endowments from nature and from art, he added a mind of such uncommon sensibility, and a disposition so vivacious, that they at once enabled him to comprehend the beauties of both words and music, and irresistibly excited him to express them with an energy to which his good taste assigned the exact measure orchestra singing will bear. Nothing is more difficult to find than this degree; and it is ascertained only by an intimate responsive intelligence with the sympathy of others. In this respect Mr. Bartleman has had to graduate his scale with prodigious attention and minuteness, for he derived his first and his most exalted reputation from the same concerts, that gave supremacy to Mara and to Harrison. Rank and education render their possessor tremblingly alive to every thing that borders upon coarseness: any sort of violence shocks and disturbs well-bred persons to a degree that none but well-bred persons can estimate. Though deeply sensitive, they are not less polite. Hence the eloquence of musical passion must be adapted to their finer understanding of effects, and hence arises the supreme difficulty of succeeding at the Ancient Concert, or at any concert where the audience is confined to select assemblages of the affluent and the educated,—whose habits are all refined by the civilization attendant upon high condition. They live in a world of their own; and as they have the power to form, command, and controul, the manners of those about them, it is to their standard, however artificial, that the singer must conform. If he would soften, he must yield to their prejudices; to lead he must first follow,—and the rather because their manners and attainments are admitted to be of the highest order. It belonged however to Mr. Bartleman's under-

standing to appreciate exactly what was due to nature, and what to refinement; and perhaps he succeeded the more eminently, through the contrast which his force and fire offered to the gentleness, the smoothness, and the tranquillity of Mr. Harrison's singing—which lacked nothing so much as energy and power.

Mr. Bartleman was completely educated in music: he was scientific as a singer, learned in the various erudition of English and Italian composers, particularly in the madrigalists, and the writers of sacred music. His bias was decided towards those compositions, which, even when he first came into life, had already begun to be considered as the ancient music: but all that lay in his own department he lightened of its heaviness by the brilliancy of his voice, and animated by his energy of manner. He carried as much dramatic effect into the orchestra, as the orchestra would bear. He restored the knowledge of Purcell's finest compositions, as well as of Handel's finest opera songs. He was, of his own accord, and under the impulse of his own disposition, rapidly infusing a new grace into bass singing, when the means were afforded him by Haydn's character of Raphael in the Creation,—by Calcott's beautiful songs written on purpose for him,—by Pergolesi's "O Lord have mercy upon me," Dr. Crotch's Palestine, and several other things from Stevens, Webbe, Calcott, and Horsley,—of perdurably affixing the stamp of elegance upon this part of the art. The freer admission of ornamental passages, of a cast between those employed by the bass and tenor, naturally followed; while the discontinuance of heavy divisions, and the substitution of speaking and beautiful melodies, such as we find throughout the Creation,—in Calcott's Angel of Life, and in Horsley's Tempest,—completed the enlargement of the bass singer from the imposing constraints of the former system. Nor has the pure and genuine eloquence of music, that just and forcible expression which is the result of the happiest adaptation of sound to sentiment, been abandoned or lost in the change. England owes to the present generation of native composers, a combination of grandeur with grace, not to be matched, we think, in the

works of any other race of writers for basses,—scarcely excepting the author of the Creation himself. The song and glee writers whom we enumerated on a former occasion, have blended all the characteristics of impassionate expression most intimately and most completely. The consummation is to be found in the Palestine of Dr. Crotch; who has united the sound learning of ancient, with the polish of modern music, in the recitatives and airs for this species of voice. Thus it is that the composer and the performer reciprocally affect not only each other, but the genius of the art. New strains are engendered by their collision and reaction—new powers elicited.

There is another department of musical science which has ramified very extensively, has flourished exuberantly, and is perhaps at this moment verging towards partial decline. We allude to part-songs, the productions of English talent, which will probably suffer a temporary exclusion from the more than proportionate share of the concert bills they have enjoyed of late years, while they are gradually opening to themselves a wider influence in the amusements of private society. These changes are intimately connected with the progress of manners. The time was when amongst the qualifications of "the Complete Gentleman," according to Peacham, an old author who published a treatise under that title—was reckoned the ability "to sing his part sure and at first sight." This however was at a very early time. These intellectual delights gave way to amusements less rational; and part-songs, if we may judge from the nature of such compositions towards the age of Purcell, and indeed till the middle of last century, were degraded to the mean office of stimulating sensual excesses. From this low state they were rescued by the institutions and the talent we briefly alluded to at the close of our last essay; and as clubs, and dinners, and debauch, shrunk away before the increasing love of domestic society, and the blandishments of art, and the charms of female accomplishment, the encouragement both to the composition and execution of part-songs, became daily more honourable and more inviting.

Mr. Harrison, the Knyvetts, and

Mr. Bartleman, united by various ties of connexion, assimilated their principles and their practice, and finally arrived at that fine, conscious, and absolute consent in their execution, that can be attained only by the desire of perfection,—by the sacrifice of all other considerations to the aspiring impulse of legitimate ambition, and by assiduous and unceasing exertion. All these grand desiderata were brought together, and united into a centre of energy, as it were, by private friendship and connected interest; and hence came to be generally felt and understood the accommodations of tone, breath, and utterance, in part-singing; the management of light and shade; the relaxations, and accelerations, of force and time; in short, that complete solution of many sounds into one expressive mass of harmony, that results from a glee when finely and delicately sung. Out of this excellence arose the Vocal Concerts, which were established about 1791, at a moment when the destruction of the Opera House, by fire, left a void in the public entertainments that invited new endeavours to occupy the vacant station. At the commencement, these concerts were almost strictly what their title promised. Neither overture nor concertos were played, and four stringed instruments, with a piano-forte for accompaniment, made up the whole band, with the singers, who, besides those above named, included Mrs. Harrison, Messrs. Sale, Hindle, Gore, Rennoldson, R. Cooke, Danby, Webbe, and some others. These persons constituted also the strength of the Catch and Glee Clubs, where they were in the constant habit of meeting and singing together. In their progress, however, these concerts augmented their instrumental force, and extended their range to every species of composition, and every novelty in art. The subsequent introduction of the finest female singers, if it did not originate, led to the increase of that species of composition called harmonised airs; and we probably owe to this incentive, not less than to the necessity for variety experienced at the King's Concert, the adaptation of

such beautiful old melodies as have been brought forward by Mr. Greatorex, Mr. Harrison, and others. We may, however, well doubt the propriety of considering this practice as strictly legitimate. We ourselves attribute the growth of harmonized airs very much to exhaustion; for it is to be remarked that the recourse had to this substitute was at a late period, and that the last twenty years have produced no glee writer of considerable eminence except Mr. Horsley.—Mr. W. Knyvett, and some others, have written a few beautiful things; but the first named composer is, as it appears to our judgment, the glee writer of the present day *par excellence*, both as to the number, and the merit of his writings in this species. When, however, we turn over the pages of nearly seventy authors, and many of them voluminous* writers of glees, within a term of sixty years, we scarcely wonder at such exhaustion.

The increase of concerts began to render music as a profession (independent of the stage) more adopted. Mrs. Ambrose, a singer with a beautiful voice,—one of the Mahon family,—had reached some eminence in London, and in provincial meetings, which, under the title of Musical Festivals, began to spread through the large towns of the empire. In 1792, Miss Parke and Miss Poole were both engaged at the King's Concert. The first lady filled for many years a very principal station among English singers. The second is still known as Mrs. Dickons, of whom we shall have future occasion to speak at large.

Miss Parke, the daughter of the first celebrated oboe player of that name, had not only received a regular musical education, but had also cultivated a naturally strong understanding; she had acquired a knowledge of modern languages, and acquainted herself with general literature, at the same time that she enjoyed the advantage of the best society. Her voice was more powerful and extensive perhaps than sweet, and her style was very expressive. Though by the ruling fashion of the time, which was supported by a predilection so strong as to deserve the

* Dr. Webbe's are prodigiously numerous, and Dr. Calcott is said to have in one year sent one hundred and twenty glees for the prize to the Catch Club.

name of prejudice, Miss Parke was modelled in the common school of English expression—the school of Handel—she had not neglected the graces of foreign art. She had studied the composers and the singers of Italy; she was a thorough musician;* and her natural fine sense directed her to the formation of pure and sound taste. Her execution was brilliant, but not of the light and showy cast which has of late prevailed. It was the sound, deep seated articulation of Mara's school; although we have heard her sing with a neatness and facility rarely exceeded, *O Dolce Concento*, with variations of her own composition,* of embarrassing difficulty, and of extreme compass. She avoided every thing bordering upon the extravagance of the theatre. She was a legitimate orchestra singer. With such endowments and such acquisitions, she continued to attract a large portion of the public favour for some years. When her exertions had rendered the toil of her arduous profession no longer necessary, she quit-
ted public life, and she now enjoys in private society, as the wife of a private gentleman, the regard and estimation she so well deserves. To this lady's character and conduct we would particularly direct attention; for Miss Parke was one of those ornaments to the profession who have proved that the public service is not incompatible with talent, accomplishment, and the dignity of virtue.

The same year that saw this lady at the Ancient Concert, brought out

Master Welsh, who by the richness, roundness, and brilliancy of his tone, the sweet simplicity of his manner, not unmingled with the traits of teaching and science, attracted a portion of regard far beyond the customary chance of boys, who rarely make sufficient acquirements to bring themselves into notice before their power of using their accomplishments expires. Master Welsh was, however, in unusual request, and by his premature attainments was enabled to lay those solid foundations of knowledge and of fortune, which now give him rank amongst the most respectable professors of his country.

Mrs. Crouch, as a dramatic singer, produced some sensation; but it was the effect of a peculiarly rich voice, rather than of high science. She neither advanced, nor practised the principles of art in so superior a degree as to gain her a title to a long recollection. She ranks, therefore, with those performers who are just able to acquire a temporary distinction, but who want the zeal, or the talent, or both, from whence results immortality.

When we next resume our subject, it will be our duty to characterize an artist, who has already conquered this meed: for if there be an individual, who, to the greatest natural powers, has added the highest cultivation—who exhibits the exuberance and wildness, as well as the beauty, grace, and strength of genius—if there be such a man among modern singers, it is Mr. BRAHAM.

SONNET.

Oh! let me die on a November day!
Methinks that then I could resign my breath
With less regret,—and almost smile at Death!—
The beauties of the Summer now decay,
An universal gloom appears, and fog and cloud
Obscure from view the lovely sun and sky—
And all around me seems to droop and die:—
The insect dies—is wrapped in Nature's shroud,
And lies till warmth restore to it new birth:—
The flowers that gave a perfume to the gale,
Now drop their heads and sink into the earth:—
The hill is bleak—unfruitful is the vale.
Then, let me die when all these charms decay,
Oh! let me die on a November day!

Acton Place.

M. M.

* Miss Parke also wrote for the Piano-forte, upon which she played admirably, and, had at a very early period performed in public. Her *Russian Air with Variations*, is amongst the best things of the kind ever produced.

THE MOHOCK MAGAZINE.

What starting hole can'st thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?—1st Part *Henry IV.*

We return quickly to this subject, because we wish to have soon done with it. Such discussions are not those we most like; but what we have taken in hand to do, we mean to perform effectually; after which, the public being completely in possession of the case, we shall hold ourselves discharged from the unpleasant task of watching, and exposing what may be termed the INFAMOUS SCOTCH HOAX.* The publication in question

* Not that we mean to baulk our pleasant co-adjutors, who have announced to us their intention of trying a turn with Blackwood's Men. We are desirous to promise as follows—

- I. *The Reckie School*—(as a companion to the "*Cockney School*")—by Z., Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. &c.
- II. *Sketches of Professor Wilson's first course of Lectures*, by Philo-Veritas. These papers will be excessively interesting, we are told, and we believe it.
- III. *Doctor Morris's Vision of the Horns*—with the Seer's interpretation of the same—clearly foretelling his recent accident from the *Black-bull*—in the manner of the *Chaldee MS.*
- IV. *Private Letters* on the above subjects that have passed between the *Black-bull* and *Mr. Blackwood*—with a note of law expenses.
- V. *Conversations on Art, held by the Amateurs in Prince's-street, Edinburgh.*

1. On "*A Portrait of the Emperor of the Mohocks*," by that great master of design, John Gibson-Lockart, Esq. The artist's genius, as evinced in this piece, has been so admired in Edinburgh, that he has been actually confounded with its subject; and he is now generally, we understand, complimented with the royal title of EMPEROR OF THE MOHOCKS! The motto to this piece is taken from the *Spectator*, No. 324:—

"The Mohock-club, is a name borrowed, it seems, from a sort of cannibals in India, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them. The president is styled "*Emperor of the Mohocks*:"—his arms are a Turkish crescent"—(something like the horns of the *Black Bull* at the head of Leith Walk)—"Agreeably to their name, the avowed design of their institution is mischief, and upon this foundation all their rules and orders are framed."

2. On "*The Dilettanti Society in the Isle of Palms*,"—a Landscape, with figures, by Wilson. The object of this piece is stated to be a *moral one*—viz. to shew that much piety is not incompatible with a great deal of punch.
3. On "*Deacon Drummond and the Four Evangelists*,"—intended for the University of Edinburgh—also by Wilson. This Scriptural picture is described as irresistible;—the design is particularly admired,—also the air of simplicity in the Deacon's head.
4. On "*The Assassin*,"—a sombre piece—by *Doctor Morris*—intended for Mr. Blackwood's back parlour. The character of treacherous malignity was never better expressed than in the features of the *Assassin*.
5. On "*The Shepherd's Dog Ill Treated*," an affecting picture by that excellent Scotch artist, James Hogg. Wilkie might be proud of this piece. The valuable beast has here got into very bad hands. A parcel of mischievous heartless scoundrels have tied a cannister to his tail, with which the abused creature runs full speed, as if it naturally belonged to him, instead of turning upon his tormentors, and shewing his teeth, which would soon set all to rights. Some of the crowd pity the animal, but more ridicule him, in consequence of the clatter of the cannister; and the fellows who have been guilty of this act of cruelty, are plainly seen to be laughing and enjoying the joke to themselves, while they are professing to others to admire the dog whom they have thus disgraced. Every friend to humanity, and to the noble qualities of a truly noble creature, must feel the greatest interest in this picture; and we fervently hope that the meritorious artist may be roused by the praise he has received, to exemplify his talents in treating a more gratifying subject. Let him next repre-

cannot be more aptly denominated ; a HOAX (a word of late origin) being a laughing lie, in which the fraud is more apparent than the pleasantry, and the joke consists almost entirely of mischief. This species of wit is of recent invention : yet it is nothing but an extension of the class of what are called *practical jests*. The *Mohocks*, of whom we read in the *Spectator*, shone amazingly in these : they ludicrously insulted the women in the streets, crippled children, and maimed the defenceless generally. They flourished for a time :—their “irregularities,” were as popular as those of *Blackwood’s Magazine*, and were excused in much the same way, till at length it was hinted to the public that these merry fellows were malignant scoundrels, without either honour or courage ; that their jokes were the outrages of ruffians, and their attempt to laugh them off an insult to decency. The public quickly took the hint, and the *Mohocks* soon fell into disrepute and decline. Their successors were “a feeble folk” in comparison : they went about the streets knocking at doors, and running away when the servant came with the candle : some-

times they ventured to steal a blind man’s dog from him ;—they have even dared to pull off an old gentleman’s wig, and have exquisitely withdrawn a lady’s chair from under her, as she was going to sit down. It is within our own day that the *Hoaxer* has taken the place of these wags, and introduced an improvement in their practice. He is more cunning, and more mischievous ; his pleasantry, too, is as certain not to fail of its effect, and makes no greater demand on mental resources. Any one who can hide a pair of spectacles, or blacken a face when its owner is asleep, or make wry mouths behind a person who is speaking on a serious subject, need not be afraid to attempt *hoaxing*. It is a hoax, for instance, to tell a man that he has *pimples* on his face when it happens to be clear, as *Blackwood’s* men have done to Mr. Hazlitt : this is a hoax, and surely nothing can be more easy of execution. It is a hoax to astonish a gentleman of clean and rather careful habits, by exclaiming that his *hair* is *greasy*, though it bears the appearance of holding pomatum in horror : this *Blackwood’s* men have done to

sent *The Shepherd’s Dog* “himself again”—ranging his native hills proudly and freely, or attending his flocks sagaciously and kindly, or basking by the farmer’s ingle side, an image of fidelity and of pastoral beauty.

These Critical Conversations will be continued through a much longer series than the above ; but it is unnecessary at present to anticipate more of the subjects.

VI. *An Historical and Genealogical Paper on the ancient and respectable Family of the BLACKS*,—full of biographical anecdotes and sentimental reflections. The author is a profound man in such matters, and undertakes to shew the exact degrees of relationship which exist between the various branches of the BLACKS—such as the *BLACK-legs*, the *BLACK-guards*, and the *BLACK-woods*. He clearly proves that *Ebony* and his Editors, though honourably come, have not any right to claim descent from the *BLACK Prince*,—that “young Mars of men,”—as some shallow persons have supposed from the shop being in *Prince’s-street*. He shews, incontestably as we think, that the dark blood in their veins flows from a very different source—

“Dark as Erebus—let no such man be trusted”—

is their family motto, he says,—and sufficiently distinguishes them from the *ich dien* branch. Referring to the name *Ebony*, as recently bestowed, and used by us a few lines back, he disputes its propriety with much show of learning,—and suggests that the *Upas*, or *poison tree* of Java, which is *black-hearted*, would supply the appropriate appellation. Perhaps, however, this may be thought a little pedantic. He avails himself of *Doctor Morris’s* famous conversation with that *brunette*, the *Hottentot-Venus*, on their family affairs (an accurate account of which has never before been published) to give authority, or at least plausibility, to many of his statements,—and vindicates Mr. Warren, and Messrs. Day and Martin, *Blacking-makers*, from having any hand in the preparation of the articles for the *Blackwood Magazine*.

This is the whole list which has been sent to us ; and we accordingly announce the above Papers,—of which some idea may be formed from the accompanying explanations,—as intended for progressive publication.

Mr. Haydon, and this is a genuine hoax—clever but not difficult. It is a better hoax still to swear that this is *fair criticism* on the artist and the author, and to protest solemnly that they have “no personal feelings in regard to these persons, good or bad,—and have never even *seen one of their faces!*” All this has been done by Blackwood’s men in their 42d No.—and this is carrying the *hoax* to its last and highest degree of impudent fraud. It is a *hoax* to write false letters with real signatures, for the purpose of throwing ridicule and dislike on the persons whose names are forged,—to injure them in their interests, and hurt them in their feelings: and this, too, Blackwood’s men have performed, to a pitch of outrage on individual claims, which goes nigh to persuade us, that the press is, in its abuse, a nuisance too offensive to be compensated for by any benefit in its power to render society under respectable management. Further, and lastly, it is a *hoax*, almost as laughable as assassination itself, to tell falsehoods, and provoke honest indignation, under the assumed name of an excellent, meritorious, and inoffensive individual, totally unconcerned in the mischief,—which is solely intended to gratify the mercenary and malicious designs of the *hoaxer*, at the expence of the fame and the interests of one whom he appears to treat as his friend, and for whose welfare he professes to be anxious! This is taking the cruelest and most unmanly advantage of a defenceless situation that can be conceived: and this is a *hoax* which Blackwood’s men have practised on poor Hogg, the delightful Shepherd Poet—whose *bonnie Kilmenzie*, and delicate dedication to Lady Anne Scott of Buccleugh, have inspired feelings in his favour, that warm into angry scorn at this dastardly attempt to degrade and injure a man whose poetical genius is a jewel of the first water in the national crown of honour. This is a matter, however, on which we shall afterwards remark at greater length.

Blackwood’s Magazine, therefore, may fairly be complimented with the title of THE INFAMOUS SCOTCH HOAX; and it will be admitted infinitely to outshine the *Stock Exchange Hoax* of pillory fame. These are assertions, however, that ought

not to be made in language at all akin to that of levity; for they must heap indelible disgrace, either on the persons against whom they are directed, or on us by whom they are hazarded. We accept and acknowledge the responsibility thus conveyed; and challenge attention to the facts we are about to bring forward, as not only sufficient to prove the substantial truth of our allegations, but adequate to warrant the favourable presumption we claim for our motives in undertaking this task of exposure. We do most seriously and sincerely declare, that we have been induced to write these articles solely by the indignation rising and swelling in our minds at the still-renewed spectacle of outrage, hypocrisy, and fraud, which the succeeding Numbers of Mr. Blackwood’s Publication present. Long impunity, or, at least, insufficient exposure, from whatever cause proceeding, has at length converted what was at first but a system of provocation, into a downright *system of terror*. We know for a fact, and dare contradiction, that Blackwood has openly vaunted of holding to grateful behaviour an individual who had been first *abused*, and then *defended* by the *same writer* in his Magazine: “*if he is not duly respectful, we have more for him from the same hand!*” Such is the triumph of Scotch toryism over Scotch whiggism in Blackwood! A few more such victories will be sufficient to disgrace it for ever. It is impossible, almost, to conceive any one species of deceit, of unfair aggression, of the violation of all the rules of proper criticism, of individual persecution, of false pretension, and audacious boasting, falling within the range of literary profligacy, which the writers in this publication do not habitually practice. It has been their aim, from its very commencement,—as we observed in our last paper under this head,—to excite the public expectation and attention, by the perpetration of gross wrongs, affecting the honour of literature, and the peace of individuals. In their endeavours to do this, they have not restricted themselves to the malignancy of satire, and the bitterness of personal invective; but, with these, they have coupled a duplicity and treachery, as mean and grovelling as their scurrili-

ty has been foul and venomous.—Three times within the space of very little more than two years, have they been compelled to pay, to injured individuals, heavy forfeitures, for calumnies uttered against private character, and to the detriment of private interests; AND IN NO ONE OF THESE THREE HAVE THEY ATTEMPTED DEFENCE OR JUSTIFICATION OF ANY KIND! No attempt has been made by them, in any of these cases, to show mistake or misconception; nor have they once dared to stand boldly on the honesty of their strictures, and vindicate manfully what they had uttered rancorously. No,—in each of these instances, the offence has been flagrant and scandalous,—and the penalty has been paid, quietly and unresistingly. In two of them, wilful malice was apparent beyond contradiction, and the means taken to gratify it were still more disgraceful than the intention. In the first, bodily infirmity was alluded to, amidst a heap of slanders and indecencies, which were afterwards apologised for in the lump, and have been since repeated in detail. In the second, wilful falsehood, as well as wilful malice, stood barefacedly exposed:—the writer of the queries addressed to Mr. Hazlitt, affirmed, under the guise of an interrogation, what he could not but know was untrue,—nay totally without foundation of any kind—and, when called to account for this, he acknowledged the lie by silently paying its forfeit! This writer, who assumed the mask of a correspondent, is now known to be Mr. Blackwood's principal Editor—not the gentleman who has been recently withdrawn from the Magazine to Moral Philosophy—but Doctor Morris,*—the individual who has been obliged, the other day, to pay (being the third penalty) four hundred pounds to a wantonly injured tradesman,—and whose hand, it is now well understood, has thrown most of the envenomed darts, launched against character and feeling from the quarter in question. Nothing in the annals of disgraceful publication can be quoted to equal the course of conduct pursued by this man, in his capacity of Editor. While he has been uttering these calumnies, and paying these penalties, he has forged testi-

monials from living and celebrated men to the merits of his Magazine, which he has published with their names at full, trusting to the very audacity of the measure to escape detection, or, at least, exposure. We have lately seen him giving, as from a private letter from Goethe, a sentence of clumsy German! After writing, as the first fruits of his Editorship, a most virulent and offensive libel against Mr. Coleridge, in which the “grinning and idiot self-complacency” of that gentleman is talked of; in which he is described as having exposed himself “dead drunk in the house of a Brummagem Patriot”—after all this, he has found means to draw, for once, a private and civil letter from the object of these indecent aspersions; and this letter, contrary to the usage of gentlemen, he has published in his Magazine, without the writer's consent, and, as we have reason to know, very much to the writer's displeasure. It appears, then, that either way is indifferent to this person: if the letters are written, confidence is violated in their publication; if they are not written, they are fabricated for that purpose. This is the man who wrote a book, under a feigned name and character, to praise and puff his Magazine, and its management. Writing usually in a convenient tone of burlesque, he balances his falsehoods between the few who will take them as jokes, and the thousands who are likely to believe them in credulity;—equally deceiving both, for the apparent joke is spite or sordidness in sober gravity. Every word of the affected *extravaganza* is deeply and seriously calculated, with reference to its object, which is either to plunder or to assassinate. He will drop from an evident exaggeration to what bears the semblance of a meek and drily stated fact,—and the lie will be lurking in the latter, with its poisonous sting, to which the former was merely intended as a treacherous decoy. The long article in his last Number, is altogether constructed on this principle.—Its only merit is effrontery: it is this which gives to it a certain effect of gaiety, and causes it to be read with some degree of interest.—We defy any one to extract from it a

* His alias is well known.

single sentence that possesses any striking excellence, either in style or point, independently of the quality we have just named. It is like the conversation of some Irishmen we have met with: take away the impudence of its manner, and all its zest is gone. The pleasantry consists, not in saying things that few *could* say, but things that few *would* say. It has a sort of spouting-club readiness about it; a brazen self-possession; a quickness which is the result of moral indifference; an overbearing bustle, which it attempts to make pass for natural strength. Its ease is insolence; and if it succeeds in shedding an air of ridicule over its subjects, it does this in the general abandonment it makes of respect and respectability. The writer shares the degradation he inflicts; and even the reader is made to feel, that he is lowering himself, for the moment, to the level of a disposition which he must despise. Such are its attractions:—its objects are to deceive and injure. There is not one rhodomontade throughout its twenty pages, that does not inflict an assassin's stab from under the mask of a buffoon.—The statement of the comparative sales of the Reviews and Magazines is arranged and proportioned to aggravate private injuries, which the unprincipled writer has already inflicted. What he says of Constable's Magazine, and the Edinburgh Review, is maliciously false; what he says of Blackwood's Magazine is palpably and impudently so. What he says of the conduct of that work is an attempt to play the fool with his own dishonour. What he says of Mr. Murray is in the teeth of the fact. Mr. Murray himself expunged his name from Blackwood's title page, because he found that there is a degree of infamy which even tory politics cannot carry off—that is to say, not in London—in Edinburgh it may be otherwise. Mr. Murray had the reputation of a respectable man, and that of the most distinguished publisher of the day to sustain: his name is connected with the chief literary honours of the present time, and he could not, therefore, suffer it to be attached to the foulest literary nuisance. He heard disgust and abhorrence of the calumnies of Blackwood's Magazine expressed by every honourable indivi-

dual, without distinction of politics. He may be, and we believe he is, rather a warm party man himself—but he is not sordid, he is not false, he is not callous to shame. On the contrary, we believe him to be as sincere in his opinions as a man, as, by the general acknowledgment of all who have had any transactions with him, he is liberal, spirited, and upright in his conduct as a publisher. His first connection with Blackwood's work may be traced to party-feeling: the Quarterly Review is a vehement tory publication; Blackwood took the same line, and this gained him a footing for a time in Albemarle-street: but it was not for long: Mr. Murray, it is understood, soon became disgusted with what he saw, and alarmed at what he heard,—and on the arrival of a bale of calumny from the North, weightier and darker even than ordinary, he proceeded, in a very summary way, to withdraw his name from the infamy, by tearing off the old title page, and printing a new one with the necessary alteration. Mr. Murray acted on this occasion with the promptitude of one who sets store by his character, and sees it endangered;—yet, while we cannot but congratulate him on his decision, we own we shall be mortified by it, if it turn out that Sir Walter Scott has no such sensibility on the subject! This eminent individual is *known* to have written some things for the Magazine in question; he is *suspected* to have written others: it is certain that several offensive articles have been composed under his roof; and the nuisance has now become too deadly to allow of any delicacy towards its aiders or abettors. Mr. Murray, as we have seen, thought it due to his character to *extricate* himself from all connection with Blackwood's Magazine:—we shall be happy to have the Baronet's *disavowal* of any such connection.

After having been thus literally and notoriously kicked out of the shop in Albemarle-street, Blackwood's Editor has the effrontery, in his last Number, to declare *that he dismissed Mr. Murray!* This is a specimen of the impudence which he passes off for pleasantry. It is a hoax founded on his own disgrace. Most people would have felt the recollection of the circumstance too painful to

permit them to allude to it: but *Doctor Morris* has no such nicety of feeling. He may be compared to a fellow laughing, and thinking it excellent fun, to have been in the pillory:—swearing that he made a hearty breakfast on the rotten eggs with which he was pelted! What, then, is the upshot of his system? It may be thus stated in its separate parts:—

The lie is a joke, or hoax, to those who are competent to detect it:

It is a sober assertion to influence the opinion of the large majority of readers:

It is a hushed-up infamy, by means of a pecuniary compromise, when threats are used of dragging its author to the bar of a court of justice!

This is the *literary system* of Blackwood's Magazine fairly described!—On the balance, the parties to this nefarious conspiracy are gainers.—It is true their stock-purse has had to furnish a thousand pounds,* at least, for forfeitures, within about two years: but scandal is a marketable commodity, and there are many individuals who shrink from a public contest with ruffians. They know this,—and on such they calculate to make their profits. Like smugglers, they can afford to pay when occasionally caught, for their nefarious traffic is a lucrative one. But what are we to say of such an organization as this, connecting itself with the Public Press of the country, and thus employing the most powerful mechanical engine of human invention, to give effect to undisguised purposes of fraud and force on property and character! The simple fact of their having three times paid forfeit for private calumny, without once daring to defend, or justify, or even explain their assertions, is of itself a proof that they are acting systematically on the plan we describe;—and the reader will find in the detail that is to follow, corroborations in plenty. It is possible that men should write *political libels*, and yet be distinguished by the utmost integrity, generosity, and magnanimity of character: they, at least, who deny this, deny the applications of history, and would make of the existing authorities a miraculous exception to the

universal rule. That men should write *religious libels*, and yet be honest men, is true, or else Cranmer was a villain, and Luther an incendiary. But who has ever heard of an innocent *private calumniator*, in any state of society?—Of an honourable person affirming absolute untruths against private character;—paying for them as untruths, apologizing for them as calumnies,—and then repeating them, protected by an insidiousness suggested by experience? Yet Blackwood's men have expressed horror of individuals who have come under the stroke of the law for publishing political censure; and greater horror of sceptical writers on religious questions: they have held up the sentences of courts of justice in such cases, as palpable proofs of moral guilt,—and this they have had the audacity to do while they have been anticipating legal sentences against themselves,—acknowledging themselves to have broken the law in a way that necessarily infers infamy and attaches dishonour,—retreating even from an attempt to defend their conduct,—and thus altogether abandoning the pretence of having been actuated by motives that would bear statement.

Such is the conduct which has excited in our breasts the determination to expose it thoroughly, and we do not know that we can more usefully employ ourselves. “An outrageous ambition of doing hurt to their fellow creatures is the great cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in the members:”—this, which was said by Steele of the Mohock-club, may be pronounced of the men of the Mohock Magazine,—only the latter carry on their outrages with a more dangerous instrument than the former. A printing-press is a more deadly weapon than a pistol or a small-sword; and to employ it destructively requires little more intellectual ability than is wanted to knock a man down with a bludgeon, or to splash him with the dirty water of a kennel. As the severity of criticism, justly and fairly applied, ought to be vindicated from the affected outcries of the weak or the interested, so ought the most un-

* We include Peter's Letters with the Magazine, throughout this article, as “another of the same.”

qualified abhorrence to be expressed of those who would confound it with unprincipled and unmeaning personal abuse,—with trash, tormenting enough, perhaps, to the individual pitched upon, but utterly useless in as far as regards the public—or rather, we ought to say, still more noxious, as it relates to the public, than as it concerns the abused individual—inasmuch as it excites and feeds the bad passions and feelings, keeps them in a perpetual state of craving and activity, derives from them a foul and spurious taste in reading, corrupts altogether the popular judgment, disseminates bad faith, rancour, distrust, and alarm throughout private life, under the execrable pretence of promoting the interests of what is elegant and virtuous. We observe that, month after month, individuals of eminent attainments, and high reputation, in foreign countries as well as at home,—are dragged forth by Blackwood's Magazine—not to have their productions, or scientific or literary opinions, criticized,—but to have their *names* repeated, burlesqued, inverted, parodied,—to be assailed solely in their personal feelings,—without the show of argument on any question of a public nature—to be treated, in short, after the Mohock-fashion, as described in No. 324 of the Spectator. What a simpleton must he be, who should say, that we have no business to take up the exposure of a nuisance of this description—against the attack of which no man is safe, whose name can be forged, or whose character can be falsified! As periodical writers, commenting chiefly on the temporary features of the time, such infamy lies directly within our province; and nothing but cowardice, selfishness, or stupidity would lead any one to inculcate that the matter were better let alone.—There is, indeed, a certain cast of creature, blind to every thing but its own small interests, which it regards with an acuteness of vision intense in proportion as it is confined,—a timid creature in all that relates to general truth and universal justice, but with a sharp tooth to nibble at any point that incommodes itself,—a grovelling and obscure creature in its natural habits,—never seen or heard of in any stir of healthy and animated feeling, or opinion, yet sometimes startling peo-

ple, who had not dreamt of its existence, by suddenly squatting up in an attitude of pigmy menace, and vermin wrath:—such a creature would be likely enough to lick, “with candied tongue,” the slimy coat of the snake, which we shall have “scotched,” at least, in these articles; and might even awaken into an inconsiderable ebullition of disapprobation,—doing rather more than “hesitate dislike” of our rough interference with a *contemporary and similar Publication!* Blackwood's men have been accustomed to dole out pittances of praise to these “small deer,”—keeping a whole swarm of them feeding on their hands, as it were,—amongst whom that *animalcule*, “least of all God's works,” the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, might be seen, with the aid of a good microscope, extremely active with his minute *antennæ*. But our eyes must be directed to more palpable objects:—we ask of *men*,—sizeable human beings, walking about the earth,—not “*mites* in cheese,”—whether there is either intrusion or indelicacy in an attempt to rouse the better sense of mankind against a gang of desperado-trespassers, crape-faced poachers, who go about robbing, and maiming, and maltreating,—insolently laughing at their own atrocities, and jeering at complaint? If some one does not interfere to arrest the progress of this gang, who will be safe? Every created being cannot retreat into its own littleness, like the individuals of the animalcule tribe. Not the tradesman in his shop, quietly minding his business, can consider himself protected against indecent and painful exposure. It was but the other day that a letter was forged with the signature of Mr. Kirby, a London Bookseller, and published in this Magazine, to degrade that person in the eyes of his neighbours and customers, to wound his own feelings, and those of his family and his friends. The outrageous nature of such a proceeding as this, is beyond endurance: it makes one's blood boil. A character for ignorance,—vulgar, selfish, brutal ignorance,—is here, in the face of the public, attached to an inoffensive and reputable tradesman, in order to render him a common butt of derision! Is not this a moral, if not a legal felony? But illegal it certainly is,

and the law ought to be put in full force against the criminals. Again, we ask, whether we could be considered as fully discharging our duty to the public, if we were not to raise the hue-and-cry against such anti-social enormities? Are we to confine ourselves to the flagrancies of bad actors, and the blunders of dull authors, when these infesters of social life are in active and gainful occupation, and becoming each day more and more audacious, from the idea that every body shrinks from taking them in hand? Are they not as fairly before the public, and does not the management of their work present as fair a question for public discussion, as the stage, or a new poem? And what then should exempt them from this discussion? Nothing, surely,—unless it be a reason for treating them with forbearance, that they are not mischiefs of a speculative nature, but tangible and substantial plagues. If we have ever been able to assure ourselves that the general sympathy was with us on any matter we have handled, it has been in regard to our strictures, last month, on Blackwood's Magazine. It would seem as if people in general had been all cherishing a bursting sense of the crying necessity of some such exposure,—yet doubting whether any one would be found to undertake the task. This Scotch work had grown to be regarded as a privileged *terre filius*,—free to commit the rudest assaults and most savage insults without chastisement;—and when our exposition, of what every body knew before, came out, we were congratulated and applauded in a way that has excited our astonishment. We have seen or heard of but one exception to this general sentiment of satisfaction: and it would affect to think, that, as a rival magazine, we owe peculiar civility to Blackwood. We protest we do not see what the question of rivalry has to do with the matter; it does not turn at all upon a dispute between two magazines, nor do we either feel it, or treat it, in that light. It only requires a particle of honesty, small enough, we should think, to be contained even in an *animalcule*, to know that there is but one fair way of putting the case between us—and that it is this:—are the spirit and practice of the management of Blackwood's

Magazine such as we have described them? If they are, its conductors deserve to be exposed:—if they are not, this denunciation applies to ourselves. Having so far premised generally, we shall now proceed to state the facts more particularly than we have yet done, in order that the test, which we have just proposed, may be more easily applied; so that if we are calumniators, instead of others, the infamy that attaches to calumny may fall directly on our heads—and *vice versa*.

In our last, we affirmed that one of the principal writers in Blackwood had both libelled and eulogized Mr. Wordsworth—to which we now add, that this was done in articles planned coetaneously, and intended the one to be followed by the other! The attack on Mr. Wordsworth appeared in the third number of Blackwood, when that work was under the management of Mr. Pringle and another gentleman:—it was known by Mr. Pringle, at the time, whose composition it was,—though the real author suggested that it had come from Liverpool, and was probably the production of one of the Roscoe family! This person, under his offensive signature of "*Observer*," remarks of Mr. Wordsworth, that he writes "miserable doggrel,"—that he has "made a fool of himself," that he has "the voice and countenance of a maniac," and drops "the drivelling slaver of his impotent rage on the cover of the Edinburgh Review." Under his defensive signature of "*N*," he accuses *Observer* (himself) of having "a heart full of spite and rancour towards Mr. Wordsworth,"—of having "committed gross violations of veracity,"—and being guilty of "every kind of misrepresentation, impertinence, and falsehood!" We regret to have observed, that an Edinburgh Newspaper has publicly and *uncontradictedly*, charged Mr. John Wilson, the new Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, with having written both these Articles,—the one for, and the other against Mr. Wordsworth, which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine,—and has added that he is strongly suspected of being the author of a third attack on Mr. Wordsworth, which appeared in Blackwood No. 8.—Is it possible that this can be true! Mr. Wilson was Mr. Wordsworth's

intimate friend; he called him "*My Wordsworth!*"—He wrote to him, the other day, for "*a character,*"—which the author of the *Lyrical Ballads* gave in Mr. Wilson's favour, so far as *talent* goes—adding, that, *as he did not know what PECULIAR QUALITIES were thought necessary, in SCOTLAND, to adorn the chair of MORAL PHILOSOPHY, he could give NO OPINION on the FITNESS of the applicant for the situation which he was understood to covet.* Mr. Wilson, certainly, from the commencement of *Blackwood's Magazine*, has been one of its principal writers: but however that work is calculated to throw discredit on all belonging to it, it is universally admitted that Mr. W. is an amiable individual—that is to say, *in comparison* with his colleague, the Doctor. He once, in a wild whim, enlisted in a gang of gipsies; and we have heard of a journey from Oxford to Edinburgh,—part of which he performed as gipsy, part as strolling-player, part as common beggar. We are not stating this adventure as objectionable in itself, but merely as furnishing a grotesque contrast to his recent appointment to the chair of moral philosophy. It is true,—

One man, in his time, plays many parts, but few, we believe, have been so successful as Mr. Wilson in making extremes well meet. He has played both Hamlet and the cock. He is now engaged in wrestling with the German philosophers in metaphysics; and it is not long ago since he was "*shaking falls*" with the highlanders, and exciting their astonishment by his aptitude to their nectar! He is the author of the "*Isle of Palms,*" a poem overflowing with the phraseology of Methodism; and is, or was, the convivial president of the dilettanti club,—in which capacity he was justly admired for his ludicrous imitations of popular preachers, and his ready knack of parodying the psalms. Hearing that some of the *freedoms* of the president had got wind, and might impede the success of the professor, he waited upon a very worthy member of the town council of Edinburgh, and requested his permission to go over the *four Evangelists* with him—which he did, not only in an orthodox manner, but in a style of devout eloquence which per-

suaded the deacon he had partaken of the "*gift of tongues.*" This, to be sure, was long after his return from a *tryst* he had with Hogg, to meet on the side of a certain loch,—which he (Wilson) did not keep, by reason of his falling in with a set of jumping highlanders, whom he beat at every leap, and afterwards left unable even to stagger. He is no common man who can do all this;—but although we might be inclined to regard such a character with interest and indulgence, as the result of a wild temperament, combined with powerful faculties, surely society ought to have some security against such of its pranks as are more treacherous than pleasant.—Mr. Wilson was well known as a *whig* in politics: he urged Mr. Pringle, who preceded him in *Blackwood's Magazine*, to attack and demolish the author of a particular pamphlet, because he was "*a horrible tory*;" yet Mr. Wilson is now the known writer of violent tory articles, *and these have got him his place in the University!* The abuse of the whigs, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, like all the rest of its abuse, is violent and deadly: we do not charge it all against Mr. Wilson,—but we charge him with being accessory to it, and we affirm that there is every presumption against his sincerity in so acting. His having profited by this conduct renders it a matter of public concern; for of all the bad and mischievous examples that can be given to the world, we know of none so poisonous as that of success in life attained by such means. It is spectacles of this nature that beget misanthropy and vindictive feelings in noble breasts; which sometimes we see becoming unjust, in their very indignation against injustice. Take away the simple quality of hypocrisy from the person we have been describing, and Mr. Wilson would at once lose his moral professorship, and regain his moral character.

On the head of equal insincerity in praise and abuse, let us turn to the pseudo Doctor—the malignant Emperor of the Mohocks. *Morris* is understood to be the author of the extremely scurrilous article on Mr. Coleridge, which appeared in No. 7, of *Blackwood*. Of Mr. C. it is there said, "*it seems impossible that he can be greatly respected,*

either by the public or himself:"—"he seems to consider the mighty universe itself as nothing better than a mirror, in which, with a grinning and idiot self-complacency, he may contemplate the physiognomy of Samuel Taylor Coleridge:"—"so deplorable a delusion as his, has only been equalled by that of Joanna Southcote, who mistook a complaint in the bowels for the divine afflatus:" the article proceeds to allude to "drunkenness," and "desertion of wife and children,"—but we are by no means inclined to prolong unnecessarily our quotations; nor have we any thing further to say of them than that Mr. Coleridge has been since *hoaxed* into believing the author of the above well-inclined towards him! Under the influence of this idea, with all the simplicity of a metaphysical philosopher, he lately addressed a private letter to the present Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, which private letter was no sooner received, than it was sent off to Blackwood's printing office; and in No. 42, there, sure enough, it appears, with the signature of S. T. Coleridge (not Samuel Taylor in full) and an accompanying note from Dr. Morris, calling attention to it as "a very characteristic letter of one, whom," says the Doctor, "I well know that you," Christopher North—alias Doctor Morris himself, "agree with me in honouring among the highest!"—It happens that we can put the infamous treachery of this treatment of Mr. Coleridge beyond all doubt. Christopher North is the *nomme de guerre* for the Editor of Blackwood; and Morris, the same individual, under another mask, adopted for the purpose of puffing the Magazine, says he is sure of the Editor's sympathy with himself in honouring S. T. C. amongst the highest. So far so good:—this is in No. 42.—Turn we now then to No. 7, where we find S. T. C. described as "lying dead drunk in the house of a Brummagem patriot,"—"exposing himself to the insults of the vile and vulgar:"—*who*, may we venture to ask, wrote this piece of abuse? It stands the *first* article of the Number; and the number too is the *first* of the Mohock's management; and the paper is not signed, with initials, or any assumed name, as from a Cor-

respondent,—but is conveyed as from the Editor in the usual editorial style.—*More than all this*,—in a notice, given in the name of the Editor, which we find on the very page facing this piece of abuse, it is thus announced:—"Our OWN OPINIONS, and those of our REGULAR CORRESPONDENTS will be found UNIFORMLY CONSISTENT—but we invite all intelligent persons who choose it, to lay their ideas before the world in our publication; and we only reserve to ourselves THE RIGHT OF COMMENTING UPON WHAT WE DO NOT APPROVE."—What are the palpable deductions here? If the article accusing Mr. Coleridge of "dishonest quackery" be not written by the Editor himself, it must be written by one of his regular Correspondents,—for it is the first article of the new management, and is not signed, as it would have been if written by a casual correspondent. "Our own opinions, and those of our regular Correspondents will be found uniformly consistent!" The Editor is thus incontestably bound to the numerous traducing assertions made in the article; among others, to this—"that all good men, of all parties, regard Mr. Coleridge with pity and contempt!"—We say, he is, in every way, and without the possibility of escape, bound to them,—for, supposing he were to affirm that the article in question was written neither by the Editor of the Magazine, nor by a regular Correspondent, we might ask, where then is the comment upon what he did not approve, which he expressly reserved to himself the right of making in such cases? He now declares himself to be one of those who honour Mr. Coleridge amongst the highest: could he, then, as an honest man have permitted a chance contributor to traduce the object of his veneration in the most insulting language, without a word of caution, without an expression of dissent—immediately too after telling the reader that with all the matter which should appear in the Magazine, running in the usual editorial style, the Editor was to be considered as agreeing in opinion? Careless oversight cannot be thought of with reference to the first Number of the new management: this was to afford a specimen of the spirit, and execution of the work; and would the commencing article be

slightly regarded under such circumstances? Would it be selected strongly hostile to the Editor's own sentiments: calumnious in the last degree towards one whom the Editor *honoured amongst the highest*? It would be trifling with the understandings of our readers to endeavour to strengthen the argument. The present Editor of Blackwood's Magazine,—whether challenged in his own name, or under his *aliases* of Doctor Morris and Christopher North, stands deprived of all benefit from his numerous disguisements, and counterfeited, and falsified titles,—and is clearly convicted of foul treachery towards “Samuel Taylor Coleridge,”—“the illustrious and excellent friend,” whom he, Peter Morris, declares to himself, Christopher North, he holds *in honour amongst the highest*!

We have gone into this examination of evidence tediously, perhaps,—and we believe unnecessarily: the present Editor of Blackwood's Magazine stands on the face of the publication chargeable with the remarks on the “*Biographia Literaria*” of Mr. Coleridge: they bear their own evidence of being his,—and we might have spared ourselves the trouble of going through the process of proving what he will not, we should think, dare to deny. There is now a perfect understanding in Edinburgh, that the same man wrote the *first* article, at least, signed Z. in which Mr. Coleridge is styled “a still greater quack than Leigh Hunt.”—The most infamous part, however, of the treatment, which Mr. Coleridge has received at this person's hands, clearly is the recent *unauthorized publication of his private letter*.—No man who reads that letter can avoid perceiving that it is as unfit to be given to the public eye as any letter can be;—and the dirty design of exposing the writer to the sneers and ridicule of the sarcastic; the insolent advantage taken of the injudicious confidence of a strangely constituted, though eminently gifted mind; the laughing in his face, and winking at the bye-standers, worthy of a Mohock,—plainly to be discerned in the insulting introduction,—couple infamously with the abusive article in No. 7 of this Magazine, and add consummate treachery as the last aggravation of an outrage,

which is as unmanly as it is gross. Its perpetrator deprives himself of all pretension to the character of a gentleman,—or rather, we should say, shows himself to be “*a fellow by the hand of nature marked, quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame*.” Personal communication with such a man is deadly: one would suspect his palm to be poisoned, if he extended his hand in apparent friendship. If there be one point of honour more settled and recognized than another in society, it is the sanctity of a private letter:—the individual who receives it has even a less right to make it public without the permission of its writer, than the individual who might happen to find it, were it accidentally lost. Innumerable are the dissensions, the disgusts, the irreparable mischiefs that would desolate private life if this rule were once questioned. In this very letter of Mr. Coleridge we can see a cause of alienation and pain, which ought, at least, to give great regret to its over-confiding writer, now it is in print, and which we have no doubt has done so. We can take upon ourselves to state that he disclaims having ever authorised or contemplated its publication; and that he considers such publication as a most unfair advantage taken of him. The forgery of a signature, as a hoax, even when malevolently and treacherously done, is not so absolutely irreconcilable with the existence of some degree of honour and honesty, as this infidelity in regard to private correspondence. We could be much more easily brought to overlook the former than the latter.

Not, however, that such forgeries are to be lightly regarded. As jokes they are miserably easy, and unmeaning; while they are calculated to give the greatest pain to the abused individuals, and even to inflict serious injury on their interests. Blackwood's Magazine stands alone in taking this unwarrantable liberty with private respectability. A cunning sordidness is the motive, when it is not black malignity. The appearance of a real name in print sets scandalous curiosity agog, and produces an interest of a coarse and vulgar, but very general nature; an interest altogether independent of literary ability, or any of those qualities of sentiment and style, that render a written composi-

tion valuable, but which are not always within the reach of authors, or the comprehension of readers. Nothing can be more ruinous to the literary taste of a people than the feeding of this natural appetite for impertinent and indecent interference. The example being once set amongst the competitors for popular encouragement, the offenders are seen to profit by their crime, and thus they tempt the better disposed to follow their bad example. All seriousness of principle is out of the question when the flippancies of personal allusion become fashionable. Insensibility, insincerity, and spite, are necessarily engendered by them; and when the poisonous stimulus exercises its full strength, treachery and malignity darken the aspect, and corrupt the influence of what may be termed the literary pleasures of general society. The infamous distinction of industriously and selfishly pandering to these unlawful desires, and systematically contriving seductions addressed to them, belongs to Blackwood's Magazine. Its present management set out with offering gross captivations to the coarsest appetites in this way;—and Iscariot treachery, and Iago malice, took for auxiliaries the levity and folly of a tea-table gossip, and the saucy freedoms of an intermeddling buffoon. England, Ireland, and Scotland, have been traversed to introduce the names of towns, and of individuals residing in them, in order to gratify the stupid or the ill-natured craving for localities and personalities. Directed by the vulgarity of their own minds, the principal writers in this infamous publication have calculated on *names* as the surest means of getting off their numbers. It is not necessary for this purpose to put any real meaning into the allusion: the relations, friends, and acquaintance of the party named, find interest enough in the simple notice. Mr. Peterkin hears that Mr. Crawford is in Blackwood, and he needs no other inducement to order the work.

The mere impertinence and frivolity of this system are enough to render it odiously contemptible: but it also involves serious fraud and mortal malice, entitling it to hatred and indignation. Of the truth of this the treatment which JAMES HOGG, the Et-

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trick shepherd, as he used to be called, has received from the Edinburgh Mohocks, is a flagrant proof. This person is a true national poet; and he is also a universal poet. His poetry is peculiarly distinguished by an elegance and delicacy of sentiment and language, which "*glints forth*," above the disheartening and depressing circumstances of his original condition, as beautifully and gracefully as the "mountain daisy," so exquisitely addressed by his great predecessor in Scotch song. His "Abbot M'Kinnon;" his "Bonnie Kilmeny;" his "Dedicatory Address to the Lady Anne Scott of Buccleugh," we have already referred to,—more than once we believe,—and we can never tire of referring to them as delightful examples of the pearly lustre native to genius, independent altogether of the polishing effect of external circumstances—or, rather, existing, deeply and internally, in despite of the coarseness of that with which it most immediately comes in contact, and the obscurity of the situation where, by the will of Providence, it has been thrown.—But there is a curious peculiarity in the literary character of James Hogg, which, while it is very interesting in itself, and by no means of unpleasant effect, when philosophically regarded, will be considered as increasing his claim on gentle and judicious treatment, in the estimation of all generous minds, while it dictates what course of conduct should be pursued towards him by those who profess admiration of his talents, and regard for his person. Mr. Hogg, when in attendance on his Muse, seems to catch nobility of soul from his communication with her: the brightness of her glance seems to carry the kindling, purifying, and illustrating influence of Apollo throughout his whole internal man;—he "walks in glory and in pride upon the mountain-side," and his demeanour then would not disgrace the Sidneys, the Raleighs, the Spensers,—the gentlemen and poets of a gentlemanly and poetical age, when "high thoughts were seated in hearts of courtesy."—But, as a prose writer, Mr. Hogg falls, with rather a remarkable abruptness, into the traces of what may be supposed the neces-

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sary habits of his daily life. He writes amusingly, and eloquently; but seldom elegantly, and very often coarsely. We are not objecting this to him as a great fault;—and we should be very indifferent about it, were it not for the unworthy use to which those qualities of his disposition, which may be divined from this peculiarity in his literary character, have been lately turned in the brutal hands of Blackwood's Mohocks. Of the easy disposition—and, it is said, of the *dependent circumstances* of this man of genius, possessing such peculiar claims to delicate treatment, they have availed themselves to render him the *regular fool-capped, bell-coated Zany of their Magazine!*—Be it remembered, that we only speak

of *their* representation of him: Hogg himself remains the poetical shepherd, the pastoral enthusiast, a living link, such as no country but Scotland possesses, between the present and the past:—while he lives, the great and final gulph of division is not yet interposed between the simplicity and elevated imagination of an innocent, religious, and patriarchal people, and the artifice and pretention of what is called refined civilization.* But in Blackwood's Magazine, we repeat, he is made to figure as an absolute Zany: he is made the Fool of the Show-cart: that is to say, he is abused, belied, disfigured,—and *all under the guise of friendship and affection!* Burlesque sonnets, to puff the Magazine, are falsely fa-

* The statement that Mr. Hogg is himself the author of some of the songs given as Jacobite *Relics*, is, of course, not genuine as his *own avowal*, in Blackwood; but we have good reason to believe it is quite true in point of fact. It is curious that we should meet with truth in this quarter, but, finding it, let it be acknowledged.—This imposition on the public,—if that be not a term altogether inapplicable to so innocent a deception,—will readily be excused for the sake of the proof it affords of the genius of the writer. Such fabrications as this of Mr. Hogg's, are of a very different nature from those we have the unpleasant task of commenting upon in this article; and the circumstance itself, just noticed, suggests a peculiarity in the poetry of Scotland, and an interesting feature in the literary character of her poets,—which we would fain comment upon here, lengthening out this note, in preference to going on with the disgusting matter to which our text must be devoted. But, after this Number, we hope to be able, as Mr. Drama says, in his motto,—Milton having said it before him,—to *twitch our blue mantles* (which are at present very fashionable, made of fine cloth, and which are certainly convenient in a tilbury) and *seek fresh fields and new pastures*:—What would we not give to have even now leave of absence from “Stern Duty,” to wander amongst the “green shaws” and “burnie banks,” with the two poets of Ettrick and of Nithsdale! We should much prefer this to returning to dirty Prince's-street.—But as return to it, and directly, we must—an Editor, like a sentry being obliged to stand to his post—we shall content ourselves, for the present, with merely indicating what we mean in our foregoing remark on Scotch poetry.—It is strictly national, and strictly spontaneous,—which cannot be said of English poetry, whatever other merits it may have. The consequence is, that it connects itself with the history and habits of the people; and, occupying its own place amongst the national possessions, illustrates what is peculiar to the country, forming a recording document, as it were, full of meaning and information. It happens, too, that the nature of the local inspiration is such as to make the poetic power paramount in the mind above all the influence of learning, society, condition,—which have such potent effects elsewhere. Difference of rank in the world, even inequality of instruction, produce little or no sensible difference in the productions of the Scotch bards: the strain is as highly raised, as well as kept up with equal melody, in the compositions of the ploughman, the shepherd, the stone-mason, as in those of the clerk of sessions. A ballad by Cunningham is as glowing with chivalrous fire, is as distinguished by elegant fancy, shows as great a familiarity with lofty thoughts, as one by Sir Walter Scott; and Campbell, who has studied at a University, is not more polite in his verses than James Hogg, the mountain peasant. The reason of this is, that their imaginations are occupied with the past, and its images of grandeur: their attention is fixed on these from their youth,—when they form their ambition,—to their age, when they become their solace. Their feelings are of their native land,—of its wonders, of its sufferings, of its victories, of its faith. These exalt wherever they enter, and annul the distinctions made under less powerful influences. This circumstance too accounts for the facility with which they can imitate the older ballads of their country: their minds are full of the thoughts and imagery of these: their poetical character is made up of them: their love is in them. Some day we shall have more to say of this.

thered upon Hogg: in short, on all occasions, when a grotesque effigy is wanted, to be stuck-up for the purposes of ridicule or intimidation, the name of James Hogg is given to the uncouth figure. In "Peter's Letters," (*Morris's Production*), his face was engraved so as to raise a laugh at his expense advantage was taken of an extravagant sketch, made at a moment of private hilarity, to exhibit this national bard, the author of the "Queen's Wake,"—in a pot-house attitude, and with a pot-house expression,—to the sneering laughter of all the scoffers of England and Wales,—who may have a keen relish for the personalities of the Doctor, but who can neither understand the language, nor sympathise with the feeling of Hogg's beautiful poetry. We must confess that when we first observed this hideous insult, it turned our souls sick within us; we found it impossible to preserve the idea of the poet any longer surrounded in our minds with the associations worthy of his genius, and suggested by his works. He instantly sunk in our fancy, "ten thousand fathom deep!" and "to this hour down had been falling," had we not recently learnt that poor Hogg is no party to his own dishonour—that his exposure in these indecent postures and capacities has not been with his own consent,—but is an act of deliberate cruelty and unmanly violence. A public Journal of Edinburgh, we observe, has stated, that Mr. Hogg considers himself to lie under great personal obligations to Sir Walter Scott, and that it is *this idea which has alone hindered him from protesting against the liberties taken with him in Blackwood's Magazine*. We know nothing of the facts here: if the statement be incorrect, it much behoves one eminent individual to have it satisfactorily contradicted: but we warn beforehand, that it will not be an avowal extracted from the known good-nature, and, we may say, culpable simplicity of the Ettrick shepherd,—who has submitted so easily to outrages that could not but have given him much pain, that it seems very possible he may be persuaded to disown his own best feelings;—it is not, we say, a mere indulgent declaration from this abused individual, that can obliterate the dis-

grace which attaches to those of his professed and powerful friends, who have seen him thus degraded,—could have rescued him, yet did not..

All, however, of unmanly injury that we have as yet stated to have been inflicted on James Hogg, by the Mohocks,—or rather, we should say, we believe, by the Emperor of the Mohocks,—is as nothing to what we have yet to state. The "Jacobite Relics," is a collection of songs on exploded politics, highly interesting as national monuments, and worthy of preservation, which was lately published by the Author of the "Queen's Wake." The Edinburgh Review has criticised this collection in rather severe terms: not certainly in the Mohock style; and not in the style which Mr. Hogg would merit to have applied to his deficiencies, were he weak and malignant enough to write that to which his name has been attached in Blackwood's Magazine:—but the review certainly was not so favourable as we could have wished it to have been; and while we acquit the reviewer of getting-up a criticism to gratify a feeling of personal dislike—yet, knowing how sharp-sighted people become to the literary offences of individuals whose conduct they have observed with resentment or disgust,—we think it very likely that the falsehoods of Blackwood's men, representing Mr. Hogg as an active co-adjutor in their infamous publication, may have materially assisted to bring down upon him the asperity of a work, whose favourable opinion is generally equivalent to the sale of one edition, at least, of a book. Here, then, we find exemplified, some of the probable consequences to *personal interests* of these forgeries and fabrications. But what has since happened is, as Doctor Morris says, "very characteristic,"—so characteristic, in fact, as to strip off even the last wretched rag, the frailest and scantiest remnant of character, if any yet remains to Blackwood's men, in the opinion of the reader of this article. "*A letter from James Hogg to his Reviewer*," appears in the last Number of Blackwood; followed by what is called a private letter to the Editor, enclosing the first: the signature, and abode of Mr. Hogg, are attached to both,—and BOTH ARE FORGERIES: neither

the one nor the other has been written by the person to whom they are attributed, though they have been coolly signed "*James Hogg*," and dated from "*Altrive Lake*!"

What is the principal and prominent object of these forgeries? To vindicate Hogg's reputation as an Editor? To shake off the misrepresentations of his reviewer? No—far from it: a show of doing so is indeed made in the latter half of one of these papers,—but the first part of this, and the whole of the other, is *zealously devoted to an insidious and cowardly endeavour, to inculcate the Poet in the guilt and filth of all the most odious articles that have appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, since the commencement of its course of abomination!* Now we ask, whether, with reference to the personal character and public situation of Mr. Hogg, it is possible to imagine any thing more truly base than this treatment of him? Can it enter into the heart of man to conceive an example of more sordid, cruel, unprincipled mischief than this? The object of the atrocious writer is to gratify his own spites, jealousies, and hatreds, and to create a defence against the obloquy he has incurred, at the expense of the reputation, and *pocket*, of a poor man of genius,—whose disposition and temper have no fault but that of being too easy and careless. The letter to the Reviewer goes studiously through almost the whole long range of private calumny which blackens the series of the Mohock Magazine; and wherever there is a darker and more offensive spot than ordinary, wherever public reproach has affixed a deep ineffaceable stain, *there* is the author of the *Queen's Wake* made to stop and steep himself in the infamy of approbation; to wallow in the mire and stench with the appearance of delight! He is made to enlarge upon the sympathy he cherishes with the assassin's blow, the mercenary outrage. And this is done, in his name, by the very assassin himself! Commentary here is out of the question:—let us break the paragraph, that the reader may draw his breath again.

None of the acts of indecent and unfair violence committed by the Scotch Mohocks, has excited so general an expression and sentiment of

disgust, as that perpetrated on the venerable old age of that first-rate man of science Professor Playfair. It was universally felt to be made as hypocritically as cruelly; it was savage, insidious, reptile-like. It assailed the feelings of the esteemed object of the attack, unnecessarily and unprovokedly;—it afforded to the world the disgusting spectacle of honesty beaten down by hypocrisy; of profligacy using the language of religion to turn popular clamour against respectability and integrity. About the time this vile paper appeared, Hogg was himself ridiculed without disguise by the writers in Blackwood; yet he is now represented, by his unfeeling persecutor, as not only strongly approving of the aggression on Playfair, but as actively belonging to the Mohock gang at this period—in close companionship with persons who were then, avowedly, rendering him ridiculous! This is an endeavour then to expose him at once to our dislike and contempt; and common humanity is concerned in circumventing the base design.

The Editor of the Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica, a writer of very considerable reputation, is maltreated in Blackwood in the grossest manner of common street-blackguardism. Nothing like criticism is ever attempted to be brought against him: we never hear of argument against either his principles, his opinions, or his abilities;—but his name is tossed backwards and forwards in its pages in a disagreeable way,—and every means of annoyance is tried against him, which men, destitute both of character and a sense of shame, can bring to bear against one who is possessed of both. The name of Hogg is attached to this low species of abuse also: he is made to participate in it; to fling a vulgar insult in Mr. Napier's face, in a way, which, were he really guilty of the outrage, would render him a proper object for chastisement wherever he appeared, and lead to a sentiment of hostility towards him, which it is abundantly his interest to avert, and which his disposition, as we have heard it described, is not at all of a nature to merit.

As to "*Mr. Macculloch of the Scotsman*," newspaper,—he, like ourselves, is one of the Mohock's adver-

saries; but why should Hogg, the poet, be forced to fight unfairly, and with foul weapons, the battle of Blackwood's Editor, with the Scotsman and THE LONDON MAGAZINE? The cowardice of this is equal to its baseness. Both the publications just named have it in their power to help Mr. Hogg on, in his literary career; both have shown a disposition to do so; both have made it manifest that they regard him with friendly feelings. A forgerer comes, and attaches his name to a disgraceful ebullition of small lying calumny against both these publications;—stuff more contemptible than hurtful, to be sure,—but so false and mean in its spirit, that had it been uttered by the person to whom it is attributed, he could only have been regarded by us, for the future, with disdain!

Of the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, the forgerer writes in a style of flippant vulgarity, which is evidently intended to strike people as Mr. Hogg's natural manner. A stupid insolence, and ludicrous assumption of consequence are here introduced,—and the ridicule is made to fall on the abused individual, whose name has been thus cruelly stolen.

Who steals my purse steals trash— &c.

But he who pilfers from me my good name is a base fellow: in Hogg's case the Mohocks have sought to rob him of both at once!

The more these forged papers are considered, the more clear will it appear, that the scandalous fabricator has not a grain of regard or of generous feeling towards Hogg,—but that his object is to drench him thoroughly in the slough of Blackwood, and then exhibit him in the dirtiest possible state to the public. A man who is a poet himself—who has felt the weight of a poet's labours, a poet's anxieties,—who knows how delicate are a poet's hopes, and how deeply the iron enters into his soul, when the coarseness of vulgar dispositions comes, with savage violence, to overturn and lay waste his creations of “the element,”—to raise the cry of brutal scorn in ridicule of his raptures, his visions, his reveries:—such a man (and Hogg is such a man) full as he must be of poetical sympathies, is displayed, by the falsifier of his nature, as well as the forgerer of his

name,—exulting in one of the worst pieces of unmeaning indecent abuse that callous profligacy ever uttered, directed against the most interesting, and extraordinary youthful spirit of the present day,—the spirit of a genuine poet, if ever there was one on the earth. “What a capital thing is that *Horæ Scandicæ* in your last Number!” Hogg must first share the Mephistophiles nature of the Mohock Emperor, before he could write this encomium. In the Number of Blackwood containing the *Horæ Scandicæ*, we find the following very candid and amiable declaration:

We have no personal acquaintance with any of these men (Hunt, Keats, and Hazlitt,) and no personal feelings in regard to any one of them, good or bad. We never even saw any one of their faces. As for Mr. Keats, we are informed that he is in a very bad state of health, and that his friends attribute a great deal of it to the pain he has suffered from the critical castigation his Endymion drew down on him in this magazine. If it be so, we are most heartily sorry for it, and have no hesitation in saying, that had we suspected that young author of being so delicately nerved, we should have administered our reproof in a much more lenient shape and style. The truth is, we from the beginning saw marks of feeling and power in Mr. Keats' verses, which made us think it very likely, he might become a real poet of England, provided he could be persuaded to give up all the tricks of Cockneyism, and forswear for ever the thin potations of Mr. Leigh Hunt. We, therefore, rated him as roundly as we decently could do, for the flagrant affectations of those early productions of his.

They have no “personal feelings,” then, it seems, in regard to Mr. Keats: they are sorry to have unnecessarily hurt his feelings: but they have only “rated him as roundly as they decently could do for his flagrant affectations:”—and they afterwards ask, very reasonably, no doubt, “what is there should prevent us from expressing a simple, undisguised, impartial opinion on the merits and demerits of men we never saw, or thought of for one moment, otherwise than as in their capacities of authors?”—What, indeed? *Horæ Scandicæ* is in the same Number with this moderate, fair, gentlemanly appeal;—let us turn to it, and observe how decently, as well as roundly, they rate Mr. Keats for his affectations; how carefully they avoid trespassing on

any thing belonging to the man, but *his capacity of author*; how obvious they make it, that they are actuated by no personal feelings towards him: in short, how strictly legitimate is their criticism on his writings,—“how pure a thing,—how free from mortal taint,” as Mr. Keats says of his *Beauty of St. Agnes*.

Here's Corny Webb, and this other, an
please ye,
Is *Johnny Keats*—how it *smells of mag-*
nesia! *Horæ Scandicæ.*

A fine specimen this of their round
and *decent* manner! *Magnesia* has
much to do with “*Hyperion*,” and
the “*Ode to the Nightingale*!”

We, from the hands of a *Cockney Apothecary*,
Brought off this pestle, with which he was
capering,
Swearing and swaggering, rhyming and
vapouring;
Seized with a fit of poetical fury,
(I thought he was drunk, my good Sir, I
assure ye)
With this he was scattering, all through the
whole house,
Gallipot, glistebag, cataplasm, bolus;
While the poor 'prentices at him were
staring,
Or perhaps in their minds a strait waistcoat
preparing,
Loud he exclaimed, “Behold here's my
truncheon;
I'm the Marshal of poets—I'll flatten your
nunchoon.
Pitch physic to hell, you rascals, for damn
ye, a—
I'll physic you all with a clyster of Lamia!”
Horæ Scandicæ.

This is their mode of expressing
their “*undisguised and impartial opi-*
nion,” &c. &c. of Mr. Keats in his
capacity of author! This is to prove
that “they are most heartily sorry”
for having hurt his feelings, and
that they sympathise, as they consci-
entiously declare, with his friends
who deplore his bad health!—Mr.
Hazlitt, too, is treated just as fairly,
—and with as close a reference to his
literary character:

This, *studded with pimples*, is Lecturer
Hazlitt! *Horæ Scandicæ.*

Haydon, too, they “rate *decently*
and roundly.”

The part of Great Bottom by *greasy-pate*
Haydon.* *Horæ Scandicæ.*

Are these foul-mouthed allusions at
all short of absolute villanies? They
are, at least, heartless, impudent,
unfounded insults,—grossly and ridi-
culously inapplicable to the persons
they pretend to describe; not even
conveying a true description of their
looks,—and, therefore, wilder scan-
dals than those which appeared, in the
same “round and decent” Publication,
levelled at the too real personal in-
firmities of an Edinburgh lawyer,—
Mr. Dalrymple,—the infamy of which the
Mohocks thought fit to purchase for
two hundred pounds, paid to the in-
jured individual. To give Hazlitt
“pimples,” and Haydon “greasy
hair,” is less graphically correct than
if we were to compliment *Doctor*
Morris with the horns of the Black
Bull, or affirm that he concealed a long
tail in his great coat pocket, and had
more of the perfume of brimstone a-
bout him than of eau-de-rose.

The brutal blasphemy included in
the above passage, be it particularly
observed, has no application what-
ever to the private manners or pub-
lished compositions of Mr. Keats:
Lamia is a gentle and graceful tale
of a classical metamorphosis:—the
disposition of Mr. Keats' mind, as e-
vinced in his works, is susceptible and
romantic: the prevailing strain of his
poetry is characterised in the follow-
ing exquisite verse of his “*Isabella*,”
—which we would challenge atten-
tion to,—as one of the very finest
passages that can be quoted from
poetical literature.

Mean hither, all ye syllables of woe,
From the deep throat of sad Melpomene!
Through bronzed lyre in tragic order go,
And touch the strings into a mystery;
Sound mournfully upon the winds and low;
For simple Isabel is soon to be
Among the dead:—*She withers like a palm*
Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.

Is the reader inclined, immediately
after this, to go back to *Horæ Scandicæ*
—(misprint for *Horæ Scandicæ*)? He
will therefore find the following lines
to match against the above.

* This meritorious artist has lately, we learn, taken down his picture to Edinburgh, to be there exhibited. The Edinburgh public will then have an opportunity of expressing their opinions on the fairness of the criticism Blackwood has published on this artist. But we think it not unlikely that the Mohocks may now recant—just as sincerely as they before insulted Mr. Haydon.

Pitch physic to hell, you rascals, for damn ye, a—

I'll physic you all with a clyster of Lamia!

Of Mr. Keats, as a private character, the Mohocks themselves are obliged to say—"we have often heard him spoken of in terms of great kindness; and we have no doubt, his manners and feelings are calculated to make his friends love him." This is a reputation which a man would rather have, than that of the Editor of the Mohock Magazine. Can any traveller from Edinburgh to London report of him, "we have often heard him spoken of in terms of great kindness?" But, setting that aside, where then is the apology for the boisterous blasphemy of the above? It conveys no satire, either against the man or his writings: it has no application whatever to him: it is therefore sheerly wicked and disgusting: a spontaneous emanation from a naturally coarse and profligate mind.—This leads us to notice the abominable hypocrisy coupled with the flagrant immorality of this worst of publications: the attack on Professor Playfair was justified by the *warmth and sincerity of religious feeling*,—and a series of long, laboured, jesuitical articles, grafting the language and manners of the lowest English fanatic on the sturdy stock of Scotch Presbyterianism, were inserted in Blackwood, before and about the time of the election to the Moral Professorship,—done on the *hoaxing principle*, in the same way as the forgeries on Hogg, the statement of a seventeen thousand sale, and what they call "*the bam*" on Coleridge! The "*Elder's Death-bed*," the "*Snow Storm*," the "*Radical's Saturday-night*," &c. were just as respectably motived as the *Horæ Scandicæ*; and "*pitch physic to Hell, you rascals, for damn ye*," &c.—is a more respectable and decorous phrase than many examples of luscious larded cant, which we can find in the above-mentioned devout compositions—for, at least, it is a turn of expression natural to the Mohocks, in harmony with the manners of blackguards, and therefore suitable to those who employ it. The Magazine in question has certainly, in one respect, evinced genuine character,—and here too it has shown its

greatest ability. We refer to the articles, which appear in almost every number, indicative of rough licentious habits; containing the jokes of Edinburgh taverns, the coarse allusions of dissolute life in Edinburgh, the vulgar, but hearty, fun, and the unprincipled relaxations of Scotch wags,—who are a century behind your English *roués* in good manners. The Mohock has been put down for more than a century past in London; he is now in the height of his reign, and even has his Magazine in Edinburgh! And this Magazine is cleverly and vivaciously got up, so far as it fairly represents the Mohock character: but it unluckily happens, that in Edinburgh there are presbyterians as well as blackguards, and venal politics as well as tavern-suppers. A Scotch Editor (we believe we have some right to describe his feelings) would not willingly let any fish escape the sweep of his net:—he is like the Rev. Rowland Hill, in this respect, who says "we have the Gospel for some and good singing for others!" So Blackwood has obscenity* and swearing for the company at Ambrose's,—and the "*Elder's Death-bed*" for the kirk-going,—and the "*Warder*" for the slavish,—and scandal and calumny, probably with an eye to all three. Its best things, however, are to be found in the first class of composition;—here is displayed the real merit of the publication. Here it is genuine, original, strong, and often pointed. It is better reading, in this line, than the diamond-scrawled window of a traveller's inn. But its religious papers are worse even than its other serious Essays. Their style is overdone, cumbrous, and false; it is the most opposite that can be conceived to a Scotch style, and the worst that can be conceived of an English one. It is, in short, the style of a charlatan, and hypocrite,—in which the consciousness of insincerity produces the appearance of exaggerated endeavour, and sheds an air of fustian over what is intended to pass for enthusiasm. Blackwood's religion puts one in mind of the heroism of Bombastes; its politics suggest those of Counsellor Phillips,—who is quite as devout as either of the two Editors of Blackwood—vide, his

* We can give reference to the passages if they are demanded of us.

speech to the Bible Society:—but Blackwood's blackguardism is given in good earnest, and as this constitutes the chief claim it has on respect, it would be unfair in us to pass it by in silence.

The only difficulty we feel in regard to this article is to know how to stop it. If we had had foresight enough to have commenced the Number with it, we might perhaps have done the thing pretty completely:—in seven sheets and a half, or eight sheets of Blackwood's men, double-columned, we might have had them as fast as a felon who is double-ironed in Newgate: but, as it is, our memorandum of items must lie by us, with more than three-fourths of its contents unnoticed. We owe an apology to the reader for the insufficiency of this slight sketch,—in which but little is said, though that little, we would fain hope, may be of some service.—Yet one of the tricks of these people, which stares at us from among a crowd of others, all petitioning to be heard, is too characteristic of their Mohock tendencies to be allowed to escape from this imperfect chronicle of their fame. In their No. 41, they notice a work, which they attribute to Mr. Luttrell, author of "Lines written at Ampthill-Park." The first extract which they profess to give from it is a long one,—and commences as follows:

Perchance, a truant from his desk,
Some lover of the picturesque,
Whose soul is far above his shop,
Hints to his charmer where to stop;
And the proud landscape, from the hill,
eye

Which crowns thy terrace—Piccadilly!
Perchance Leigh Hunt himself is near,
Just waking from a reverie—
Whispering, "My dear, while others hurry,
"Let us look over into Surry."
There, as the summer-sun declines,
Yet still in full-orbed beauty shines,
As, all on fire beneath his beams, &c.

The line, in the foregoing, where Leigh Hunt's name is introduced, and that which follows it,—are *not in the original*; they are *fathered* on Mr. Luttrell, without hint or apology, to gratify a feeling of ill-will, which it is most probable Mr. L. does not share; and which it is very possible he may detest. These are insults, and dishonesties, which assimilate a printing-press to the knife or bludgeon of the street-robber. They are

unfair in every way; to the author of the work; to the object of the attack; to the mass of readers. They banish good faith from literature, as Bonaparte excluded the rules of civilized war from his contests, and thus led to reprisals, abhorrent to humanity. Blackwood's Magazine is said to have power; so it has; and so has the kick of a mischievous Scots bullock. We are not, however, afraid of encountering power of this description: the brutal instinct is not a match for manly indignation, aroused in favour of what is honourable in principle and decent in conduct. Whoever undertakes the task which we have undertaken, must be prepared for the return most natural to the dispositions he has been exposing. We have proved that these dispositions are callously regardless of truth, fairness, and decorum. We have proved that Blackwood's writers are in the habit of issuing the most unfounded and monstrous falsehoods when their object is personally to annoy:—that they do not look to facts even for their lies,—but take them at once from the coinage of their own brain. We have shown that there is no unworthy artifice that they will not take advantage of against one whom they hate: that they forge letters—interpolate quotations,—quote opinions from others in their own favour, which opinions were never given,—attribute to innocent persons a participation in the infamy perpetrated entirely by themselves!—Is not this a sufficient reply, beforehand, to all they may think fit to say?—Not, however, that we strictly engage to be so compendious with them, in case we should think it due to ourselves to enlarge. It will not, however, be mere personal abuse that will tempt us to render their Magazine, in another Number of ours, so prominent a subject as it is in the present. We have reduced them to a desperate situation:—that we know:—this article is not likely to go over them as "a summer-cloud," any more than the last. Something they must do:—and the betrayers of Hogg and Wordsworth, the treacherous friends of Coleridge, the fabricators of letters,—these self-confessed and self-mulcted calumniators will probably act by us as they have acted by others:—we neither have the power nor the desire to hinder them

from affording fresh proofs of the justice of our strictures.

We ought not to conclude without stating, that we understand Sir Walter Scott disavows being the author of that series of personal papers in Blackwood, the interest of which is derived from sketches of those families and persons, with whom he communicated as a visitor when in London. This disavowal will probably be publicly made,—*and we shall be happy to pay it more attention than the public, in general, and ourselves, in particular, have paid to his well-known DISAVOWAL OF BEING THE AUTHOR OF THE SCOTCH NOVELS.* What Sir Walter Scott writes is altogether a mystery; and it is not but in the course of his interesting *conversations*, that we can gain some clue to his literary productions. The truth is, however,

that we only hinted a suspicion here, founded on certain circumstances,—and professed that we leaned on the whole to the side of disbelief. Communications with dangerous people, however, are dangerous things. A man should be careful of his conversation when he knows *Doctor Morris* is near him. Articles have lately issued from under the roof of Abbotsford that do no credit to the place; and the scraps that fall from the Baronet's table, become sadly changed in odour, when they have passed, through "certain strainers," into that common *cloaca* Blackwood's Magazine.—Let us hope that we shall never again have occasion to introduce so respectable a name as Sir Walter Scott's into the discussion of so offensive a subject.

THE DRAMA.

No. XI.

"At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

Why was not this No. XII. instead of No XI. of the Acted Drama in London? Had we but seen No. XII. at the head of our article for December, we had been happy, "as broad and casing as the general air, whole as the marble, founded as the rock," but now we are "cooped and cabined in by saucy doubts and fears." Had No. XI. been ready in time, we should have been irreproachable "in act and complement extern," which is with us every thing. Punctuality is "the immediate jewel of our souls." We leave it to others to be shrewd, ingenious, witty and wise; to think deeply, and write finely; it is enough for us to be exactly dull. The categories of *number* and *quantity* are what we chiefly delight in; for on these depend (by arithmetical computation) the pounds, shillings, and pence. We suspect that those writers only trouble their heads about fame, who cannot get any thing more substantial for what they write; and are in fact equally at a loss for "solid pudding or for empty praise." That is not the case with us. We have money in our purse, and reputation—to spare. Nothing troubles us but that our ar-

ticle on the Drama was wanting for November—on this point we are inconsolable. No more delight in regularity—no more undisturbed complacency in the sense of arduous duty conscientiously discharged—no more confidence in meeting our Editors—no more implicit expectation of our monthly decisions on the part of the public! As the Italian poet for one error of the press, in a poem presented to the Pope, died of chagrin, so we for one deficiency in this series of Dramatic Criticisms (complete but for that)—must resign! We have no other way left to appease our scrupulous sense of critical punctilio. That there was but one link wanting, is no matter—

Tenth or ten thousandth breaks the chain
alike.

There was one Number (the eleventh) of the LONDON MAGAZINE, of which the curious reader turned over the pages with eager haste, and found no Drama—a thing never to be remedied! It was no fault of ours that it was so. A friend hath done this. The author of the Calendar of Nature (a pleasing and punctual performance) hath spoiled our Calendar of Art, and robbed

us of that golden rigol of periodical praise, that we had in fancy "bound our brows withal." With the month our contribution to the stock of literary amusement and scientific intelligence returned without fail. In January, we gave an account of all the actors we had ever seen or heard of. In February, we confined ourselves to Miss O'Neill. In March, we expatiated at large on the Minor Theatres, and took great delight in the three Miss Dennetts. In April, (being at Ilminster, a pretty town in the vale of Taunton, and thence passing on to the Lamb at Hindon, a dreary spot,) we proved at these two places, sitting in an arm-chair by a sea-coal fire, very satisfactorily and without fear of contradiction,—neither Mr. Maturin, Mr. Shiel, nor Mr. Milman being present,—that no modern author could write a tragedy. In May, we wrote an article which filled the proper number of columns, though we forget what it was about. In June, we had to show that a modern author had written a tragedy (Virginia)—an opinion, which, though it overset our theory, we are by no means desirous to retract. We still say, that that play is better than *Bertram*, though Mr. Maturin, in the Preface to *Melmoth*, says it is not. As in June we were not dry, neither in July were we droughty. We found something to say in this and the following month, without being much indebted to the actors or actresses, though, if Miss Tree came out in either of those months, we ought to recollect it, and mark the event with a *white stone*. We had rather hear her sing in ordinary cases than Miss Stevens, though not in extraordinary ones. By the bye, when will that little pouting* slut, with crystalline eyes and voice, return

to us from the sister island? The Dublin critics hardly pretend to keep her to themselves, on the ground that they (like the Edinburgh wags) are better judges and patrons of merit, than we of famous London town.—The Irish are impudent: but they are not so impudent as the Scotch. This is a digression. To proceed.—In August, we had a skirmish with the facetious and biting Janus, of versatile memory, on his assumed superiority in dramatic taste and skill, when we corrected him for his contempt of court—and the Miss Dennetts, our wards in criticism. In September, we got an able article written for us; for we flatter ourselves, that we not only say good things ourselves, but are the cause of them in others. In October, we called Mr. Elliston to task for taking, in his vocation of manager, improper liberties with the public. But in November, (may that dark month stand aye accursed in the Calendar!) we failed, and failed, as how? Our friend, the ingenious writer aforesaid, (one of the most ingenious and sharp-witted men of his age, but not so remarkable for the virtue of *reliability* as Mr. Coleridge's friend, the poet-laureate,) was to take a mutton-chop with us, and afterwards we were to go to the play, and club our forces in a criticism—but he never came, *we* never went to the play, (the *Stranger* with Charles Kemble as the hero, and a new Mrs. Haller,) and the criticism was never written. The Drama of the LONDON MAGAZINE for that month is left a blank!—We were in hopes that our other contributors might have been proportionably on the alert; but on the contrary, we were sorry to hear it remarked by more than one person, that the Magazine for November was on the

* "Or mouth with slumb'ry pout." KEATS'S ENDYMION.

The phrase might be applied to Miss Stephens: though it is a vile phrase, worse than Hamlet's "beautified" applied to Ophelia. Indeed it has been remarked that Mr. Keats resembles Shakspeare in the novelty and eccentricity of his combinations of style. If so, it is the only thing in which he is like Shakspeare: and yet Mr. Keats, whose misfortune and crime it is, like Milton, to have been born in London, is a much better poet than Mr. Wilson, or his Patroclus Mr. Lockart; nay farther, if Sir Walter Scott (the sly Ulysses of the Auld Reckie school,) had written many of the passages in Mr. Keats's poems, they would have been quoted as the most beautiful in his works. We do not here (on the banks of the Thames) damn the Scotch novels in the lump, because the writer is a *Savenny Scot*. But the sweet Edinburgh wits damn Mr. Keats's lines in the lump, because he is born in London. "Oh Scotland, judge of England, what a treasure hast thou in one fair son, and one fair son-in-law, neither of whom (by all accounts) thou lovest passing well!"

whole dull. There was no TABLE-TALK, for instance, an article which we take up immediately after we have perused our own, and seldom lay it down till we get to the end of it, though we think the papers are too long. We are glad to see the notice from the redoubtable LION'S HEAD of No. V. for the present Number, for we understood that a Cockney, in clandestine correspondence with Blackwood, on looking for it in the last, and finding it *missing*, had sent off instant word, that the writer "was expelled" from the LONDON MAGAZINE. We are sure we should be very sorry for that.—

If theatrical criticisms were only written when there is something worth writing about, it would be hard upon us who live by them. Are we not to receive our quarter's salary (like Mr. Croker in the piping time of peace) because Mrs. Siddons has left the stage, and "has not left her peer;" or because John Kemble will not return to it with renewed health and vigour, to prop a falling house, and falling art; or because Mr. Kean has gone to America, or because Mr. Wallack has arrived from that country? No; the duller the stage grows, the gayer and more edifying must we become in ourselves: the less we have to say about that, the more room we have to talk about other things. Now would be the time for Mr. Coleridge to turn his talents to account, and write for the stage, when there is no topic to confine his pen, or "constrain his genius by mastery." "With mighty wings outspread, his imagination might brood over the void and make it pregnant." Under the assumed head of the Drama, he might unfold the whole mysteries of Swedenborg, or ascend the third heaven of invention with Jacob Behmen: he might write a treatise on all the unknown sciences, and finish the Encyclopedia Metropolitana in a pocket form:—nay, he might bring to a satisfactory close his own dissertation on the difference between the Imagination and the Fancy,* before, in all probability, another great actor appears, or another tragedy or comedy is written. He is the man of all

others to swim on empty bladders in a sea, without shore or soundings: to drive an empty stage-coach without passengers or lading, and arrive behind his time; to write marginal notes without a text: to look into a millstone to foster the rising genius of the age; to "see merit in the chaos of its elements, and discern perfection in the great obscurity of nothing," as his most favourite author, Sir Thomas Brown, has it on another occasion. Alas! we have no such creative talents: we cannot amplify, expand, raise our flimsy discourse, as the gaseous matter fills and lifts the round, glittering, slow-sailing balloon, to "the up-turned eyes of wondering mortals." Here is our bill of fare for the month, our list of memoranda—*The French dancers—Farren's Deaf Lover—Macready's Zanga—Mr. Cooper's Romeo. A new farce, not acted a second time—Wallace, a tragedy,—and Mr. Wallack's Hamlet.* Who can make any thing of such a beggarly account as this? Not we. Yet as poets at a pinch invoke the Muse, so we, for once, will invoke Mr. Coleridge's better genius, and thus we hear him talk, diverting our attention from the players and the play.

"The French, my dear H——," would he begin, "are not a people of imagination. They have so little, that you cannot persuade them to conceive it possible that they have none. They have no poetry, no such thing as genius, from the age of Louis XIV. It was that, their boasted Augustan age, which stamped them French, which put the seal upon their character, and from that time nothing has grown up original or luxuriant, or spontaneous among them; the whole has been cast in a mould, and that a bad one. Montaigne and Rabelais (their two greatest men, the one for thought, and the other for imaginative humour,—for the distinction between imagination and fancy holds in ludicrous as well as serious composition) I consider as Francks rather than Frenchmen, for in their time the national literature was not *set*, was neither mounted on stilts, nor buckramed in stays. Wit they had too, if I could persuade myself

* The Fancy is not used here in the sense of Mr. Peter Corcoran, but in a sense peculiar to Mr. Coleridge, and hitherto undefined by him.

that Moliere was a genuine Frenchman, but I cannot help suspecting that his mother played his reputed father false, and that an Englishman begot him. I am sure his genius is English; and his wit not of the Parisian cut. As a proof of this, see how his most extravagant farces, the *Mock-doctor*, *Barnaby Rattle*, &c. take with us. What can be more to the taste of our *bourgeoisie*, more adapted to our native tooth, than his *Country Wife*, which Wycherly did little else than translate into English. What success a translator of Racine into our vernacular tongue would meet with, I leave you to guess. His tragedies are not poetry, are not passion, are not imagination: they are a parcel of set speeches, of epigrammatic conceits, of declamatory phrases, without any of the glow, and glancing rapidity, and principle of fusion in the mind of the poet, to agglomerate them into grandeur, or blend them into harmony. The principle of the imagination resembles the emblem of the serpent, by which the ancients typified wisdom and the universe, with undulating folds, for ever varying and for ever flowing into itself,—circular, and without beginning or end. The definite, the fixed, is death: the principle of life is the indefinite, the growing, the moving, the continuous. But every thing in French poetry is cut up into shreds and patches, little flowers of poetry, with tickets and labels to them, as when the daughters of Jason minced and hacked their old father into collops—we have the *dissecta membra poeta*—not the entire and living man. The spirit of genuine poetry should inform the whole work, should breathe through, and move, and agitate the complete mass, as the soul informs and moves the limbs of a man, or as the vital principle (whatever it be) permeates the veins of the loftiest trees, building up the trunk, and extending the branches to the sun and winds of heaven, and shooting out into fruit and flowers. This is the progress of nature and of genius. This is the true poetic faculty; or that which the Greeks literally call *poiesis*. But a French play,

(I think it is Schlegel, who somewhere makes the comparison, though I had myself, before I ever read Schlegel, made the same remark) is like a child's garden set with slips of branches and flowers, stuck in the ground, not growing in it. We may weave a gaudy garland in this manner, but it withers in an hour: while the products of genius and nature give out their odours to the gale, and spread their tints in the sun's eye, age after age—

Outlast a thousand storms, a thousand
winters,

Free from the Sirian star, free from the
thunder stroke,

and flourish in immortal youth and beauty. Every thing French is, in the way of it, frittered into parts: every thing is therefore dead and ineffective. French poetry is just like chopped logic: nothing comes of it. There is no life of mind: neither the birth nor generation of knowledge. It is all patch-work, all sharp points and angles, all superficial. They receive, and give out sensation, too readily for it ever to amount to a sentiment. They cannot even dance, as you may see. There is, I am sure you will agree, no expression, no grace in their dancing. Littleness, point, is what damns them in all they do. With all their vivacity, and animal spirits, they dance not like men and women under the impression of certain emotions, but like puppets; they twirl round like *tourniquets*. Not to feel, and not to think, is all they know of this art or any other. You might swear that a nation that danced in that manner, would never produce a true poet or philosopher. They have it not in them. There is not the principle of cause and effect. They make a sudden turn because there is no reason for it: they stop short, or move fast, only because you expect something else. Their style of dancing is difficult: would it were impossible.* (By this time several persons in the pit had turned round to listen to this uninterrupted discourse, and our eloquent friend went on, rather raising his voice with a *Paulo majora canamus*.) “Look at

* This expression is borrowed from Dr. Johnson. However, as Dr. Johnson is not a German critic, Mr. C. need not be supposed to acknowledge it.

that Mademoiselle Milanie with 'the foot of fire,' as she is called. You might contrive a paste-board figure with the help of strings or wires to do all, and more, than she does—to point the toe, to raise the leg, to jerk the body, to run like wild-fire. Antics are not grace: to dance is not to move against time. My dear H—— if you could see a dance by some Italian peasant-girls in the Campagna of Rome, as I have, I am sure your good taste and good sense would approve it. They came forward slow and smiling, but as if their limbs were steeped in luxury, and every motion seemed an echo of the music, and the heavens looked on serener as they trod. You are right about the Miss Dennetts, though you have all the cant-phrases against you. It is true, they break down in some of their steps, but it is like "the lily drooping on its stalk green," or like "the flowers Proserpina let fall from Dis's waggon." Those who cannot see grace in the youth and inexperience of these charming girls, would see no beauty in a cluster of hyacinths, bent with the morning dew. To shew at once what is, and is not French, there is Mademoiselle Hullin, she is Dutch. Nay, she is just like a Dutch doll, as round-faced, as rosy, and looks for all the world as if her limbs were made of wax-work, and would take in pieces, but not as if she could move them of her own accord. Alas, poor tender thing! As to the men, I confess" (this was said to me in an audible whisper, lest it might be construed into a breach of confidence) "I should like, as Southey says, to have them *hamstrung!*"—(At this moment Monsieur Hullin *Pere*, looked as if this charitable operation was about to be performed on him by an extra-official warrant from the poet-laureate.)

"Pray, H——, have you seen Macready's Zanga?"

Yes.

"And what do you think of it?"

I did not like it much.

"Nor I.—Macready has talents and a magnificent voice, but he is, I fear, too improving an actor to be a man of genius. That little ill-looking vagabond Kean never improved in any thing. In some things he could not, and in others he would not. The only parts of M.'s Zanga that I liked (which of course I only half-liked)

were some things in imitation of the *extremely natural manner* of Kean, and his address to Alonzo, urging him, as the greatest triumph of his self-denial, to sacrifice

A wife, a bride, a mistress unenjoyed—

where his voice rose exulting on the sentiment, like the thunder that clothes the neck of the war-horse. The person that pleased me most in this play was Mrs. Sterling: she did justice to her part—a thing not easy to do. I liked Macready's Wallace better than his Zanga, though the play is not a good one, and it is difficult for the actor to find out the author's meaning. I would not judge harshly of a first attempt, but the faults of youthful genius are exuberance, and a continual desire of novelty: now the faults of this play are tameness, common-place, and clap-traps. It is said to be written by young Walker, the son of the Westminster orator. If so, his friend, Mr. Cobbett, will probably write a Theatrical Examiner of it in his next week's Political Register. What, I would ask, can be worse, more out of character and costume, than to make Wallace drop his sword to have his throat cut by Menteith, merely because the latter has proved himself (what he suspected) a traitor and a villain, and then console himself for this voluntary martyrdom by a sentimental farewell to the rocks and mountains of his native country! This effeminate softness and wretched cant did not belong to the age, the country, or the hero. In this scene, however, Mr. Macready shone much; and in the attitude in which he stood after letting his sword fall, he displayed extreme grace and feeling. It was as if he had let his best friend, his trusty sword, drop like a serpent from his hand. Macready's figure is awkward, but his attitudes are graceful and well composed.—Don't you think so?"—

I answered, yes; and he then ran on in his usual manner, by inquiring into the metaphysical distinction between the grace of form, and the grace that arises from motion (as for instance, you may move a square form in a circular or waving line), and illustrated this subtle observation at great length and with much happiness. He asked me how it was, that Mr. Farren in the farce of the Deaf

Lover, played the old gentleman so well, and failed so entirely in the young gallant. I said I could not tell. He then tried at a solution himself, in which I could not follow him so as to give the precise point of his argument. He afterwards defined to me, and those about us, the merits of Mr. Cooper and Mr. Wallack, classing the first as a respectable, and the last as a second-rate actor; with large grounds and learned definitions of his meaning on both points; and, as the lights were by this time nearly out,

and the audience (except his immediate auditors) going away, he reluctantly "ended."

But in Adam's ear so pleasing left his voice,

that I quite forgot I had to write my article on the Drama the next day; nor without his imaginary aid should I have been able to wind up my accounts for the year, as Mr. Matthews gets through his *AT HOME* by the help of a little awkward ventriloquism.

Nov. 21. 1820.

W. H.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Vienna.—Instrument for making Perspective Drawings.—M. J. Auracher d'Aurach, Major-General in the Austrian service, has invented a very ingenious instrument, which he calls a *Quereographe*, by means of which a person is able to draw in perspective with the greatest accuracy, and apply the various tints according to the rules of *chiaro-scuro*. In the first part of a work which he has published on the subject, he gives a description of the instrument, which is of very simple construction; in the second he shows its use, and how it is to be applied to every kind of perspective.

Hungarian Literature has begun to make a rapid progress; translation is every day more and more cultivated. Horace has been versified by M. Gregoire Edes, and a translation of the *Voyage du jeune Anacharsis* has made its appearance at *Klausenburg*, while Farkas the learned Transylvanian has produced an excellent Hungarian version of Schiller's *Don Carlos*. M. Gai, librarian to Prince Esterhazy, is employed in translating into German the principal Hungarian dramas. Among recent theatrical productions, the two most distinguished are, a tragedy entitled *Stibor*, and *Akerok* a comedy, both by M. Chas. Kisfaludi.

Lithography.—The progress which this art has made at Hamburg exceeds in neatness, elegance, and finish of execution, those of all the other Lithographical establishments in Germany. The artists are liberally encouraged there: without mentioning the great number of maps of every description which they have produced, equal in beauty to those executed on copper, we will merely point out some very superior productions, chiefly by *Grogers* and *Aldenrath*. A landscape with cattle, from a painting by *Herterich*; a Holy Family from another by *Haysdorff*; a whole length portrait of Luther; and several landscapes executed in a particular style, and possessing great elegance and force: these are by *Benedixen*, who has employed both lines and dots. *Bunsden* of Altona has produced many subjects of Gothic architecture.

But the most admirable of all, are three heads of Christ, one after Carlo Dolce, by *Herterich*, another by *Grogers*, from a design of his own, and the third from Albert Durer, by *Benedixen*.

Literature in Greece.—For some time past an extensive Dictionary of the ancient and modern Greek languages has been printing at the Patriarchal Press at Constantinople. It will, when completed, form upwards of six folio volumes, the first of which is now printed. This important work appears under the auspices of Gregorios the present patriarch, a native of the Peloponesus, and an intelligent and virtuous ecclesiastic.

M. Iskenteri, a merchant settled at Constantinople, has published an elegant modern Greek translation of Voltaire's *Zadig*; he has likewise translated the *Travels of Antenor*, which he is now preparing for the press. This accomplished man is intimately acquainted with French literature, and his zeal for the extension of knowledge, and for the civilization of all Greece, is ardent and indefatigable.

The college at Chios is become a kind of European university. The young Ambrosios Argentis, an *élève* of this institution, has just produced a Discourse on Navigation, in which he earnestly exhorts the inhabitants of the island to bestow their principal attention on commercial navigation, as the permanent source of riches and prosperity.

It is reported that a Greek Journal is about to be established at Chios, as a vehicle of popular information. The printing press lately set up in the capital of the island succeeds extremely well; it is expected that many important publications will soon issue from it, all which are intended to revive Greek literature. Professor Koumass of Smyrna, one of their most distinguished literati, has recently published an elementary philosophical work, giving a succinct account of the researches of the German in the department of philosophy. This work has been received with great enthusiasm.

Cannibalism of the New Zealanders.—We extract the following piece of interesting news from the last number of the Asiatic Journal:—for Mr. Leigh's existence, we cannot vouch,—far less for the authenticity of his story,—but such as we have it, we give it—quoting our authority.

“The Rev. Samuel Leigh, a missionary lately returned from New South Wales, resided at New Zealand about six weeks, just before he sailed for England. He gives a melancholy picture of these cannibals; but, notwithstanding their almost incredible ferocity, it seems that they are remarkably ingenious, and enterprising, and discover a surprising willingness to receive instruction. Among numerous facts related by Mr. Leigh, respecting the New Zealander, we subjoin the following:—One day, while Mr. Leigh was walking on the beach, conversing with a native chief, his attention was arrested by a great number of people on a neighbouring hill. He inquired the cause of such a concourse, and being told that they were *roasting a lad, and had assembled to eat him*, he immediately proceeded to the place, in order to ascertain the truth of this appalling relation. Being arrived at the village where the people were collected, he asked to see the boy. The natives appeared much agitated at his presence, and particularly at his request, as if conscious of their guilt; and it was only after a very urgent solicitation that they directed him towards a large fire at some distance, where they said he would find him. As he was going to this place he passed by the bloody spot on which the head of this unhappy victim had been cut off; and on approaching the fire, he was not a little startled at the sudden appearance of a savage looking man, of gigantic stature, entirely naked, and armed with an axe. Mr. Leigh, though somewhat intimidated, manifested no symptoms of fear, but boldly demanded to see the lad. The cook, for such was the occupation of this terrific monster, then held him up by his feet. He appeared to be about fourteen years of age, and was about half roasted. Mr. Leigh returned to the village, where he found several hundreds of the natives seated in a circle, with a quantity of *coomery*, (a sort of sweet potatoe) before them, and waiting for the roasted body of the youth. In this company were shewn to him the parents of the child, expecting to share in the horrid feast. After reasoning with them for about half an hour on the inhumanity and wickedness of their conduct, he prevailed on them to give up the boy to be interred, and thus prevented them from performing the most cruel, unnatural, and diabolical act of which human nature is capable.”

The Emperor of China's Chair Broken.

—The Emperor, whilst returning from sacrificing at the tombs of his ancestors, be-

ing about to pass over the Ma-kwan bridge, had nearly met with a serious accident: a footman belonging to one of the officers in his train led a horse directly against his majesty's chair, which was in consequence broken. The emperor exclaimed against this impropriety, and ordered the officer to leave his retinue, fining him in half-a-year's income. Wang-shin, his footman, was taken into custody, and delivered over to the tribunal of punishments for correction.

Discovery Ships.—The following letter from Lieutenant Wm. Edward Parry, commanding his Majesty's ship *Hecla*, (lately employed with the *Griper* gun brig on a voyage of discovery in the Arctic Seas,) to John Wilson Croker, Esq. dated his Majesty's ship *Hecla*, west coast of Davis' Straits, lat. 76 deg. 41 m. long. 69. deg. 17 m. W. Sept. 5, 1820, has appeared in the London Gazette of Nov. 4:—

SIR,—I avail myself of an unexpected opportunity by the *Lee* of Hull, whaler, to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that his Majesty's ships, under my orders, succeeded in discovering a passage through Lancaster Sound into the Polar Sea, and penetrated, during the summer of 1819, as far as the longitude of 112½ deg. west of Greenwich, between the parallels of 74 deg. and 75 deg. north latitude.

In this space twelve Islands have been discovered, and named the Islands of New Georgia, in honour of his Majesty. The expedition wintered in a harbour on the south side of the largest of these islands, (called Melville Island,) in lat. 74 deg. 47 m. N., and long. 110. deg. 47 m. W. and proceeded to the westward immediately on the breaking up of the ice at the commencement of the present season, the ships being in perfect condition, the officers and men in excellent health, and with every prospect of the final accomplishment of our enterprise.

At the S. W. end of Melville Island, however, the quantity and magnitude of the ice was found to increase so much, that for 16 days (being above one-third of the whole navigable season, in that part of the Polar Sea) it was found impossible to penetrate to the westward beyond the meridian of 113 deg. 47 min. W. In order, therefore, that no time might be lost, I determined to try what could be done in a more southern latitude, and for that purpose ran back along the edge of the ice which had hitherto formed a continuous barrier to the south of us, in order to look out for any opening which might favour the plan I had in view. In this endeavour I was also disappointed, and the season being so far advanced as to make it a matter of question whether, with the remaining resources, the object of the enterprise could be persevered in with any hope of success,

I consulted the principal officers of the expedition, who were unanimously of opinion that nothing now could be done, and that it was on that account advisable to return to England.

In this opinion it was impossible for me, under existing circumstances, not to concur, and I trust that a detailed account of our proceedings, which I shall shortly have the honour to lay before their Lordships, will prove highly satisfactory, and that, though our exertions have not been crowned with complete success, they will not be found discreditable to the naval honour of our country. I beg you will be pleased to acquaint their Lordships, that having proposed to survey the west coast of Davis' Straits previous to my return, and being desirous of losing as little as possible of the remaining part of the present season, which is fa-

vourable for the navigation of these seas, I have not considered it right to detain the expedition, for the purpose of transmitting by the *Lee* a more full account of this voyage. I shall only therefore add, that, having accomplished the object now in view, I hope to reach England by the first week in November.—I have the honour to be, &c.

W. E. PARRY, Lieut. and Commander.

Lieutenant Parry, accompanied by Captain Sabine, of the Royal Artillery, attached to the expedition, arrived at the Admiralty Office on the 4th of November.

Lieutenant Parry states that the officers and men of both vessels passed the winter without any considerable inconvenience, notwithstanding the intense cold, (the thermometer having been so low as 35 deg. below zero,) and that only one man was lost, who died of a chronic disease of the heart.

POLITICS AND PUBLIC EVENTS.

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

THOUGH our readers might not be prepared to expect, from the tenor of our last month's political remarks, that the Bill against the Queen would be thrown out by the Lords, they would nevertheless, we think, be inclined to regard such an event a desirable one. It has happened, after three days of strenuous debate; in which the speech of Lord Grey in her favour seems to have attracted the greatest degree of respect. Ministers carried the Bill even through the third reading; but the small majority of twenty-seven by which the second reading was carried, being reduced to the very inconsiderable one of nine, when the third reading was put to the vote, Ministers very properly abandoned the measure altogether, by moving that the Bill do pass *that day six months*—which was carried without a division.

On the 7th November, with reference to the second reading, Lord Dacre presented the following Protest of her Majesty against the decision of their Lordships.

PROTEST.

"CAROLINA REGINA.

"*To the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament assembled.*

"The Queen has learned the decision of the Lords upon the Bill now before them. In the face of Parliament, of her family, and of her country, she does solemnly protest against it.

"Those who avowed themselves her prosecutors have presumed to sit in judgment on the question between the Queen and themselves. Peers have given their voices against her, who had heard the whole evidence for the charge, and absented themselves during her defence.

"Others have come to the discussion from the Secret Committee, with minds biassed by a mass of slanders, which her enemies have not dared to bring forward to the light.

"The Queen does not avail herself of her right to appear before the committee, for to her the details of the measure must be a matter of indifference; and, unless the course of these unexampled proceedings should bring the bill before the other branch of the Legislature, she will make no reference whatever to the treatment experienced by her during the last twenty-five years.

"She now most deliberately, and before God, asserts, that she is wholly innocent of the crime laid to her charge, and she awaits with unabated confidence the final result of this unparalleled investigation.

(Signed) "CAROLINA REGINA."

Lord Lauderdale and several other Noble Lords remarked on this protest, as a violent attack upon the character of the House; but after some discussion, it was agreed to receive it and record it upon the journals, as the address of her Majesty, containing what she had further to say in her defence.

The Report of what took place in Parliament on this remarkable occa-

sion has thus been given in the daily papers.

The House then divided on the question that the Bill be now read a third time, and the numbers were—

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Majority . . . 9

The declaration of the numbers was received with the loudest cheers from the Opposition Benches. Strangers were not re-admitted into the House, but we understand, before the question was put, that the Bill do pass, or before any of the amendments which had been promised on the third reading were proposed,

Lord Dacre and the Earl of Liverpool rose together. Lord Dacre had a paper in his hand, which was understood to be a Protest from the Queen against the proceedings.—There were loud cries of "Lord Liverpool."

The Earl of Liverpool then said, that feeling convinced as he did, of the guilt of the Queen, of the importance of the measure before the House, and of the anxiety of the country for some division on it, he should, if the majority on the third had been the same as on the second reading, have deemed it his duty to press the Bill through the remaining stage. As, however, there was not the same, but a much smaller majority, he thought it fit now to move, that the further consideration of the Bill be postponed to this day six months (loud shouts of hear, hear!)

As soon as silence was obtained,

The Duke of Montrose rose and said, that he had given his vote on the third reading of the Bill, in the clearest and most conscientious conviction of the Queen's guilt. He should, therefore, oppose the motion of the Noble Earl.

Earl Grey reprobated, in the most eloquent and forcible terms, the disgraceful manner in which his Majesty's Ministers had persevered in so disgraceful and so disgusting a proceeding; derogatory, as they had even themselves admitted in the House of Commons, to the dignity of the Crown, and injurious to the best interests of the country. The independent part of the House had rescued its character from the impending shame and degradation, leaving its authors in possession of only their own votes, as the prosecutors of the charge they had preferred. How they were to answer for their conduct to the country, it would be now for themselves to consider.

Lord Erskine then said, that he could not find words to express the delight he felt at the destruction of the Bill now expiring before them, and in the consequent renovation of the law, in the administration of which he had spent his life; and he could not help therefore borrowing from the

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eloquent Hooker, speaking of law, from the uniformity of its character a stranger to such anomalies as the present:—"Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with one consent admiring her as the mother of their joy and peace."—May the pure and uniform system of law be never more disturbed!

The question was then put by the Lord Chancellor, that the Bill be read this day six months, which was carried without a division.

Loud cheers resounded throughout the House.

The Earl of Liverpool then moved that the House do adjourn to the 23d instant, which was agreed to.—Adjourned.

When the Earl of Liverpool had signified his intention to withdraw the Bill, the intelligence was immediately communicated to the strangers in the lobby, who could not be restrained from testifying their joy by the loudest shouts. The strangers immediately rushed out into Old Palace-yard, where her Majesty was just at that moment stepping into her carriage. The joy manifested by the people who had assembled to witness her Majesty's departure when the fate of the Bill was made known is indescribable. The effect of the shouts and congratulations of the people was heightened by the royal salute from the drums of the soldiers on duty. These brave fellows showed by their countenances that they were not behind the rest of their countrymen in exultation, and when they piled their arms after the Queen's carriage had passed, they added their shouts to those of the multitude, while they explained to their comrades who were drawn forth by the noise, the destruction of "THE BILL."

Daily Papers.

A most prodigious sensation was caused by the unexpected announcement of this event. It took place on Friday: on that day, and on Saturday and Monday, illuminations were made. On Friday riot prevailed wherever individuals refused to comply with the cry of the multitude for "lights." In the Strand, the offices of the ministerial papers, felt the effects of the intemperance of the populace. The Riot Act was read in front of the Courier Office by Mr. Minshall, one of the magistrates of Bow-street, and parties of the Life Guards continued parading along the Strand till an early hour in the morning. The

people, however, manifested the greatest cordiality towards the military, who, on their part, conducted themselves with the utmost propriety. On Saturday the Lord Mayor gave public notice that the Mansion-house would be illuminated on that evening and Monday. On these occasions, the illuminations were very general. The villages and towns round London displayed the same joy; and all the coaches arriving or departing from the metropolis were decorated with laurel boughs, and the horses with white favours. The intelligence was received in Edinburgh on Monday, and excited a great sensation among all ranks, although the feeling was not displayed in the same public manner as in London. A few individuals, however, lighted up their windows, and at Leith the vessels in the harbour hoisted their colours, which continued floating in the wind during the whole of Monday. In Glasgow partial illuminations also took place, and the feelings of the populace were displayed by the burning of tar barrels in the streets in the evening.

In whatever way the decision of the House of Peers be regarded, it is calculated, we think, to give satisfaction to the country. They who maintained that the Lords would *do any thing* (for such was the common expression) are proved to be wrong; while they who regard the Queen as an unfairly treated woman; as one marked out for persecution in a spirit,—not of virtue, or conscientious displeasure,—but of unmanly spite and licentious fancy,—they will be pleased that she should have thus given the crown-party so signal a defeat, aided by the unconquerable support of the people. It would be idle to affect to say that the Queen's reputation as a woman is rendered unsullied and unsuspected by the abandonment of the Bill, or by the course of the inquiry. That is not the case: a very large proportion of the people of England have received strong impressions of a disagreeable nature from all that has transpired:—but it is quite demonstrable that, considering who the parties against her were, and how their measures against her have been taken, they deserved to lose the day, and the country generally has rejoiced they have done so. The pretence of a regard to morality ac-

tuating the prosecution is a palpably false one;—the pretence of having taken the most candid course in all proceedings against her Majesty, is also false and disgusting, seeing what we have seen:—the rights of justice, the cause of manly feeling, the great principles of public example, and of the responsibility of public men, are signally vindicated in the result of this business,—and would have been injured—rather than benefited,—had it taken a different turn.

The Lords having come to the final decision here described, the House was adjourned to the 23d of November—to which day the Commons had previously adjourned themselves.—The object of Ministers, it was understood, during the interval, would be to get Parliament prorogued, so as to prevent the introduction of any matter of discussion by the Members. The Queen had in the interim applied to Lord Liverpool for one of the royal palaces as a place of residence,—to which the answer was, that the King could not, under the circumstances, make such an order;—Lord Liverpool added, that her Majesty's pecuniary allowance would be continued to her till Parliament had regulated the footing on which she was to be placed. Her Majesty's intention to send a message to the Commons on this communication was intimated by her Counsel; but the greatest precautions were taken by Ministers, that the appearance of the Black Rod in the House at the moment of meeting should prevent the reception of Her Majesty's message. The following is the Report of what took place, given in the public journals:—

HOUSE OF COMMONS,

Thursday, Nov. 23.

The Speaker entered the house at a quarter before two. The gallery was not opened; but the following account may be relied upon:—

After prayers were read, the Speaker inquired if any new members were waiting to be sworn.

Messrs. Lawley and Chaloner came forward, and a few minutes were occupied in administering the oaths.

Mr. Mann then moved a new writ for Westbury, and Lord Ossulton for Berwick.

Mr Denman then rose, about five minutes past two, with a paper in his hand, which he said was a communication from the Queen.—(Loud cries of hear, hear.)

At the same time the Deputy Usher of the Black Rod entered the house, and advanced to the table, amidst the loudest cries for "Mr. Denman." With these cries were mingled shouts of "withdraw, withdraw," addressed to the Black Rod. Mr. Denman continued standing with the message in his hand, and did not for a moment give way to that officer. Not a word the Usher said was heard. His message was drowned amidst the most indignant and vehement cries of "Shame, shame," from all parts of the house. His lips moved, but no sound was audible. After this mummery the Black Rod retreated, apparently much agitated. A pause ensued, when

Mr. Tierney rose, and observed that not one word of what had fallen from the Deputy Usher had been heard; and how, then, did the Speaker know what was the message, or whether he was wanted at all in the other house?—(Loud cheering, intermingled with cries of "Order" from the Treasury-bench.)

The Speaker then rose, the uproar still continuing, and Mr. Bennet exclaiming, with a loud voice—"this is a scandal to the country."

The Speaker then proceeded down the body of the house amidst the most deafening and disconcerting cries of "shame, shame," and loud and repeated hisses. Lord Castlereagh, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a very few ministerial members, accompanied the Speaker. Lord Castlereagh followed close to him.

A considerable proportion of the members remained in the house awaiting the Speaker's return; but it turned out, contrary to all precedent, that no speech had been made by the commissioners—and the Speaker did not return to the House of Commons, but went straight to his private apartments, leaving the House of Commons to collect as they could that a prorogation had actually taken place.

On the Speaker's return from the House of Peers, as he was passing through the lobby, the Sergeant at Arms, who was preceding him, was, as is usual, about to enter the door of the House of Commons, when the Speaker called to him, and said, "Mr. Seymour, there is no business to be done; therefore I cannot go into the house." The Sergeant bowed, and the Speaker passed quickly into the avenues leading to his house.

Mr. Brougham had communicated, in writing, to the Speaker and Lord Castlereagh, that a Message would be delivered from the Queen. The Speaker had returned for answer, that he would take the chair at a quarter before two, although the general practice had been not to take the chair until two.

The following is the Message in which Mr. Denman was stopped as he was about to read:—

THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

"*Carolina R.*—The Queen thinks it proper to inform the House of Commons that she has received a communication from the King's ministers, plainly intimating an intention to prorogue the Parliament immediately, and accompanied by an offer of money for her support, and for providing her with a residence until a new session may be holden.

This offer the Queen has no hesitation in refusing. While the late extraordinary proceedings were pending, it might be fit for her to accept the advances made for her temporary accommodation; but she naturally expected that the failure of that unparalleled attempt to degrade the Royal Family would be immediately followed by submitting some permanent measure to the wisdom of Parliament—and she has felt that she could no longer, with propriety, receive from the ministers what she is well assured the liberality of the House of Commons would have granted as alike essential to the dignity of the throne, and demanded by the plainest principles of justice.

If the Queen is to understand that new proceedings are meditated against her, she throws herself with unabated confidence on the representatives of the people, fully relying on their justice and wisdom to take effectual steps to protect her from the further vexation of unnecessary delay, and to provide that these unexampled persecutions may at length be brought to a close."

In the House of Lords nothing took place but the usual forms of proroguing Parliament in his Majesty's name by the Lords Commissioners, who were the Lord Chancellor and Earls Liverpool and Bathurst. The clerk read the commission authorizing the prorogation from that day, Thursday Nov. 23d, to the 23d of January next.

As the scene in the House of Commons was of a most unusual nature, and causes the present day to bear some analogy to the *most stormy periods of our history*, we shall give the narrative a little more particularly than it is given in the above report, and coupled with the remarks of a Journal which has distinguished itself in the discussion of the proceedings connected with this most unfortunate and disgraceful investigation:—

"Her Majesty gave orders that it should be intimated to the Speaker of the House of Commons and to Lord Castlereagh, that it was her intention to send down a message to the house in the morning. It was this notification, which should have commanded

attention, that excited fears and prompted violent counsels. Mr. Brougham, in his communication with the Speaker, had suggested the expediency of taking the chair at one o'clock; and at that time there were nearly a hundred members present. But no Speaker was to be found: he was understood to be closetted with Lord Castlereagh. He had indeed replied to Mr. Brougham, that he should take his seat a quarter before two; but it was not till eight minutes before two that he entered, the noble Viscount appearing at the same time. Prayers and moving for two writs occupied the few minutes till two; when Mr. Denman rising to announce his message, Mr. Quarne at the same instant knocked at the folding-doors, and, entering, went through, by dumb show, the process of summoning that house to attend the House of Peers, his voice being totally inaudible. The preconcerted order was well understood, and as promptly obeyed.—The Speaker sprung from the chair, and proceeded with a disturbed mien and hurried step to leave the house: he was closely attended by Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Vansittart, who shared with him the hootings and hissings, and cries of “shame! shame!” which they could not avert, and which proceeded from all parts of the house. To close this part of our narrative at once, we shall here mention that, after the proceedings in the Lords had taken place, the Speaker entered the Lower House no more, though a considerable number of members awaited his return; but that he passed across the lobby to his own dwelling, leaving the operations of the house unfinished and imperfect,—and the house to collect, as it could, the fact of a prorogation having taken place. The Sergeant at Arms took the mace with him up stairs.

“But if the proceedings in the Commons were stormy and tumultuous, those in the Lords were abrupt, and unprecedented. It has, we believe, been before observed, that this was the first Session both of the new Parliament and of the new reign. In this Session the Civil List has been placed, in the midst of great national distress, on a liberal footing; a generous provision had been granted to other members of the Royal Family; supplies unusual in a time of peace

have been granted; and Parliament has been prorogued without a word of thanks for these its bounties. No prorogation speech either by the King or for the King!”

The news relative to Italy and Spain, about which countries we are at present most anxious, is thus condensed and remarked upon in the best informed public journal.

“The news from Italy, though not yet decisive as to the issue of the present crisis, continues to be of a threatening and warlike character.—Austria, it is said, “will not depart from the resolution she has formed with regard to Naples.” But let us consider this subject calmly. Suppose the designs of the Emperor Francis to be of the most hostile nature towards the Neapolitans, will he undertake to act alone? If so, are his finances such as to furnish the means of an offensive operation on a scale of great magnitude against a distant power?

“With what face can Prince Metternich pass a decree, which, under the phrase “stability of Government,” entails upon whole millions of civilized men nothing less than an eternity of bondage? Who is he that dares to fasten down at a point of his own individual selection the complex and multiplied fluctuations of human affairs? Who is this being, more peremptory than Providence itself, that presumes to fix a line beyond which the spirit of his fellow-creatures shall not expatiate—nor their enjoyments be enlarged—nor their lot be amended? But the scheme is preposterous even more than it is unjust. By private communications, which we subjoin, it will be seen that the Pope himself regards his handful of subjects as too strong to be restrained by any such bonds as Prince Metternich and the statesmen of Troppau would impose upon them. The Pope is become a patron of political liberty, and is said to have actually called together the Cardinals, to prepare a free constitution, which shall be submitted to his subjects.

“Great hopes have been entertained that Filangieri would be intrusted with a high command in the event of an Austrian invasion, he being the officer in the whole army who made with his division, in 1815, the most daring stand against the Imperial

troops when Murat was attacked at Tolentino. Personally brave as are the Neapolitans, particularly those in the southern provinces, their army has hitherto, from want of discipline, been less distinguished than the troops of the northern regions of Italy. It is to be fairly presumed, however, that the zeal of patriotism and of national honour will supply, in some respects, the deficiency of technical instruction. If they stand the first onset they will probably not shrink in the sequel.

"A curious account is inserted in the *Hamburg papers*—namely, that the people of Palermo required the British Consul to hoist the flag of his nation on the forts, and to declare the whole island under British protection. It was a favourite speculation with Englishmen during the war, while Bounaparte was master of the Continent, that we should possess ourselves of every island we could lay hold of. M. Lindemann, however, our Consul, judged properly enough that this war-theory was no longer applicable. He betook himself to his country-house, leaving the Palermitans to make their peace with Naples—as we trust they have done—or to resort to some other mediator, less scrupulous, possibly, than Great Britain may have shown herself, of employing mediation as a mask for selfish ambition.

"The Spanish Cortes closed their session on the 9th of November, in the absence of the King, who still remained at the Escorial. This circumstance has been laid hold of, by

the anti-constitutional party in France and elsewhere, as a ground for anticipating the occurrence of fresh troubles in Spain. There is, however, we hope and believe, no reason for such apprehensions. The King's absence is regarded by the Constitution as a contingency not by any means important; and in the present instance we are assured that perfect tranquillity reigned at the time throughout the Spanish capital."

By the time that our Publication is out, Her Majesty will have paid her visit to Saint Paul's, "to return thanks for her deliverance." Many Liverymen have expressed a desire to attend in their gowns on Wednesday, when Her Majesty goes to St. Paul's, to form a line from Temple-bar to the church. Many of the parishes and trades who have presented Addresses to Her Majesty wish to attend in procession, with their different colours, each person wearing a white cockade. Sir R. Wilson has been requested to head a cavalcade to form a body-guard to meet Her Majesty at Hyde-park-corner, and to accompany her to St. Paul's.

Here, for the present, we leave this subject. The facts furnish matter for grave reflection to all well-wishers of their country. The government of the country has been engaged in a contest unworthy of its character, and has been defeated in a way prejudicial to its respectability. Yet worse evils would have resulted from its success in this matter,—and we, therefore, congratulate our readers on the result.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, Nov. 22.)

THE shipping season having drawn to a close, trade in general is not active, and the prices of most species of colonial produce are low. The best informed merchants of the city appear, however, confident of a very brisk trade in the spring. The prices of all colonial and foreign produce having declined below medium prices, that is, the prices at which they can be cultivated and brought to market, with advantage, the time appears favourable to speculation, which generally precedes a revival of trade. With respect to the national industry it is gratifying to learn that it is proceeding steadily, and that there is a regular demand

for its productions in almost every branch of manufacture. The accounts from Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Scotland, concur in stating that all the hands are fully employed, but still, however, at low wages (the latter have in several places been advanced). Besides the great demand for home consumption, the request for exportation is stated to be considerable: but that which gives the grand impulse to manufacturers at the present moment, appears to be the extensive speculations now making by opulent houses who are getting in large stocks at the present rate, while the retailers in the different towns are filling their

shops with goods, which are now so very cheap, that a farther reduction is scarcely possible, and certainly not probable. The industrious classes in the metropolis are likewise reported to be in general more employed than heretofore, and it is considered as an indication of the activity of trade in London, that the importation of coals into this port exceeds that of last year by 126,000 chaldrons, and yet the demand is such that the prices are from 5s. to 8s. per chaldron higher than they were a twelvemonth ago. The complaints of the farmers respecting the general depreciation of every species of agricultural produce, still continue. This is not the place to enter on an investigation of the justice of these complaints, or the means of remedying them, if they are well founded; but as long as the labourer's wages are so low, he at least is benefited by a reduction in the price of the necessaries of life, though we must own that bread and meat do not seem to be so cheap as they might be, in reference to the market prices of corn and cattle.

As we have mentioned the manufactures of Yorkshire, it may be proper to insert an article of intelligence from a foreign journal, which, if true, seems likely to affect them materially.

"*Frankfort, 8th Nov.*—We have received from Berlin a piece of intelligence which has caused great satisfaction in this part of Germany. It is well known that the English have hitherto been exclusively charged with the contracts for cloth for Russia; but the Emperor Alexander has just withdrawn from them this most important favour, and has given the contract for woollen cloth for his empire to a company of Prussian manufacturers. This determination of the Russian monarch will give new life to the woollen manufacturers of Silesia, and other parts of Germany, and must necessarily raise the price of wool. It is calculated that this alteration will occasion to England an annual loss of several millions (dollars we suppose are meant), for its woollen manufacturers derived immense profits from their transactions with Russia."

Coffee.—After various fluctuations during the course of the four weeks, the general result appears to be, that the prices are nearly the same as at the date of our last report. In the last week of October, the small previous reduction had the effect of inducing buyers to come forward, which raised the prices 2s. to 3s. the cwt. St. Domingo selling at 126s.; good ordinary Jamaica 122s. to 123s.; fine ordinary 125s.; the superior qualities were low in proportion. Three public sales being brought forward on the 31st, the prices again declined about 1s. and the market was heavy: middling Jamaica was 127s. to 130s.; fine middling 139s. 6d. to 141s. 6d.—1300 bags of Sumatra sold at the India sale at 113s. to 116s.; which, as the quality was very or-

dinary, was considered as full prices.—At the very beginning of November, extensive public sales occurred; viz. 233 casks and 7525 bags, 6000 of which, good ordinary pale Cheribon, sold at 125s. 6d. and 126s.; ordinary 123s. 6d. to 124s. The market became heavy after this sale, and a reduction of 2s. to 3s. took place, which however caused the demand to be greatly improved at the close of the week, and though the public sales in the week following were extensive, (580 casks and 1900 bags,) the prices rose afterwards. St. Domingo, which had been sold at 123s. and 123s. 6d. being subsequently taken in large parcels at 124s. to 124s. 6d. The improvement in Jamaica was more considerable, being about 3s. per cwt. In the week preceding our present report, there have been no public sales of importance, and in general no alteration in the prices can be stated. The deliveries from the West-India warehouses, have been extensive this week; 727 casks and 1887 bags for exportation. The stock at the close of this year will be much less than Dec. 1819.

Sugar.—The sugar market has on the whole been languid during this month; the buyers have at times shown an increased desire to purchase, but without causing much improvement in the prices; the holders showing a great readiness to effect sales. Refined sugars have been in tolerable demand, but at low prices, on account of the approaching close of the season for exportation to the north, and also because the advices from Germany have not been so favourable.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette.

Oct. 28. 35s. 0½d.

Nov. 4. 35s. 3d.

11. 35s. 5½d.

18. 35s. 8½d.

Cotton.—The holders were very firm after the result of the great Indian sale, in the anticipation that cotton had reached the lowest point, and that a considerable improvement would take place, especially as the reports from the manufacturing districts were favourable. The chief purchases appear to have been for exportation. In the course of this last week the opinion of a rise in the prices has rather given way, and, as several holders were desirous to effect sales, a reduction generally of ¼d. to ½d. per lb. has taken place.

Oils.—The prices of fish oil have continued to decline throughout the month, and are now very low. It was expected there would be large export orders, but the prices in the continental markets have been depressed by consignments from Hull and the northern ports: it is supposed however that the orders towards spring will be considerable. The purchases at present are limited to small parcels for immediate consumption. At a public sale on the 14th, about 170 tuns of southern oil sold, with loan o casks, at 19½ 15s. to 20½ 10s. The num-

her of vessels that sailed for the whale fishery this year was 100.

Baltic Produce has been in general low for this month past: the depreciation of tallow has been caused by the unprecedentedly large importation; the productive fishery has likewise tended to check the demand. The demand for hemp has been steady but limited, and the purchases made latterly have been at very low rates. Flax has not varied.

Tobacco.—The market has been heavy all the month; the arrivals have been very considerable. At present much interest is excited by the expected contract with the French government on the 28th instant: many holders anticipate that it will be from 3000 to 4000 hogsheads; but the general opinion is that it will not be so extensive.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The demand for rum, though at times not considerable, has been such as to maintain the prices; at public sales on the 7th and 10th instant high prices were obtained—favourite marks 30 O. P. and upwards 4s. 2d.: 28 O. P. 4s. The lower qualities also went

at high rates. The market has since been steady. The prices of brandy, which rose considerably at the end of last month, have greatly declined from the falling off in the demand. Geneva is also lower.

Corn.—We have nothing particular to notice respecting the corn trade this month, except that the ports are now again shut against the importation of all kinds of grain, the aggregate average for the last six weeks being as follows:—

Wheat 58s. 3d.	Oats 21s. 1d.
Rye 36s. 11d.	Beans 39s. 4d.
Barley 28s. 7d.	Peas 39s. 8d.

In consequence of the aggregate average being so exceedingly low, the importation of all grain even from the British colonies in America is prohibited.

Fruit.—The arrivals of new Spanish have been early and very extensive, and large parcels have been brought forward by public sale, from the difficulty of selling by private contract. No new currants are yet arrived, and the first cargoes will doubtless sell readily.

Spices.—EAST-INDIA COMPANY'S SALE on the 13th Nov.

Saltpetre—1000 tons Company's—one half sold 26s. 6d. a 28s. 6d.

Licensed, chiefly sold 21s. a 27s. 6d.—very fine 29s. a 29s. 6d.

Pepper—1670 bags licensed—1495 bags inferior light, 6½d. per lb. (taken in).

175 fair and good heavy, 6½d. a 7d. (sold).

41 with all faults 5½d. a 5½d.

16 damaged..... 5½d.

Cinnamon—1485 bales—861 bales withdrawn—(remainder sold).

1st Class..... 8s. 1d. a 8s. 6d.

2d 7s. 1d. a 7s. 2d.

3d 5s. 10d. a 6s. 7d.

Cloves—50,000 lbs.—all sold 3s. 4d. a 3s. 7d.

Mace —30,000 lbs.—about one sixth sold—

Fine bright flake..... 5s. 7d.

Very inferior mixed ... 2s. 11d. a 3s.

Nutmegs—100,000 lbs.—half sold—good seconds 4s. 1d.

Inferior holey and small ... 2s. 7d.

Cassia Lignea—347 chests—small bundles 8l. 18s. a 9l. 10s.

Large 8l. a 9l. 2s.

Ginger—3000 bags 14s. a 16s.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

St. Petersburg, 23d Oct.—*Flax.* 12 head has lately been much in demand, and the price has risen to 160 r.; 9 head is all cleared off.—*Hemp* has risen considerably in consequence of the large purchases, especially of clean, lately made for England.—*Hemp Oil* in consequence of increased demand has suddenly risen from 1020 to 1050 copees; at which price a good deal is doing.—*Potashes* of unexceptionable quality, have been latterly at 82 r., but are now scarce, and held at 85, while mixed may still be had at 80 r.—*Tallow* has been fluctuating according to the demand; yellow first held at 165 r. has been sold at 160 r. but rose again to 162. White, 160 r. asked and 158 offered. Soap, 143 asked and 140 r. offered.

Little business is doing in import articles, but they maintain their prices. The value

of foreign goods imported here in the month of July this year is nearly 54 millions of rubles.

Archangel, Sept. 17.—The navigation closes early this year, the few vessels still in the harbour, waiting only for a favourable wind. The export trade, though not brilliant, has been much better than we anticipated in the spring. The import trade has been more considerable than usual. The number of vessels that have sailed this season is 233, of which 191 to Great Britain. The cargoes of the latter consisted of 27,300 chetwerts of rye, 37,230 of wheat, 64,140 of linseed, 30,000 of oats, 3700 of barley—171,630 poods of tallow, 68,770 barrels of tar, 450,000 mats, 192,500 deals, 5000 poods of hemp, 3300 do. flax, &c.

Riga, 3d November.—Large supplies of new *Flax* having arrived it is offered as follows. Thies, Rakitzer 44 to 45 r.; Druiana 43 to 44 r.; cut Badstub, white, 38 to 39 r.; grey 37 r.; Ristën Threeband 31 to 32 r.—*Tow* 16 r.—*Hemp*. Few purchases have been made this week. Clean Polish is sold willingly at 108 r.; ditto Ukraine 102, and other kinds in proportion.—*Seeds*. New sowing linseed $6\frac{1}{4}$ to $6\frac{1}{2}$ r. Nothing has been doing in colonial goods for this fortnight, even of sugars of all kinds but little have been sold, and at reduced prices, but we expect more demand when the navigation is closed, and the roads to the interior in better condition.

Hamburgh, 10th Nov.—*Cotton* seems likely to maintain the present price, and Bengal, if not of too inferior quality is even higher.—*Coffee* very firm, though the demand has been limited.—*Spices*. Pepper and East-India ginger are low, but cassia lignia and pimento of good quality scarce.—*Indigo* very firm.—*Tea*. The demand is very limited.—*Sugar*. Little has been done this week either in Hamburgh refined, or in raw sugars; but English lumps of common strong middling quality met a ready sale at $11\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $11\frac{3}{4}d.$

Leipsig, 25th Oct.—Our fair has been uncommonly favourable to the wholesale dealers. Immense business has been done in silks, English manufactures, and woollens of every description. The Greeks pur-

chased very large quantities of Prussian Merinos. The hardware goods of Solingen, the linens of Bielefeld and Silesia had a good sale. Ordinary cloths are almost all sold, and the vast magazines of the English were nearly cleared. The retail dealers had less reason to be satisfied.

Naples, 1st Nov.—Speculations are making in silk; it seems that orders have come from abroad, and which will cause an extensive exportation. Coffee maintains its price; fine qualities are scarce and high.

Genoa, 6th Nov.—In general business is dull: coffee and sugar, especially the former, are however in demand. Cocoa has also been sold at higher rates. Pepper seems to be rising. English and Spanish lead fetch good prices.

Madrid.—The expectation of the establishment of a liberal system of foreign commerce in Spain has not been realised. The Cortes have passed a law laying down the basis of the new system of customs, by which almost all foreign produce and manufactures will be prohibited, and others charged with a duty of 36 per cent.; among the prohibited articles are sugar, coffee, rice, salted or dried meat, tallow, salted or dried fish, brandy, liquors, and almost every description of manufactured goods. The following, viz. cheese, butter, wine, and cod-fish, may be imported for the present on payment of the heavy duty of 36 per cent.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Dr. Prout's Work, entitled "An Enquiry into the Nature and Treatment of Gravel, Calculus, and other Diseases connected with a Deranged Operation of the Urinary Organs," is very nearly ready for publication.

Mr. John Barring has in the Press a Volume of Translations from the Russian, with Preliminary Remarks on the Language and Poetical Literature of Russia.

A Dictionary of Chemistry, in which the Principles of the Science will be Investigated, and its Application to the Phenomena of Nature, Medicine, Mineralogy, Agriculture, and Manufactures detailed, by Dr. Andrew Ure, in one Volume 8vo. is nearly ready.

The Automatical Camera Obscura; intended to convey to the Juvenile Mind, the Knowledge of Scripture History, will shortly appear.

Mr. John Wilks, Jun. has nearly ready a Christian Biographical Dictionary, containing an Account of the Lives and Writings of many of the most Eminent Christians in every Nation, from the commencement of the Christian Aera to the Present Time.

A Geography of the New Testament in the Simplest Language, is in the press.

Mr. Frankhall Standish has in the Press The Life of Voltaire.

The Poet's Child, a Tragedy, from the pen of Miss Isabel Hill, will appear in a few days.

A New Volume of Poems, by John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant, is in the Press, and is expected to appear about Christmas.

Observations showing the National and Domestic Evils resulting from too Low Wages, with Hints respecting the Means likely to render the Working Classes better satisfied, more loyal, contented, and happy, are in the Press.

Mr. Robinson has written the History of the late Revolution in Mexico, including a Narrative of the Expedition of General Xavier Mina, with some Observations on the Practicability of opening a Commerce between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, and on the future Importance of such Commerce to the civilized World.

The Mental Calculator, a compendium of Concise but General Rules of Easy Solution on various Useful and Interesting Problems in Astronomy, forming an Epitome of the Elements of that Science; to which is annexed a Guide to the Constellations, by Mrs. Lovekin.

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Rome in the Nineteenth Century, containing an Account of the Ruins of the Ancient City, &c., in Letters written during a Residence at Rome, is in the Press.

The First Part of Mr. David Booth's Analytical Dictionary of the English Language is now in the Press.

The same Gentleman is also preparing for Publication a Work to be entitled, "the Morality of Human Nature, compared with that of Religious Systems, and with the Doctrines of Modern Philosophers."

An Account of the Discovery of a New Continent, called New South Shetland, with a Description of the Manners and Customs of its Inhabitants, with Drawings, &c. in 4to. is preparing for Publication, provided a sufficient Number of Subscribers can be obtained.

The Rev. R. Maturin has in the Press, the Universe, a Poem.

Dr. Macculloch has nearly completed an Elementary Work on Geology, and is now preparing a Description of Shetland.

P. E. Laurent, Esq. is printing in 4to. Recollections of a Classical Tour in Turkey, Greece, and Italy, with the Costume of each Country.

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ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. W. Stocking Reader, of St. James's parish, Bury, to the rectory of Quarrington, Lincolnshire.—The Rev. G. Kent, to the vicarage of East Winch, Norfolk, patron E. Kent. Gent.—The Rev. E. Banks, LL. D. installed a prebendary of Norwich Cathedral, in room of the Rev. G. Anguish, resigned.—The Rev. G. Pickard, jun. domestic chaplain to the Lord De Dunstanville, instituted to the vicarage of Staunton-upon-Harrow in Herefordshire upon the presentation of the Lord Chancellor.—The Rev. D. Williams, second master of Winchester college, to the Wykehamical prebend of Bursalis in Chichester Cathedral, vacant by the death of the dean of Rochester.

Cambridge. The Rev. Dr Wordsworth, master of Trinity college, elected Vice-chancellor of this University for the year ensuing.—G. Raymond, Esq. of Trinity-hall, and the Rev. G. Bonner of

Emmanuel college, admitted Bachelors in civil-law.—The Rev. T. Chevallier, M. A. Fellow of Pembroke-hall, and the Rev. T. Durham, B.A. of Catherine-hall, elected Foundation Fellows of Catherine-hall.—H. V. Salusbury, LL. B. of Trinity-hall, admitted to the Fellowship, vacant by the marriage of Dr. Haggard.—The Hon. and Rev. R. Bernard of St. John's college, Rector of Glankeen, in the diocese of Cashel, Ireland, and second son of the Earl of Bandon, created Honorary Doctor in Divinity.—Sir G. A. Lewin, of Christ-college, Honorary Master of Arts.

Oxford. The Rev. Dr. Hodson, admitted Canon of Christ-church, in the room of the Bishop of Llandaff, promoted to the deanery of St. Paul's.—H. H. Knight, B. A. of Exeter-college, elected a Fellow, and the Rev. G. Cracroft, B. A. of Lincoln-college, elected Fellow.

BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

[T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.]

Gazette—Oct. 21.

Austin, Thomas, John Gregory, and James Husson, of Bath, haberdashers. Atts. Pearse and Peachy, 17, Salisbury-square, London. T. Gidley, Elizabeth, Dorset-street, Piccadilly, Middlesex, dress-maker. Atts. Darke, Church, and Darke, Red Lion-square, London. T.

Herbert, William, Overbury, Worcestershire, farmer. Atts. Cardale, Buxton, and Parlbay, Gray's-inn, Holborn-court, London. C. Mardon, William, East Budleigh, Devonshire, shopkeeper Atts. Collet and Co. Chancery-lane, London. C. Pitt, John, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, wool-

stapler. Att. Thompson, jun. Field-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 Stickland, Samuel, Budleigh Salterton, Devonshire, shopkeeper. Atts. Collett and Co. Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Thompson, John, Norwich, merchant. Att. Sagers, Crosby-square, London. C.
 Westron, Mark, Wellington, Somersetshire, mercer, draper. Att. Burfoot, Temple, London. C.
 Wingate, John, Bathwick, Somersetshire, money-scrivener. Att. Stephen, 38, Broad-street-buildings, London. C.

Gazette—Oct. 24.

Bramall, John, Mossley, Ashton-under-Line, Lancashire, wool-stapler. Att. Battye, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Harrison, Thomas Brownson, Hinckley, Leicestershire, hosier. Atts. Hall and Willett, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Hauxwell, Edmund, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, spirit-merchant. Atts. Fisher and Sudlow, 28, Thavies-inn, London. C.
 Jones, William, Newport, Monmouthshire, tanner. Att. Thomas, Fen-court, Fenchurch-street, London. C.
 Mann, John, Leeds, Yorkshire, common-brewer. Att. Battye, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Murdock, James, Peter Brown, and William MacGirr, Nottingham, drapers. Atts. Paterson and Peile, Old Broad-street, London. T.
 Palmer, Grace, Mosterton, Dorsetshire, miller. Atts. Alexander and Holme, New-inn, London. C.
 Porter, William Joseph, Chelsea, Middlesex, coal-merchant. Att. Townshend, Staple-inn, London. T.
 Ulph, William, Norwich, bombasin and cotton-manufacturer. Atts. Tilbury and Langdale, Falcon-street, Aldersgate-street, London. C.
 Waldron, Charles, Liverpool, merchant. Atts. Blackstock and Bunce, Temple, London. C.

Gazette—Oct. 28.

Cooper, Henry, Threadneedle-street, London, merchant. Atts. Courteen and Robinson, Walbrook. T.
 Drinkwater, Samuel, Liverpool, timber-merchant. Atts. Blackstock and Bunce, King's-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
 Hirst, Thomas, Marsh, parish of Huddersfield, Yorkshire, cloth-dresser. Att. Battye, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Hunt, David Powell, Snetterton, Norfolk, miller. Att. Wright, 10, King's-bench-walk, Temple. T.
 Leigh, John, Upper Thames-street, London, coal-merchant. Att. Boxer, Furnival's-inn, Holborn. T.
 Maas, Heyman, Provost-street, City-road, Middlesex, merchant. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, King's-bench-walk, Temple. T.
 Oakes, John, King's-arms-buildings, Cornhill, London, commission-broker. Att. Beavan, New Boswell-court, Carey-street, London. T.
 Paulden, William, Macclesfield, Cheshire, linen-draper. Att. Sherwin, Great James-street, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Scurr, James, Doncaster, Yorkshire, linen and woollen-draper. Att. King, Castle-street, Holborn, London. C.
 Spence, John, Princes-street, St. Margaret, Westminster, corn-dealer. Att. Young, Marsham-street, Westminster. T.
 Stephenson, Andrew, Glasgow, and of Ingram-court, Fenchurch-street, London, cotton-manufacturer. Att. Williams, 32, Fenchurch-street, London. T.
 Willecks, Thomas, Holborn, Middlesex, umbrella-maker. Att. James, Bucklersbury. T.
 Wilson, John, jun. Staincliffe, Batley, Yorkshire, merchant. Att. Battye, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Wilson, Robert, Clement's-lane, London, broker. Att. Gellibrand, Austin-friars. T.

Gazette—Oct. 31.

Barker, Thomas, Hop-ground brewery, Stratford, Essex. Atts. Fisher and Munday, 5, Furnival's-inn, Holborn, London. T.
 Beadey, John, Wotton-Under-edge, Gloucestershire, clothier. Atts. Bridges and Quiller, Red-Lion-square, London. C.
 Beesley, John, jun. Dartmouth, Devonshire, sail-

maker. Att. Price, New-square, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
 Booth, George, jun. Coleshill, Warwickshire, dealer. Atts. Hall and Willett, 15, Great James-street, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Brighton, Thomas, and Thomas Doughty Paine, Downham, Norfolk, dealers. Atts. Toone and Co. 43, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
 Greaves, Hugh, Manchester, merchant. Att. Ellis, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Green, James, Oxford-street, Middlesex, smith. Atts. Blacklow, Frith-street, Soho-square, and Hamilton, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, Middlesex. T.
 Larkworth, James, Exeter, comb-maker. Att. Brutton, 55, Broad-street, London. C.
 Lynch, Michael, Whitefriars, London, carman. Att. Batho, 5, Castle-street, Houndsditch, London. T.
 Price, Richard, Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, cornfactor. Att. Edmunds, Exchequer-office, London. C.
 Slade, William, Leeds, Yorkshire, corn-merchant. Atts. Fisher and Sudlow, Thavies-inn, London. C.
 Wall, Charles, Coventry, mercer. Atts. Woodcock and Twist, Coventry. C.

Gazette—Nov. 4.

Anderson, Alexander, Salter's-hall-court, Cannon-street, London, merchant. Att. Buckle, Size-lane, London. T.
 Ashby, Joseph, East-street, Manchester-square, Middlesex, baker. Atts. Harvey and Wilson, 43, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. T.
 Atkinson, George, and Francis Atkinson, Kirby-moorside, Yorkshire, corn-merchant. Atts. Eyre and Coverdale, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.
 Berthoud, Henry jun. Castle-street, Strand, Middlesex, auctioneer. Atts. Jones and Bland, Great Mary-le-bone-street. T.
 Brown, Edward, Saracen's-head, Friday-street, London, corn-dealer. Atts. Bovill and Tustin, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars. T.
 Bryant, James, Liverpool, merchant. Att. Gellibrand, 10, Austin-friars. T.
 Canney, John, Bishopwearmouth, Durham, ship-owner. Atts. Meggisons and Poole, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 Cuff, William, High-street, Islington, Middlesex, broker. Att. Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn. T.
 Curtis, John, Fordingbridge, Hampshire, draper. Att. Towers, Castle-street, Falcon-square, London. T.
 Fordham, Josiah, Bishop-Stortford, Hertfordshire, plumber. Att. Markinson, Elm-court, Temple. T.
 Hodges, James, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, coal-merchant. Att. James, Ely-place, London. T.
 Hooper, Joseph, Tooley-street, Southwark, Surry, chymist. Atts. Sherwood and Son, Canterbury-square, Southwark. T.
 Hornby, Benjamin, Bernard-street, Foundling-hospital, Middlesex, plumber. Atts. Sherwood and Son, Canterbury-square, Southwark. T.
 Hudson, Francis, Angel-lane, Essex, brewer. Atts. Pearce and Sons, St. Swithin's-lane, London. T.
 Hulton, William, Evesham, Worcestershire, porter-dealer. Atts. Bousfield and Williams, 5, Bouverie street, London. C.
 Javens, John, and George Javens, St James's-walk, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, japanners. Att. Carter, Lord Mayor's Court, Royal Exchange. T.
 Kew, Robert, and Thomas Thomason, Castle-street, Whitechapel, Middlesex, horse-dealers. Att. Gray, 136, Tyson-place, Kingsland-road. T.
 Leduc, James, Richmond-buildings, St. Anne, Soho, Middlesex, jeweller. Atts. Turner and Holmes, 5, Bloomsbury-square. T.
 Lethbridge, John, Carmarthen-street, Tottenham-court-road, Middlesex, carpenter. Att. Boxer, Furnival's-inn, Holborn, London. T.
 Melton, Mary, and Thomas Melton, Highgate, Middlesex, builders. Att. Hunter, 6, Gray's-inn-place. T.
 Roberts, Sarah, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, druggist. Att. Meredith, 8, Lincoln's-inn New-square. C.
 Butler, Joseph, Winterton, Lincolnshire, merchant. Att. Hicks, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.

Sarson, John, Kingsland, Middlesex, stage-coach proprietor. Att. Carter, Lord Mayor's Court, Royal Exchange, London. T.
 Tillotson, Jonas, Warley, Halifax, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner. Att. Wiglesworth, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 Tweed, Thomas, and Robert Tweed, Chingford Mills, Chingford, Essex, millers. Att. Lewis, 36, Crutched-friars, London. T.
 Watson, Thomas, James-street, Manchester-square, Middlesex, grocer. Att. Carlon, High-street, Mary-le-bone, London. T.

Gazette—Nov. 7.

Ashby, Thomas, East-street, Manchester-square, Middlesex, baker. Atts. Harvey and Wilson, 43, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. T.
 Cooper, William, Fleet-market, linen-draper. Atts. Dawes and Chatfield, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, London. T.
 Fromow, William, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, chemist. Atts. Poole and Greenfield, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.
 Kenworthy, James, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, dyer. Att. Battye, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Norris, Thomas, Bishopstone, Wiltshire, shoemaker. Atts. Millett, Hillier, and Lewis, 2, Middle-Temple-lane, London. C.
 Schwieso, John Charles, and Fretz Grosjean, Soho-square, Middlesex, harp-manufacturers. Atts. Jones and Bland, Great Mary-le-bone-street, London. T.
 Trehane, Sampson, Exeter, silversmith. Att. Brutton, 55, Old Broad-street, London. C.
 Trent, George, Bourton, Dorsetshire, maltster. Atts. Bennell and Dixon, St. Swithin's-lane, Lombard-street, London. T.
 Watkins, Philip, Bristol, oil and colourman. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, Temple, London. C.
 Wilkinson, Ambrose, Liverpool, wine-merchant. Atts. Blackstock and Bunce, King's Bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
 Woollven, Thomas, Andover, Southampton, linen-draper. Atts. Bremridges and Barnes, 4, Dyer's-buildings, Holborn, London. C.
 Wragge, Frederick Francis, St. George, Gloucestershire, dealer. Atts. Hicks and Braikenridge, Bartlett's buildings, Holborn, London. C.
 Wright, John, sen. Hart-street, Bloomsbury, Middlesex, upholsterer. Att. Patten, Hatton-garden, Holborn. T.
 Yates, Ralph, Withington, Manchester, cotton-twist-dealer. Atts. Milne and Parry, Temple, London. C.

Gazette—Nov. 11.

Abbott, William, Windham-place, Middlesex, merchant. Att. Stephen, 38, Broad-street-buildings, London. T.
 Benham, Henry, 133, High-street, Southwark, Surrey, iron-monger. Att. Sutcliffe, 2, Earl-street, Blackfriars, London. T.
 Brander, Alexander, Budge-row, London, upholsterer. Att. Luckett, Wilson-street, Finsbury-square, London. T.
 Bright, William, Newland, Gloucestershire, dealer in corn. Att. Meredith, Lincoln's-inn, New-square, London. C.
 Cannon, John, Liverpool, merchant. Att. Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house, London. T.
 Chambers, Francis, Stamford, Lincolnshire, shoemaker. Atts. Rowland and Young, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. C.
 Cook, John, Oakley Mills, near Eye, Suffolk, miller. Att. West, Red Lion-street, Wapping. T.
 Fearn, Charles, Old Broad-street, London, merchant. Atts. Crowder, Lavie, and Oliverson, Frederick-place, Old Jewry, London. T.
 Fry, John, Dorset-street, Salisbury-square, London, tailor. Atts. Mayhew, Price, and Styan, 19, Chancery-lane, London. T.
 Halle, Mossop, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, hotel-keeper. Atts. Vizard and Blower, 50, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. C.
 Hill, William, Denton's-green, within Windle, Lancashire, beer-brewer. Att. Mason, New Bridge-street, London. C.
 Holderness, John Francis, Bucklersbury, London, merchant. Atts. Young and Hughes, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry. T.
 Honlston, James, Thayer-street, Manchester-square, Middlesex, tailor. Atts. Dawson, Capron, and Rowley, Saville-place, New Burlington-street, London. T.
 Imbrie, John, Bucklersbury, London, warehouse-

man, Atts. Crowder, Lavie, and Oliverson, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. T.
 Keates, William, Bishopsgate-street-within, London, hosier. Att. Brooking, 85, Lombard-street. T.
 Lovenbury, Matthew, Bradford, Wiltshire, victualler. Atts. King and Lukin, 6, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.
 Marsden, Thomas, Pimlico, Middlesex, horse-dealer. Att. Lloyd, King's-street, St. James's-square. T.
 Myrtle, William, Brighthelmstone, Sussex, hatter. Att. Faithfull, 6, Little Winchester-street, Broad-street, London. C.
 Norman, John, Lucas-street, Commercial-road, Middlesex, master-mariner. Att. Wright, 134, Fenchurch-street. T.
 Orme, Joseph, Wigan, Lancashire, money-scri-ver. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Smith, Andrew, Lime-street-square, London, merchant. Atts. Reardon and Davis, Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street. T.
 Town, Thomas, Yalding, Kent, miller. Atts. Brace and Selby, Surrey-square, Strand. T.
 Wood, Henry, Ropemaker-street, St. Giles, Cripplegate, London, coach-smith. Att. Hutchison, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, London. T.

Gazette—Nov. 14.

Appleby, Thomas Colton, Canterbury, Kent, hatter. Att. Bennet, Token-house-yard, London. T.
 Armstrong, John, Bristol, millwright. Att. Meredith, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
 Barnett, Thomas, Kendal, Westmoreland, corn-merchant. Att. Heelis, Staple-inn, London. C.
 Gordon, John, Tokenhouse-yard, London, merchant, and James Gordon, Thanet-place, Strand, merchant. Att. White, 29, Throgmorton street, London. T.
 Haywood, George, Birmingham, spirit-merchant. Att. Chilton, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
 Jent, Thomas, Piccadilly, Middlesex, chinaman. Att. Woodhouse, 11, King's Bench-walk, Temple. T.
 Johnson, William, Heybridge, Essex, salt-manufacturer. Atts. Bridges and Quilter, Red Lion-square, London. T.
 Knowles, James, Liverpool, innkeeper. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Little, Thomas, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper. Atts. Bell and Brodrick, Bow Church-yard, Cheapside, London. C.
 Mossenton, Robert, Great Marlow, Buckinghamshire, horse-dealer. Att. Harrison, Bucklersbury, London. T.
 Parker, Arthur, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, builder. C.
 Peachey, James, Oxford-street, Middlesex, linen-draper. Atts. Courteen and Robinson, Walbrook. T.
 Ralph, Robert, and William King, Ipswich, Suffolk, maltsters. Att. Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Smith, Elizabeth, and John Sanderson, Howden, Yorkshire, tailors. Att. Wiglesworth, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.
 Sprigens, John, Chesham, Buckinghamshire, draper. Atts. Stevens, Sion College Gardens, Aldermanbury, London. T.
 Turner, Thomas Watson, Brentford, Middlesex, potter. Atts. Bishop and Score, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury. T.
 Wood, Thomas, Trowbridge, Wiltshire, clothier. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, King's Bench-walk, Temple, London. C.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.*Gazette—Oct. 21 to Nov. 14.*

Torrence, James, grain and spirit-dealer, Glasgow.
 Gordon, Patrick, stationer, Glasgow.
 Ferguson, James, banker and writer, Stewarton.
 Crichton, James, spirit-dealer, Glasgow.
 M'Alpin, William, and James Fisher, brick-makers, Glasgow.
 Gavin, Peter, ship-chandler, Leith.
 Lindsay, Alexander, and James Lindsay, flour-dealers, Glasgow.
 Patterson, Malcolm, and Roderick M'Donald, fire-brick-manufacturers, Port Dundas, near Glasgow.

Sanders, John, cooper and fish-curer, Leith.
 Douglas, John, draper, Dumfries.
 Lover, Mary, china-dealer, Edinburgh.
 Smith, James, Farthing-rush, Barndarroch, corn-merchant.
 Brown, James, merchant-tailor, Biggar.
 Craig, Robert, and John Craig, millers, Partick.
 Gordon, James, Aberdeen, merchant.
 Hyndman, Archibald, Greenock, cooper.

BIRTHS.

- Oct. 22. In Grosvenor-square, Lady Belgrove, a daughter.
 24. At Kensington, the lady of M. H. Turnbull, Esq. of the Bengal Civil Service, a son.
 25. In Hill-street, the lady of A. W. Robarts, Esq. M. P. of a daughter.
 27. The lady of M. A. Goldsmid, Esq. Finsbury-square, a daughter.
 28. At the house of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, in Audley-square, the lady of Col. Fitz-Clarence, a daughter.
 29. At Watford, Herts, the lady of Major Morris, a daughter.
 30. In Montague-place, the lady of Capt. Wm. Forrest, a daughter.
 — At Broomfield, near Portsmouth, the lady of Capt. Money, C. B. R. N., a daughter.
 — At Barrock Lodge, near Carlisle, the lady of Wm. James, Esq. M. P. a daughter.
 Nov. 3. At Woodford, the lady of Capt. Danl. Ross, of the East India Company's Marine, a daughter.
 5. At Plas Power, Denbighshire, the lady of Thos. Fitzhugh, Esq. a son.
 6. At his Lordship's house in Mansfield-street, the Viscountess Ashbrook, a daughter.
 17. At his house, in Southampton-row, the lady of the hon. Charles Law, a son.

IN SCOTLAND.

In Edinburgh, at his house, in George-street, the lady of Lieut.-Gen. Hope, a daughter.
 At Pencaitland, East Lothian, the wife of Andrew Eller, a farmer's servant, safely delivered of three fine boys.

IN IRELAND.

At Limerick, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Douglas, 79th regt. a daughter.
 At Conway, in the county of Cork, the lady of Osbert Forsyth, Esq. a son.
 In Mountjoy-square, Dublin, the lady of Robert Johnstone, Esq. a son.

ABROAD.

At Boulogne sur Mer, the lady of Henry Erskine, Esq. of Armondelle, a daughter.
 At Orotava, Island of Teneriffe, the lady of G. Stuart Bruce, Esq. his Majesty's Consul General for the Canary Islands, a daughter.
 At St. Petersburg, the lady of Jas. Ramsay, Esq. a daughter.
 At Tours, in France, the lady of J. Gompertz, Esq. a son.

MARRIAGES.

- Oct. 19. At the chapel of the British Embassy at Paris, Chas. Thelluson, Esq. to Mary, youngest daughter of Geo. Grant, Esq. of Ingoldisthorpe Hall, Norfolk.
 21. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Jas. Browne, Esq. M. P. for the county of Mayo, and eldest son of the right hon. Dennis Browne, M. P. for the county of Sligo, to Eleanor, third daughter of J. Wells, Esq. of Bichely House, Kent, and M. P. for Maidstone.
 23. At Eccles, the Rev. Jas. Beard, rector of Cranfield, Beds, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edw. Hobson, Esq. Hope Hall, county of Lancaster.
 24. At Godmersham, Kent, Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart. M. P. of Merham Hatch in the same county, to Fanny Catherine, eldest daughter of Edward Knight, Esq. of Godmersham Park, and of Chawton House, Hants.
 — At Llanbadorn Fawr, Roderick Eardley Richards, Esq. of Penglais, in the county of Cardigan, to Miss A. Powell, sister to W. E. Powell, Esq. M. P. and Lord Lieutenant for the same county.

24. At St. Fenck, Major Carlyon, second son of Thos. Carlyon, Esq. of Tregrehan, in Cornwall, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Admiral Spry of Killaganoon in the same county.

26. At the New Church, Marylebone, Thos. Potter Macqueen, Esq. M. P. eldest son of Dr. Macqueen, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late Sir Jacob Henry Astley, Bart. of Melton Constable, Norfolk, and Seaton Delaval, Northumberland.
 27. At Newbury, Lieut.-Col. Keyt, C. B. 51st light infantry, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late John King, Esq.

28. At Kensington, by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, Capt. Eckley of the East-India Company's service, to Miss Geyton, of Rose Cottage, Old Brompton.

Nov. 1. At Clifton, Major Mac Innes of the Bengal establishment, to Mary Elizabeth Milward, youngest daughter of the late Beddingfield Pogson, Esq. of the island of St. Christopher.

2. Colonel Douglas Mercer, of the 3d Guards, to the daughter of Sir Wm. Rowley, Bart. M. P. for Suffolk.

Lately, at Fulham Church, by the Lord Bishop of London, the Rev. J. M. Brooke, M. A. Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and son of the late Col. Brooke, many years Governor of St. Helena, to Louisa, daughter of the Rev. Holt Waring, of Waringstown, Ireland.

4. At Iver Church, by the Hon. and very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, Jasper Lutzow Hagermann, Esq. Aide-de-Camp to the King of Denmark, to Harriett, second daughter of the late hon. Geo. Vere Hobart, and sister to the Earl of Buckinghamshire.

7. At Avely, by the Rev. Henry Morice, rector of Ashwell, Herts, George Barrett Leonard, Esq. third son of Sir Thos. Barrett Leonard of Bell House, in the county of Essex, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the late Edmund Prideaux, Esq. of Hexworthy in the county of Cornwall.

Lately, at Alkborough, Lincolnshire, the Rev. Chas. Sheffield, second son of the late Rev. Sir Robert Sheffield, Bart. to Lucy, fourth daughter of Colonel Smelt, Lieut. Governor of the Isle of Mann.

8. At Kensington, Francis Godfrey George Martelli, Esq. of Lismore House, county of Kerry, Ireland, eldest son of the late Capt. Martelli, and grandson of the late Sir Wm. Godfrey of Bushfield in the above county, to Charlotte Ann, eldest daughter of the late Horatio Martelli, Esq. of Norfolk-street.

9. At the New Church, Marylebone, the Rev. C. F. Bampfylde, son of Sir C. W. Bampfylde, Bart. of Hardington Park, Somerset, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late Jas. Row, Esq. of Newcastle upon Tyne.

— David James Ballingall, Esq. son of Major-Gen. Ballingall, to Dorcas, daughter of the late John Ward, Esq. of Sandhurst, Kent.

— H. T. Liddell, Esq. eldest son of Sir H. T. Liddell, Bart. of Ravensworth Castle, Durham, to Isabella Horatia, daughter of Lord Geo. Seymour.

14. At Eton College, by the Rev. W. H. Roberts, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Jane, third daughter of the Rev. W. Roberts, Vice Provost of Eton College, to Capt. George Wyndham, R. N.

— At Clifton, Wm. Nepean, Esq. of the 16th Lancers, son of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Nepean, Bart. of Loders, Dorset, to Emilia, daughter of Colonel Yorke, Clifton.

— At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. C. Williams, F. R. West, Esq. son of the Hon. F. West, to Lady Georgiana Stanhope, sister to the Earl of Chesterfield.

16. At Marylebone Church, by the Rev. Archdeacon Hislop, J. C. Pasling, Esq. of Wimpole-street, to Maria, eldest daughter of the late Fred. Doveton, Esq. of Upper Wimpole-street.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, Geo. Wm. Tireman, Esq. of York, and of the Yorkshire Hussars, to Charlotte, daughter of Joseph Stainton, of Biggarshiels, Lanark.

At Gordon Hall, Aberdeenshire, Gideon Cranshaw, Esq. of Xerez de la Frontera in Spain, to Salvadore, eldest daughter of Jas. Gordon, Esq. of the former place.

At Edinburgh, Alex. Spiers Crawford, Esq. 79th

regt. or Cameron Highlanders, to Margaret, eldest daughter of John Mitchell, Esq. Pitt-street.
At Montrose, Alex. Lindsay, Esq. Capt. of the Kellie Castle, East-Indiaman, to Miss Amy Cruickshank, only daughter of Alex. Cruickshank, Esq. of Strickathro'.

IN IRELAND.

At Urney Church, near Strabane, Capt. George Stanhope, son of the late Rear Admiral Stanhope, to Miss Jane Galbraith, eldest daughter of Sir James Galbraith, Bart. of Urney Park in the county of Tyrone.
James O'Heirne, M.D. member of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, to Catherine, daughter of Theobald Burke, Esq. of Prospect, Athenry.
By the Hon. and Rev. John Pomenay, Edw. Butler, Esq. of Carlow, to Jane, daughter of the late Richard Going, Esq. of Bird Hill, county Tipperary.

ABROAD.

At Rio Janeiro, by the Rev. R. P. Crane, Mr. J. H. Martin, to Miss Maria Serina Calder, youngest daughter of the late John Calder, Esq. of the Hon. East-India Company's service.
At Paris, General Vatier, to Fanny, daughter of the late Walter Boyd, Jun. Esq.
At Naples, Frederick Dashwood Swann, Esq. Capt. of the Grenadier Guards, to Charlotte Catherine Brydges, third daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.

DIED.

Oct. 20. At Rainham, lady Malcolm, wife of Lieut. Col. Sir James Malcolm, Royal Marines.
22. At Holme Lacy, Herefordshire, in her 71st year, her Grace the Duchess of Norfolk.
24. At Shirley-house, Twickenham, Margaret Mary, wife of Robert Ashworth, Esq. and daughter of the late Sir Benjamin Sullivan.
— At Raveningham, Norfolk, lady Bacon, wife of Sir Edmund Bacon, and daughter of Dashwood Bacon, Esq. of Devonshire.
— Lately at Gosfield-hall, Essex, the seat of the Marquis of Buckingham, Colonel Astle.
29. At Leamington Spa, James Virgo Dunn, Esq. of Montague-square, and late of Jamaica.
31. At Lacock-abbey, Wilts, Mary, wife of J. Grosett, Esq. M. P.
— Belmont-place, Vauxhall, after a lingering illness, aged 76. Mr. Wm. Taylor, of the Power of Attorney office, Bank of England, after being 54 years in that establishment.
— At Weymouth, Mrs. Hancock, wife of R. T. Hancock, R. N. and daughter of the late Rear Admiral Kinneer.
Nov. 1. At the residence of his son, Farleigh-house, Hants, Admiral Sir Benjamin Caldwell, G.C.B. aged 83.
— Mr. James Asperne, Bookseller, Cornhill.
— At London, Lieut.-Gen. George Glasgow, of the Royal Artillery.
— At St. Ninians, near Wooller, H. H. St. Paul, Esq. M. P. one of the representatives of the Borough of Berwick.
2. East-street, Red Lion-square, Wm. Gatty, Esq. of the Exchequer-office, Temple, aged 72.
3. At his house, Yarmouth, Norfolk, in the 70th year of his age, Sir Edmund Lacon, succeeded by the present Baronet, Sir Edmund Knowles Lacon.
— At Hawkstead-house, Suffolk, Mrs. Hardinge, relict of the late George Hardinge, Esq.
5. At his house on Shooters-hill, Sir Wm. Robe, K.C.B. K.C.G. and K.T.S. Colonel of the Royal Horse Artillery.
6. Pilgrim-street, Blackfriars, in his 86th year, Daniel Pinder, Esq. Deputy of the Ward of Farringdon Within, and Father of the Corporation of London.
7. At Addington Parsonage in Kent, in his 63d year, the Rev. Peter Elars, rector of that parish, and of Rishangles, Suffolk, and chaplain to H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence.
8. At Cheltenham, Valentine Flemming, Esq. Capt. of his Majesty's 9th regt. of foot.
— At Park-house, Kent, lady Calder, relict of the late Sir Henry Calder, Bart.
— At Dover, Mrs. Alicea Hughes Wellard, relict of Charles Wellard, Esq. and sister of John Minett Fector, Esq.
— Dr. M'Leod: he accompanied Lord Amherst to

China, and published on account of that embassy.

10. Colonel Maxwell, late of the 7th dragoon guards.

11. At his seat, Wm. Hayley, Esq. the veteran poet, the author of *Triumphs of Temper*, and the Biographer of Cowper.

12. In Portland-place, the Countess Dowager of Lincoln.

Lately at Bury St. Edmund's, aged 67, the Rev. Edward Mills, A.M. rector of Kirby-cum-Asgarby, in Lincolnshire, vicar of north Clinton, Notts, and a prebendary of Lincoln.

14. At Jesus-lodge, Cambridge, in his 76 year, the very Rev. W. Pearce, D.D. F.R.S. Dean of the Cathedral Church of Ely, and master of Jesus College, the dean was formerly public orator of Cambridge, and master of the temple.

Lately, aged 103, Sarah Milner, of Hardcastle, near Pateley—it is remarkable that from the age of 10 years to that of 101 she continued her occupation of working lead ore.

— Aged 105, Mary Bennett, a pauper of the parish of Longford, St. Mary, near Gloucester, who notwithstanding her extraordinary age retained all her faculties until within the two last years of her life.

— At an advanced age, at his seat, Caversham-park, Oxfordshire, C. Marsack, Esq. upwards of 35 years an active magistrate, and Deputy-Lieut. for that county.

16. At Ham Common, Thomas Cotton, Esq. late one of the chief clerks of his Majesty's treasury.

17. At his house, Guilford-street, the Rev. Wm. Tooke, F.R.S. in the 77th year of his age.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Strathaven, the Rev. Dr. John Scott, minister of that parish.

At Riess-lodge, Mrs. Wemyss, wife of Wm. S. Wemyss, Esq. of Southdown, and second daughter of Sir Benjamin Dunbar, Esq. bart. of Hempriggs.

At Ochiltree, in her 100th year, Elizabeth Duncan, who had spent her whole life within about half a mile from the place where she was born.

At her house, in Montrose, lady Carnegie, relict of Sir James Carnegie, of Southesk, bart.

At Aberdeen, Capt. Hector M'Leon, formerly of the 42d regt. and late Reay highlanders.

At Freeland-house, the Right. Hon. dowager lady Ruthven.

At Inverness, in his 87th year, Alex. Robertson, Esq. late collector of Excise.

At Tradeston, Glasgow, Mrs. Park, relict of Capt. Charles Park, of Park-hill.

IN IRELAND.

At the Royal hospital, Kilmalmain, Mrs. Goddard, the wife of Capt. Goddard.

ABROAD.

Oct. 19. At Paris, his Excellency, Lieut.-Gen. Count de Watterstorff, Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary of his Majesty the King of Denmark, to the Court of France.

At Spanish-town, Jamaica, Elizabeth Barberry, wife of Wm. Ramsay, Esq. Registrar of the Court of Chancery in that Island.

At Jamaica, on board his Majesty's ship Tamar, of the yellow fever, Tallemache, second son of Capt. Francis Halliday, R. N.

At the Residency of Nepaul, Robert Stuart, Esq. youngest son of the late Sir John Stuart, of Allanbank, bart.

At Leipsic, Field-marshal Prince Charles of Schwartzenberg.

At Madras, Sebastian Holford Greis, Esq.

In America, whither he proceeded about two years since, Abraham Thornton, whose trial for the murder of Mary Ashford, and the singular circumstances arising from the appeal of murder will be well recollected.

Jamaica, Peter Grant, Esq. Serjeant at Arms to the Hon. House of Assembly, son of the late Sir Ludovick Grant, bart. of Dalvey.

At Monte Video, the Hon. Lieut. Henry Finch, R. N.

At Malligan, in the interior of Hindostan, Lieut. Averall Lecky, 67th regt. son of Averall Lecky, Esq. of Richmond-place and castle, Lkey, county of Derry, and grandson of the late Major Kirby, 17th Light-dragoons.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT BUSHEY-HEATH, MIDDLESEX.

By Colonel Beaufoy, F.R.S.

	Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
Oct.											
1	M. 50	29.682	79	NW	Very fine	17	M. 49	28.389	71	SW	Showery
	A. 56	29.748	55	WNW	Very fine		A. 52	28.353	64	W by S	Showery
2	M. 49	29.943	68	NW by W	Very fine	18	M. 42	28.519	73	W by S	Fine
	A. 55	29.987	54	NW by W	Fine		A. 51	28.534	59	W by N	Fine
3	M. 50	30.088	68	NE by N	Very fine	19	M. 45	28.854	69	WNW	Fine
	A. 54	30.102	51	NE	Very fine		A. 48	28.858	60	W	Fine
4	M. 44	30.102	68	ENE	Fine	20	M. 42	28.459	73	WSW	Very fine
	A. 55	30.031	54	ENE	Fine		A. 45	28.468	65	W	Showery
5	M. 52	29.920	71	ENE	Cloudy	21	M. 40	28.911	70	W by N	Very fine
	A. 57	29.859	53	ENE	Very fine		A. —	—	—	—	Very fine
6	M. 50	29.792	68	ENE	Very fine	22	M. —	28.489	81	SSW	Rain
	A. 58	29.781	58	ENE	Very fine		A. 49	28.359	79	SW	Showery
7	M. 50	29.728	77	ENE	Cloudy	23	M. 46	28.583	72	W by N	Small rain
	A. 59	29.713	58	ENE	Very fine		A. 51	28.659	63	W by N	Cloudy
8	M. 49	29.726	67	NE by E	Fine	24	M. 44	28.434	82	SSW	Cloudy
	A. 56	29.734	57	NE by E	Cloudy		A. 44	28.264	77	WNW	Rain
9	M. 48	29.783	68	NE	Cloudy		M. 43	28.547	74	W by N	Showery
	A. 5	29.772	61	E by N	Cloudy	25	A. 50	28.655	63	WNW	Fine
10	M. 46	29.700	73	NE	Cloudy		M. 40	28.842	71	SSE	Rain
	A. 50	29.654	65	NE by E	Cloudy	26	A. 46	28.538	83	SSW	Fine
11	M. 45	29.552	73	NE	Fine		M. 47	28.533	75	WSW	Fine
	A. 49	29.530	52	NNE	Cloudy	27	A. 47	28.595	73	W	Showery
12	M. 43	29.593	66	N	Very fine		M. 43	29.089	71	W by N	Clear
	A. 51	29.590	52	NE by E	Very fine	28	A. 50	29.167	60	WNW	Very fine
13	M. 42	29.538	69	WNW	Showery		M. 41	29.039	68	SSE	Rain
	A. 50	29.520	59	WNW	Cloudy	29	A. —	28.729	70	SE	Hard rain
14	M. 46	29.278	64	SE	Cloudy		M. 38	29.073	79	SW by W	Clear
	A. 50	29.087	56	SSE	Fine	30	A. —	—	—	—	—
15	M. 57	28.560	78	SSW	Showery		M. 42	29.023	79	SSE	Foggy
	A. 60	28.513	74	SW by W	Showery	31	A. 46	28.886	69	ESE	Cloudy
16	M. 46	28.723	70	SSW	Showery						
	A. 50	28.700	58	SW	Showery						

Rain, by the pluviometer, between noon the 1st of October, and noon the 1st of November, 2.538 inch
Evaporation, during the same period, 2.500 inches.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 19 Nov.	Hamburg. 17 Nov.	Amsterdam. 21 Nov.	Vienna. 7 Nov.	Genoa. 4 Nov.	Berlin. 14 Nov.	Naples. 31 Oct.	Leipsig. 10 Nov.	Bremen. 16 Nov.
London.....	25.10	36.10	40.6	9.59	30.13	6.23	604	6.17 $\frac{3}{4}$	622
Paris.....	—	26	56 $\frac{7}{8}$	117	95 $\frac{3}{4}$	82 $\frac{5}{8}$	23.60	79	17 $\frac{1}{2}$
Hamburg...	183 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	34	144 $\frac{1}{2}$	44 $\frac{3}{4}$	152	43.65	145 $\frac{1}{2}$	134
Amsterdam.	57 $\frac{1}{8}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	137 $\frac{1}{4}$	90 $\frac{3}{4}$	144 $\frac{3}{8}$	49.70	139	127 $\frac{3}{4}$
Vienna	253 $\frac{1}{2}$	145 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	61 $\frac{1}{8}$	41 $\frac{1}{4}$	59.90	100 $\frac{3}{4}$	—
Franckfort..	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	145 $\frac{1}{2}$	55 $\frac{1}{2}$	98 $\frac{3}{4}$	—	103 $\frac{3}{8}$	—	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	109 $\frac{1}{8}$
Augsburg...	253 $\frac{1}{2}$	145 $\frac{1}{2}$	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	61 $\frac{1}{10}$	104	59.65	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	—
Genoa	478	85 $\frac{1}{4}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	19.75	—	—
Leipsig	—	—	—	—	—	104 $\frac{1}{8}$	—	—	110
Leghorn	509	88 $\frac{1}{4}$	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	122 $\frac{3}{8}$	—	121	—	—
Lisbon	552	38 $\frac{1}{4}$	41 $\frac{3}{4}$	—	878	—	50.60	—	—
Cadiz	15.80	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	630	—	—	—	—
Naples	427	—	79 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—
Bilbao	15.80	94 $\frac{1}{4}$	102	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid.....	15.85	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	103	—	625	—	—	—	—
Porto.....	552	38 $\frac{1}{4}$	41 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 13 Nov.	Nuremberg 13 Nov.	Christiania 2 Nov.	Petersburg. 31 Oct.	Riga. 3 Nov.	Stock- holm. 31 Oct.	Madrid. 10 Nov.	Lisbon. 7 Nov.
London.....	150 $\frac{1}{4}$	fl. 10.6	6 Sp. 72	10	10 $\frac{1}{8}$	12.8	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	50 $\frac{7}{8}$
Paris	79 $\frac{1}{4}$	fr. 118	—	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	16	550
Hamburg....	145 $\frac{1}{2}$	145 $\frac{3}{4}$	142	9 $\frac{1}{4}$	9 $\frac{3}{8}$	128	91	37 $\frac{1}{2}$
Amsterdam .	139 $\frac{1}{8}$	139 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	10 $\frac{1}{16}$	10 $\frac{3}{16}$	121 $\frac{1}{2}$	101	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
Genoa.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	8.70

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Oct. 24 to Nov. 23.

Amsterdam C. F.	12-6..12-7
Ditto at sight	12-3..12-4
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-7..12-8
Antwerp	12-8.....
Hamburgh, 2½ U	37-8..37-7
Altona, 2½ U	37-9..37-8
Paris, 3 days' sight.....	25-80.25-70
Ditto..2 U	26-10..26..
Bourdeaux.....	26-10..26..
Frankfort on the Main }	155..154½
Ex. M.	
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M	10-15..10-14
Trieste ditto	10-15..10-14
Madrid, effective	36..36½
Cadiz, effective	36..36½
Bilboa	36..36½
Barcelona.....	35..36½
Seville	35..36½
Gibraltar	30½.....
Leghorn	46½..47
Genoa	43½..44
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60
Malta	45
Naples	38½..39
Palermo, per. oz.	115
Lisbon	50..51
Oporto	50..51
Rio Janeiro	54
Bahia	58½..59
Dublin.	6½..7
Cork	6½..7

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin 0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars 3	17	10½	0	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	15	6	3	15	0
New dollars	0	4	10½	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand. 0	4	11½	0	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 35s. 8½d.

Bread.

The highest price of the best wheaten bread throughout the Metropolis and Suburbs, is 10½d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£3	0	0	to	4	0	0
Champions	3	0	0	to	5	0	0
Oxnobles	2	10	0	to	3	0	0
Apples	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from Oct. 16 to Nov. 20.

	Oct. 16.	Nov. 6.	Nov. 10.	Nov. 20.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle...	35 0 to 43 9	35 0 to 44 3	32 0 to 41 1	36 6 to 44 0
Sunderland...	38 6 to 40 6	36 0 to 44 9	36 6 to 45 3	43 0 to 0 0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Oct. 21.	Oct. 28.	Nov. 4.	Nov. 11.
Wheat	57 2	57 2	57 6	58 2
Rye -	36 9	35 4	36 6	35 11
Barley	28 3	27 10	28 1	28 4
Oats	21 1	20 11	21 0	20 7
Beans	39 2	38 6	38 1	38 8
Peas	40 1	38 10	39 4	39 6

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Oct. 24 to Nov. 20.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	28,113	8,935	17,700	54,748
Barley	15,545	1,350	2,230	19,125
Oats	29,085	6,765	149,291	185,141
Rye	181	—	—	181
Beans	7,406	—	—	7,406
Pease	7,197	—	—	7,197
Malt	15,388 Qrs.	Flour 35,261 Sacks.		

Foreign Flour 5,651 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags ..	50s. to 78s.
Sussex, ditto	50s. to 63s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Bags	00s. to 00s.
Kent, New Pockets	56s. to 88s.
Sussex, ditto	50s. to 74s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Farnham, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Pockets	00s. to 00s.

Average Price per Load of

Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
	Smithfield.	
3 0 to 4	4..4 0 to 5	5..1 8 to 1 16
	Whitechapel.	
3 8 to 4	4..4 4 to 5	5..1 8 to 1 14
	St. James's.	
3 0 to 4	4..0 0 to 0	0..1 1 to 1 14

Meat by Carcass, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—Beef ...	2s. 10d. to 3s. 10d.
Mutton...3s.	0d. to 4s. 0d.
Veal ...4s.	0d. to 6s. 0d.
Pork...4s.	0d. to 6s. 0d.
Lamb...0s.	0d. to 0s. 0d.
Leadenhall.—Beef ...	2s. 8d. to 4s. 0d.
Mutton...3s.	4d. to 4s. 0d.
Veal ...4s.	0d. to 6s. 4d.
Pork...3s.	8d. to 6s. 4d.
Lamb...0s.	0d. to 0s. 0d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Oct. 27 to Nov. 20, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
13,240	1,490	79,140	1,850

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Nov. 21st, 1820.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.
£.	£.	s.	Canals.	£.	£.	£.	s.	Bridges.	£.
350	100	—	Andover.....	5	2912	100	—	Southwark	17
1482	100	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch	10 10	4443	40	—	Do. new	18
1760	—	3 10	Ashton and Oldham	70	3000	100	—	Vauxhall	18 10
1260	100	—	Basingstoke.....	6	54,000/.	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes	90
54,000/.	—	2	Do. Bonds.....	40	5000	100	—	Waterloo	5 5
2,000	25	21	Birmingham (divided).....	550	5000	60	—	— Annuities of 8l.	27 10
477	250	5	Bolton and Bury.....	100	5000	40	—	— Annuities of 7l.	22 10
958	150	4	Brecknock & Abergavenny	75	60,000/.	—	5	— Bonds.....	100
400	100	5	Chelmer and Blackwater.....	90				Roads.	
1500	100	8	Chesterfield.....	120				Barking.....	35
500	100	44	Coventry.....	999	300	100	—	Commercial	103
4546	100	—	Croydon.....	3 17 6	1000	100	5	— East-India	
600	100	6	Derby.....	112	—	100	5	Branch	100
2060 1/2	100	3	Dudley.....	62				Great Dover Street.....	31
3575 1/2	133	3	Ellesmere and Chester	63	492	100	1 15	Highgate Archway.....	6
231	100	58	Erewash	1000	2393	50	—	Croydon Railway.....	12
1297	100	20	Forth and Clyde	500	1000	—	1	Surrey Do.....	10
1960	100	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	30	1000	—	—	Severn and Wye	30
—	60	3	Do. optional Loan.....	57	3762	50	1	Water Works.	
11,815 1/2	100	9	Grand Junction	209				East London.....	60
1521	100	3	Grand Surrey	57	3300	100	—	Grand Junction	44
48,800/.	—	5	Do. Loan	90	4500	50	1 5	Kent	28 10
2849 1/2	100	—	Grand Union	31	2000	100	—	London Bridge.....	50
19,327 1/2	—	5	Do. Loan	94	1500	—	2 10	South London	21
3096	100	—	Grand Western.....	4	800	100	—	West Middlesex	47
749	150	7	Grantham.....	130	7540	—	2	York Buildings.....	20
6312	100	—	Huddersfield.....	13	1360	100	—	Insurances.	
25,328	—	18	Kennet and Avon	18				Albion	40 10
11,699 1/2	—	1	Lancaster.....	27				Atlas	4 12 6
2879 1/2	100	10	Leeds and Liverpool.....	280	2000	500	2 10	Bath	575
545	—	14	Leicester	295	25,000	50	6	Birmingham	350
1895	100	4	Leicester & Northampton Union	83	—	40	—	British	50
70	—	119	Loughborough.....	2400	300	1000	25	County	39
250	—	11	Melton Mowbray	—	4000	100	2 10	Eagle	2 12 6
—	—	30	Mersey and Irwell	650	20,000	50	5	European	20
2409	100	10	Monmouthshire	147	50,000	20	1	Globe	118 1/2
43,526 1/2	100	5	Do. Debentures	92	1,000,000/.	100	6	Hope	3 5
700	100	—	Montgomeryshire	70	40,000	50	5	Imperial	79
247	—	25	Neath.....	—	2400	500	4 10	London Fire	23
1770	25	—	North Wilts	—	3900	25	1 4	London Ship.....	19
500	100	12	Nottingham.....	—	31,000	25	1	Provident	16 10
1720	100	32	Oxford	625	2500	100	18	Rock	1 18
2400	—	3	Peak Forest	68	100,000	20	2	Royal Exchange	230
2520	50	—	Portsmouth and Arundel.....	—	745,100/.	—	10	Sun Fire	—
12,294 1/2	—	—	Regent's	25	—	—	8 10	Sun Life	23
5631	100	2	Rochdale	39	4000	100	10	Union.....	32
500	125	9	Shrewsbury	160	1500	200	1 4	Gas Lights.	
500	100	7 10	Shropshire	140				Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company)	60
771	50	—	Somerset Coal.....	—	8000	50	4	Do. New Shares	39
700	100	40	Stafford. & Worcestershire.....	640				City Gas Light Company	95
300	145	10	Stourbridge	210	4000	50	2 8	Do. New	45
3647	—	—	Stratford on Avon	17	1000	100	7 10	Bath Gas	17 10
—	—	22	Stroudwater	495	1000	100	3 10	Brighton Gas	15 10
533	100	12	Swansea	175	1000	100	3 10	Bristol	28
350	100	—	Tavistock	90	2500	20	16	Literary Institutions.	
2670	—	—	Thames and Medway.....	25	1500	20	—	London	37
1300	200	75	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk	1920	1000	75gs	—	Russel	11 11
1000	100	11	Warwick and Birmingham	210	700	25gs	—	Surrey	8
1000 1/2	50	—	Warwick and Napton	208	700	30gs	—	Miscellaneous.	
980	100	10 10	Wilts and Berks.....	6				Auction Mart	20
14,288	—	—	Wisbeach	60	1080	50	1 5	British Copper Company	50
126	105	5	Worcester and Birmingham	24	1397	100	2 10	Golden Lane Brewery	9 10
6000	—	—	Docks.		2229	80	—	Do.	6 10
2209	146	—	Bristol	98	3447	60	—	London Commercial Sale Rooms	19
—	—	5	Do. Notes	60	2000	150	1	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class	71 10
3132 1/2	100	3	Commercial	161				Do. 2d. Class	61 10
450,000/.	—	10	East-India	18 10				City Bonds	100
1038	100	—	East Country	90					
3,114,000/.	—	4	London	165					
1,200,000/.	—	10	West-India						

Daily Price of Stocks, from 25th October to 24th November.

1820	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3 p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	New ann.	Excheg. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
Oct.															
25	215	66 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	—	25	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	5	68 $\frac{1}{2}$
26	—	66 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	76	85	104	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	25	—	—	5	68
27	215 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	—	26	—	—	5	68 $\frac{1}{2}$
28	—	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	85	104	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	26	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	5	68 $\frac{1}{2}$
30	215 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	104	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	221 $\frac{1}{2}$	26	—	—	5	68
31	215 $\frac{1}{2}$	67	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	104	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	221 $\frac{1}{2}$	26	—	—	5	68
Nov.															
1	—	67	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	222	—	75	—	5	68
2	215 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	26	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	6	68
3	215 $\frac{1}{2}$	66 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	104	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	221 $\frac{1}{2}$	27	—	—	6	67 $\frac{1}{2}$
4	—	67	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	85	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	2	—	—	—	—	6	68
5 Hol.															
7	215 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	222	27	—	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	68 $\frac{1}{2}$
8	—	67	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	85	104	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	27	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	68 $\frac{1}{2}$
9	215 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	85	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	2	—	27	—	—	5	68 $\frac{1}{2}$
10	216	67	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	85	105	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	66 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	221 $\frac{1}{2}$	27	—	5	68 $\frac{1}{2}$
11	217	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	86	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	222	26	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	69 $\frac{1}{2}$
13	—	68	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	69	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	105	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	26	—	—	4	69 $\frac{1}{2}$
14	217 $\frac{1}{2}$	68	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	69	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	105	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	66 $\frac{1}{2}$	pr	222 $\frac{1}{2}$	27	—	5	69 $\frac{1}{2}$
15	217 $\frac{1}{2}$	68	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	69	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	106	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	pr	—	27	77	—	5	69 $\frac{1}{2}$
16	218	68	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	69	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	224	27	—	—	5	69 $\frac{1}{2}$
17	218 $\frac{1}{2}$	68	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	69	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	86	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	27	—	—	5	69 $\frac{1}{2}$
18	219	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	86	105	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	27	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	69 $\frac{1}{2}$
20	—	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	69	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	105	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	26	—	—	4	69 $\frac{1}{2}$
21	219 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	69	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	105	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	27	—	—	5	69 $\frac{1}{2}$
22	219 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	69	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	105	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	pr	27	77	—	3	69 $\frac{1}{2}$
23	219 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	69	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	105	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	27	—	—	3	69 $\frac{1}{2}$
24	219 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	69	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	105	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	224 $\frac{1}{2}$	27	—	—	2	69 $\frac{1}{2}$

IRISH FUNDS.

1820	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per ct.	Government Stock, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Grand Canal Loan.	City Dublin Bonds.	Pipe Water De- bentures.
Oct.										
21	—	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—
27	203 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—
Nov.										
3	204	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—
6	204 $\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	102	—	—	—
9	204 $\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	102	102	—	—	—
13	—	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—
18	208 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	38	—	—
20	208	75	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—

Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From Oct. 23, to Nov. 20.

1820	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
Oct.	fr. c.	fr. c.
23	75 20	1360 —
28	75 5	1370 —
31	75 40	1375 —
Nov.		
4	76 75	1375 —
7	77 30	1377 50
11	77 40	1387 50
18	77 45	1380 —
20	76 90	1388 75

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.										N. YORK.	
	Oct. 27	31	Nov. 3	7	10	14	17	21	24		Oct. 10	20
Bank Shares.....	23-10	23-10	23-10	23-10	23-10	23-10	23-5	23-5	23-50		105	104 $\frac{1}{2}$
6 per cent.....	1812	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$		106 $\frac{1}{2}$	107
	1813	104	104	104	104	104	104	104	104		107	107 $\frac{1}{2}$
	1814	105	105	105	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$		107 $\frac{1}{2}$	108
	1815	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106		108	108 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per cent.....	70	70	70	70	70	70	70	70	70		70	71

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.

